



COMPOSITION

AND

RHETORIC

By

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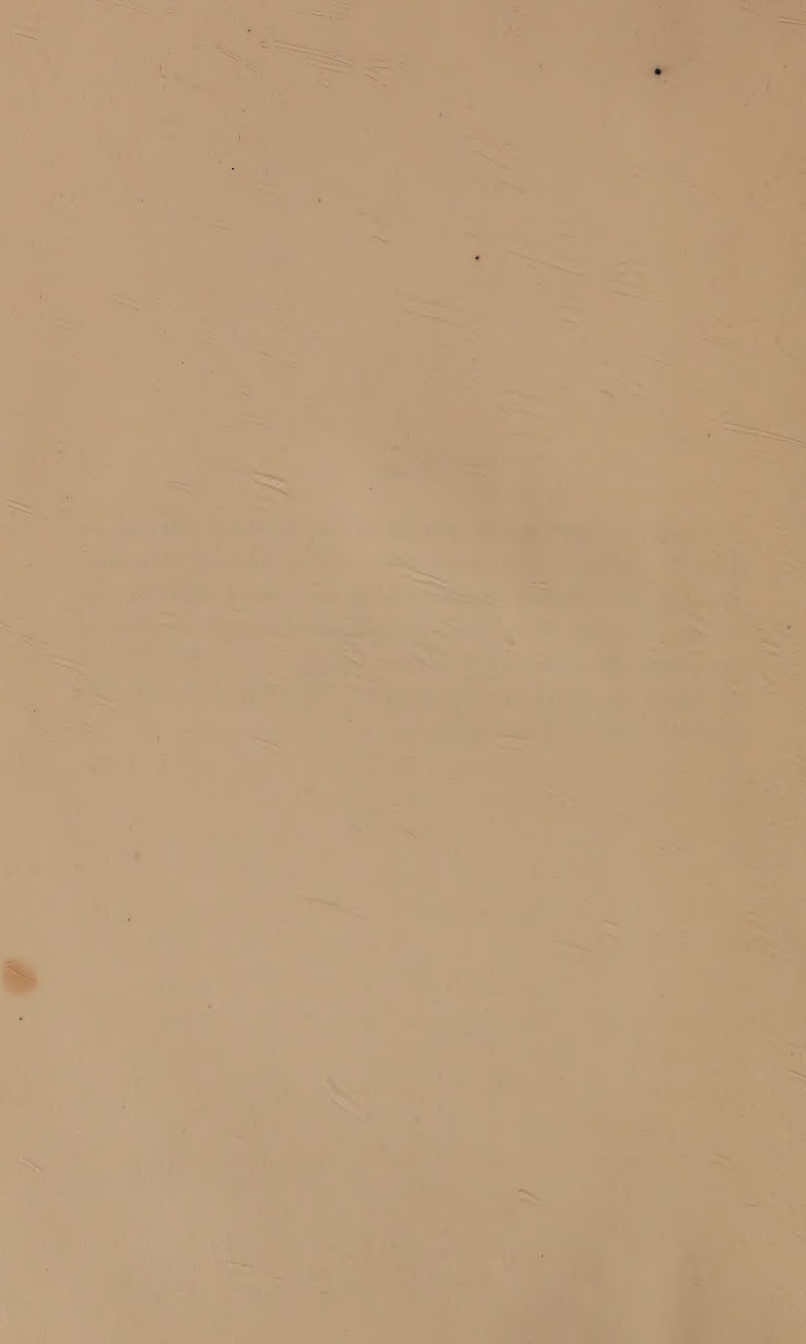


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PREFACE: TO TEACHERS

THE body of essential working principles in Rhetoric is small. It is the aim of this book to present to the student a minimum of rhetorical theory, and a maximum of practical illustrations and exercises. These are chosen from classics with which he is familiar, and from other good books in which, it is hoped, his interest may be aroused. The advantage of presenting the theory briefly is that the student can grasp a few principles accompanied with much illustration, better than he can understand these principles when they are put before him in expanded form with detailed discussion. When the student realizes these few principles, he feels that he has at last found a sure guide in the task of writing, which ordinarily appears to him both vague and difficult. Moreover, such a brief presentation allows the teacher's individuality fuller play. The most important function of this book, then, is to present clearly and forcibly the fundamental principles which underlie good writing, and to drive home that theory through plentiful illustrations, and through questions and comments upon these illustrations.

From practical experience the writer has come to be-

lieve that the best order in which to present the theory of Rhetoric is to proceed from the largest element, the whole composition, to the paragraph, then to the sentence, and then to the smallest element, the word, and to teach in this connection, first, the principle of unity in the whole composition and in the paragraph, then the principle of coherence in the whole composition and in the paragraph, and finally the principle of mass in the whole composition and in the paragraph. Unity, which is the most essential principle in writing, is the one which the student can most easily grasp. That he may understand it thoroughly, it should be treated as it applies to the whole composition and then as it applies to the paragraph, since in these two elements its operations are similar. After the student has fully grasped this principle, his attention may be directed to coherence. When he understands the principles of unity, coherence and mass as they are concerned with the whole composition and the paragraph he is able to appreciate them as they affect that difficult element of style, the sentence. After the sentence, is treated the last element of style, the word. While presenting the subject in this order, the teacher may find it necessary to correct *passim* mistakes which are treated in subsequent chapters. For example, while he is teaching to the class unity in the paragraph, he may have a number of pupils who can write unified paragraphs, but whose sentences and vocabulary are poor and must be criticized. This is a matter where the teacher must use his own judgment, merely reminding himself that he should not

attempt to do too much at once, and that it is better to neglect faults in the sentence and the word, till he has remedied those which occur in the whole composition and the paragraph. In fine, this method of presentation places marked emphasis on structure.

Throughout the two parts of the book, the first seven chapters dealing with the three principles and the four elements of style, and the second part, treating the four kinds of writing, description, narra-
Synthesis of Work.
tion, exposition and argument, it has been the aim to make the work of the student as synthetic as possible. The illustrations have been chosen with this idea in mind. If the student has studied carefully the points in the first seven chapters, he will be constantly reminded of them as he studies the last four. Moreover, the fact that he is continually sent back to preceding examples, which are used to illustrate fresh points, will be of assistance in fixing in his mind the general theory.

A word about the Appendices: It is assumed that the student will frequently make blunders in punctuation, in sentence structure, and in the use of words. Accordingly, these matters are treated in Appendices A, B and C. It was not thought advisable to put Appendices B and C in the body of the book. The student who does not make mistakes in the sentence and the word should not see such blunders in print; the one who does can often be helped by seeing a printed error like his own corrected before his eyes. Should the teacher think it advisable to give the whole class drill in these matters, especially with a view to college entrance examinations,

he will find abundant material for that purpose. In short, these and the other appendices are intended to help the teacher in those cases where he must, practically, do individual work with a student.

It is believed that well-prepared students of the first and second years of the high-school can use this book,

Scope. although certain schools which have not been able to devote much time to the study of

English might find it profitable in the third and fourth years. In either case it is hoped that this book may be a directing and suggestive force, especially if it be supplemented by frank class-criticism upon the themes. Too much can not be said of the value of such criticism from teachers and students. It is often difficult to draw out, but once it is secured, it will be found to have both a stimulating and a restraining influence on the written work of the students, and will make the study of English a pleasure.

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INTRODUCTION

HOW TO STUDY RHETORIC

RHETORIC treats of the expression of thought and feeling by means of words. It may be studied as a body of theory, or as an art. This manual is concerned chiefly with Rhetoric as an art ; that is, with the writing and speaking of English. The value of this art is evident. All of us must talk and write letters ; some of us are called upon to make addresses, toasts, speeches, to write papers for clubs and societies, notices for newspapers, advertisements, perhaps, for our business. In addition to these common uses, the art of expression has higher and more general applications. Learning to write well, to speak well, is very nearly the same thing as learning to think. One process cannot be separated from the other. We can not think clearly without words ; and until we put our thought into words it is not a thought. Learning to find the words is a fundamental part of education ; we can almost say it is education. As a form, then, of mental training, writing is very important.

Moreover, it may easily become a source of pleasure. We are growing more and more to think of life as a

process of unfolding what is innate in us; of expressing, putting forth, exercising our powers. In this process, **An Art of Expression.** expression through words is one of the readiest of means. The pen is nearer at hand than the brush or the chisel or the forge. As the artist enjoys the growth of his idea on the canvas, so the writer enjoys the expression of his idea in words, his growing power to say just what he means, no more and no less; to convey a fine shade of thought, the quality of a character, or the flavor of a scene. And in this world we must feel that few acquisitions are so precious as a new and noble pleasure. Then, too, the art of writing can add to our rational enjoyment in another way. Nowadays we all read, but we do not all enjoy or appreciate what we read to the same degree. There is nothing which adds so much to our power of appreciating a work of any kind as some practical experience in the making of such work. To the expert musician, a symphony means more than it means to the most sympathetic tyro. So to those of us who have tried faithfully to write a story, who have studied the virtues of narration, one of Stevenson's romances becomes full of new suggestions and delights. Our advance towards intelligent judgment is only less great than our pleasure in creation. Thus to learn how to express ourselves in words means to be ready for the practical needs of life, to acquire the power of clear and coherent thinking, and to gain the pleasure that comes from appreciation of good books and from the exercise of our own powers.

We have said that writing is an art. It may indeed

be a fine art, or it may be a mere craft — a common art.

When we write, "eggs, ten cents a dozen," we are practising the common craft of writing. Fine Art or
Craft.

When Marlowe wrote of Grecian Helen —

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

he was practising a fine art. The one is a matter of everyday use; the other is a thing of beauty, giving a sense of joy. Now; the craft of writing can be taught to all. The fine art of writing can be taught to some, to many, indeed, who do not suspect themselves of any capacity for such learning. But whether we are capable of mere craftsmanship or of true art, we must study, we must apply ourselves, and the higher the goal we hope to reach, the more unremittingly must we toil.

How shall we learn and what shall we study? There is, indeed, a strong impression current that we need only to read good books, the work of good writers, Method of
Study. and we shall then insensibly absorb their style.

As well say that we need only look at good pictures in order to become great painters. Certain things, it is true, may be learned almost unconsciously by reading good literature: one may train the ear to rhythm and cadence; one may become aware of "the natural peerage of words"; one may be imbued with a wise spirit of restraint. More than this one can hardly hope to gain unless his mental habits are much more like those of great writers than is usually the case. That reading may profit us in the art of writing, it is necessary to add to the process of absorption conscious study of the

means by which good writers secure their effects. This conscious study of good writing is one of the most important ways of learning how to write. Just as the student of painting copies good models, and thus learns the art of composition, of color and of line, so the young writer studies Chaucer or Stevenson or Hawthorne, and learns how to tell a story, how to make his characters live, how to choose the fit word, how to build his sentence. Indeed, it has been found useful even to imitate the styles of various writers. To cite a well-known instance, Stevenson makes the following confession :

All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler ; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. . . . Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it ; and tried again, and again was unsuccessful and always unsuccessful ; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write ; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's ; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned ; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear some one cry out : But this is not the way to be original ! It is not ; nor is there a way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of

your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more unlike Cicero ; yet no craftsman can fail to perceive how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters : he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers. . . .

And it is the great point of these imitations that there still shines beyond the student's reach his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure ; and it is a very old and a very true saying, that failure is the only high road to success.

A College Magazine.

Whether or not we agree with Stevenson as to the value of constant imitation, we must feel the cogency of his lesson, that we should continually practise writing in the presence of good models. We should know, in addition, the very small body of principles which underlie good writing ; we should have accessible the usual books of reference : a good dictionary, a grammar, and a book of synonyms. Using these, we should speak and write with care and attention ; we should never let a day pass without writing something — a letter, perhaps, or a paragraph recording, in as good form as possible, some thought which has occurred to us, some incident we have seen, or summarizing something we have read. That good writers have attained their eminence only by constant practice, is shown by the voluminous note-books, journals and correspondence of such men as Scott, Hawthorne, and Stevenson. Having written, we must criticize and rewrite and again re-

**Necessity for
Practice.**

write. Few writers have been more skillful than Alfred Tennyson ; yet he found it necessary to revise laboriously. If such care, such selection is necessary in poetry, which more than prose is the product of inspiration, and if it is necessary to a man who had a rare genius for expression, as had Tennyson, it is surely vain for the ordinary or even the extraordinary mortal to expect to dash off his thoughts in their best form at the first trial. No real excellence is attainable without infinite pains and infinite patience. Quite as true is it, that few undertakings so well repay pains and patience, as the task of learning to express ourselves in words.

When we confront this great undertaking, we are likely to feel at once that we have nothing to write about.

Finding Yet we are never at a loss for subjects upon
Material. which we can talk. We narrate events that have happened to us ; we describe places and people ; we express our feelings and opinions ; or we argue about our views. Thus our conversation contains the elements of all written discourse. Often, however, and perhaps justly so, our talk seems too trivial to put in writing, and we begin to look for important material. We soon feel that there is little of this which we can handle, and yet the secret of finding it is an open one : we must observe closely. We must, as Mr. George Meredith says, "keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world." If we scrutinize carefully a commonplace object, we shall often notice some element of it which had hitherto escaped our attention, and this we can treat in such a manner as to

make it interesting. Flaubert had this in mind when he said to his godson, de Maupassant :

The business is to observe everything that you wish to express sufficiently long and attentively to find an aspect of it that no one has yet seen or described. Everything contains an undiscovered principle because we are in the habit of using our eyes only with the recollection of what others have thought of the thing we are examining. The question is to find this unknown element. In order to describe a blazing fire or a solitary tree, we must examine the tree or the fire until, to us, they no longer resemble any other tree or fire . . .

And again he says :—

When you pass a grocer at his shop-door, a janitor smoking his pipe, or a cab-stand, show me the grocer or the janitor in your description, with their dress and their physical appearance. Show, too, their especial mental qualities in such a way that I can never mistake them for any other grocer or janitor. Describe with a single phrase, wherein a cab-horse differs from the fifty that precede and follow it.

If, then, we but observe and reflect, we shall find material everywhere about us ; we shall find subjects waiting to greet us in every country lane and city street. We need only select. And here the Kind of Subjects. danger is that we may select some large or general subject, or one in which we are not truly interested. We should always choose some small, definite subject, within the range of our own experience, or else one about which we can find specific information. Such a subject as *The School* is too large ; volumes could be written upon it ; such a subject as *Amiability* is abstract, and in abstract qualities we are not keenly enough interested

to be able to write of them with force and attractiveness. The chief objection to dealing with a large, a general, or an abstract subject, is that we could not write anything about it which would interest our readers.

Summary. To summarize the practical directions of

this chapter : in practising the art of writing it is necessary to study with care good models, and to write daily on subjects in which we are interested — subjects which lie within our own observation and experience, or about which we can get accurate information.

CHAPTER I

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION: UNITY

THERE are many kinds of composition : some are long, running to hundreds of printed pages, like Carlyle's *French Revolution* ; some are short, the sonnet, for example, consisting of only fourteen lines. But whether long or short, every good piece of writing deals with one main subject and with only one. What is necessary to the treatment of that subject is included ; everything else is ruthlessly cut away. Every composition may be thought of as an organism complete in all its members. While it should lack nothing necessary to its completeness, it should, on the other hand, contain nothing superfluous. As a racing-horse should be freed from every ounce of unnecessary weight, so a composition should be stripped of all that is extraneous. In brief, a writer should select one subject and keep to that subject. This almost self-evident principle is for convenience called the principle of unity.

Unity.

We have said that the body of principles that a writer should know is very small, and we have stated the principle of unity in a short paragraph, indeed, in a short sentence. It will be our task in this and the ensuing chapters to apply this principle. Just now we are con-

cerned with the principle of unity as it appears in the whole composition or theme.

Examples for Study.—The following selection has good unity:—

A. THE BATTLE OF PÈRE-LACHAISE

(NOTE.—In 1871, after the defeat of the French at Sedan, a portion of the people of Paris formed a Commune, and, opposing the government then in force, tried to take possession of the city. Some set fire to the Palais Royal and the Hotel de Ville; others occupied Montmartre, Chaumont, and the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. Here the soldiers of the Commune made their last stand. The Federates and the National Guard were Communists, while the Marines were government troops.)

The guardian of the cemetery began to laugh.

“A battle here? But there has never been a battle here. That is a newspaper invention. This is what happened. On the afternoon of the twenty-second, we saw about thirty federate artillerymen arrive with heavy cannon. They made me open several chapels for them, and I believed that they were going to break and pillage everything inside, but their leader had them under good control, and placing himself in the midst of them, he said to them:

“‘The first beast that touches anything shall be shot. Break ranks!’

“He was a white-haired old man, covered with medals from the Crimea and Italy. His men obeyed his orders, and I must say in justice to them that they took nothing from the tombs.

“But these artillerymen of the Commune were mere riff-raff who thought only of getting their three and a half francs pay. The life they led in this cemetery was worth seeing. They slept in crowds in the vaults; in Morny’s vault, in Favronne’s—this beautiful tomb of Favronne, where the nurse of the emperor is buried. They cooled their wine in the tomb of Champeaux, where there

was a fountain, and all night long they drank. Ah, I tell you, our dead heard queer things. Nevertheless, riff-raff as they were, these bandits caused Paris much trouble, for their position was so strong. From time to time an order came to them: 'Fire on the Louvre; fire on the Palais Royal.'

"Then the old man trained the cannon, and shots fell on the city. What passed in the city, none of us in the cemetery knew exactly. We heard the discharge of musketry approaching us by degrees, but the Federates were not uneasy. With the cross-fires from Chaumont, Montmartre, and Père-Lachaise, it did not seem possible to them that the troops from Versailles could advance. What brought them to their senses was the first shell which the Marines sent to us when they arrived upon the hill of Montmartre. It was so utterly unexpected. I was among the men, leaning against the tomb of Morny, smoking my pipe. Hearing the shell, I had only time to cast myself on the ground. At first the gunners thought there had been a mistake in the firing; that some of their colleagues were drunk. But at the end of five minutes we beheld Montmartre again lighted up, and another bomb fell as plumb as the first. Upon that the fellows left their cannons and escaped as fast as their legs could carry them, crying, 'We are betrayed! We are betrayed!'

"The old man, left alone under the shells, struggled like a demon in the midst of his battery, and wept with rage at seeing that his gunners had deserted him. However, towards evening, several returned to him — at pay hour. Here, sir, look on my sentry-box. Here are still the names of those who came to get their pay that evening. The old man called them off and wrote them down. As you see, there were not more than four or five men, but there were women with them. Ah! I shall never forget that night! There below, Paris was in flames, — the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal, the granaries. In Père-Lachaise we could see as if it had been daylight. The handful of Federates tried to shoot the cannon, but there were not enough of them, and besides, Montmartre made them afraid. Then they went into a vault and began to drink and

sing. The old man was seated between these two large statues which are at the door of the tomb of Favronne, and he looked at burning Paris with a terrible look. One would have said that he foresaw that this night was his last.

"From this moment I do not know what happened. I went home to the little hut you see below there hidden by the branches. I was very tired. I lay down, all dressed, keeping my lamp burning, as one does in a stormy night. All at once some one knocked abruptly at the door. My wife went to open it, trembling. We believed that we still saw the Federates, but it was some Marines, — a captain, ensigns, and a doctor. They ordered me to get up and make them some coffee. I did so, and all the time I heard a murmuring in the cemetery, a confused movement, as if all the dead were awakened for the last judgment. The Marines drank quickly, standing; then they led me out with them.

"The place was full of soldiers — Marines. They put me at the head of a squad, and we began to search the cemetery, tomb by tomb. From time to time the soldiers, seeing the leaves move, shot down an avenue, at a bust, inside a railing. Here and there they discovered some unfortunate hidden in the corner of a chapel. He was soon done for. That is what happened to my gunners. I found them all, men and women, in a crowd before my sentry-box, the old man with the medals among them. It was not a cheering sight in the cold gray of the dawn. But what impressed me most was the long line of National Guards brought at that moment from the prison where they had passed the night. They ascended the great avenue slowly, like a funeral procession. Not a word was heard; not a complaint. The wretched men were so tired; there were some who slept while marching, and the idea that they were going to die did not waken them. The Marines made them pass to the foot of the cemetery, and the shooting began. There were a hundred and forty-seven guards. You can imagine how long it lasted. That is what they call the battle of Père-Lachaise."

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF *Alphonse Daudet*.

1. The unity of this story is perfect. The subject is announced at the beginning and is kept before us from first to last. The narrative is pared down to a recital of bare events. For example, there is no unnecessary introduction; we understand from the first line that somebody has asked the guardian about the battle of Père-Lachaise.

2. The fact that it is a personal narrative gives unity of interest. The story is told from one point of view. No one could narrate it better than the old guard of the graves. Note that the speaker suppresses unnecessary details. He comments only when it is essential to bring out the facts of the story. When he tells us how the old man looks at burning Paris, it is necessary to our understanding that he should add "as if he foresaw that this night was his last." His remark, "I shall never forget that night," which at first glance might seem superfluous, is really an aid in keeping the unity of the point of view.

3. The treatment of place helps the unity. When the guardian speaks of the "Hotel de Ville," "Morny's tomb," "Favronne's tomb," he refers to them again. His exhibition of the names on the sentry-box, which might seem unnecessary, is really of assistance in keeping us aware that the story is set in one place and is told on that spot.

4. The title suggests the central idea of the story. Note that a title is not expected to tell all that is in a story; its function is to suggest as nearly as possible what in general the story is about.

B

And David sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace and drew near. And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man and cometh with good tidings. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside and stood still. And behold, Cush came; and Cush said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cush, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cush answered, The enemies of my lord the king and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

2 *Samuel* xviii, 24-33.

1. The central idea of this selection is the grief of David when he hears of the death of Absalom. The anxiety of the father is continually kept before us; and

not a detail is introduced which could be omitted and yet leave the story complete and unified.

2. Not only is the unity of the events perfect, but also the unity of time and of place.

C

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

1. Note that this sonnet does not relate a story, but expresses a mood. It tells us how Keats felt on a certain occasion.

2. The first eight lines merely give facts which are necessary to make us understand the feeling. Keats had read a good deal of poetry, and had heard much about Homer, but had never read him till he saw Chapman's translation. Had the poet stopped here, we should have wondered how he liked the translation.

3. Note that the unity of impression is secured by the fact that all the details bring out Keats's feeling of admiring and wondering awe.

Exercises in Writing. — Tell the story of some interesting incident in your own life. The following titles may be suggestive :

1. My First Day at School.
2. My First Experience with a Bicycle.
3. How I Learned to Ride a Bronco.
4. When I Harnessed Old Billy.
5. The Tree I Saw Felled.
6. My First Experience in Camping.
7. The Burglar and I.
8. Uncle John's Last Battle.

In writing your theme, observe the following directions :

1. Choose a small, definite subject within your own experience.
2. Throughout your writing keep your mind focused on your main idea.
3. After you have written your first draft, go over it carefully and see if it contains anything which can be omitted.

Examples for Study. — In examining the following selections, consider these questions and suggestions :

1. Does each selection deal with one subject or with more than one?

2. Does each state all that is necessary to the understanding of the subject?

3. If there is any repetition, does it seem intentional?

4. Go over each selection, sentence by sentence, and see if any detail can be omitted.

A

THE WOMAN BORN TO BE QUEEN.

One of the poets of the later Victorian literature, William Morris, has told in his melodious verse the story of the "Man born to be King," the idea of which is taken from that rich treasure house of fantasy, the *Gesta Romanorum*. The story, however, is very different from that which begins under the heading of this first chapter — the story of the Woman born to be Queen. William Morris's hero becomes king in default of every hereditary claim to such a position and despite of all disadvantages, difficulties, and seeming impossibilities, just because nature had endowed him with the special gifts which are sure to win for their owner a complete success. Queen Anne, on the contrary, was born to be a queen, and under no conditions could have had the slightest chance of becoming the ruler of a great monarchy. Anne was the last of the Stuart sovereigns. She was the second daughter of James the Second, by his first wife, Anne Hyde, who was the daughter of Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, the famous lawyer, politician and historian. The marriage between James and Anne Hyde was one of the sensations — and indeed, in a certain sense, one of the conventional scandals — of the time, for public opinion was much shocked when it became known that a marriage, secretly contracted, had been carried out between the daughter of a man who, no matter what his capacity, was born a commoner, and James, the Duke of York as he then was, heir-presumptive to the throne of England. Edward Hyde was known to have felt, or at all events to have feigned, great indignation when he found

that his daughter had allowed the Duke of York to contract an alliance with one who was not a princess.

Anne was born at Twickenham on February 6, 1664, and she came into the world at a time as full of threatening change and movement at home and abroad, politically, morally, and intellectually, as the history of England can picture. The child thus born was destined to a place in history which may well be described as unique. The mere mention of her name brings with it to the mind of every one who has had any education, or even any opportunity of desultory reading, the idea of an age illustrious in war, in politics, in literature and in art. It brings with it, too, the thought of an age which became a turning point not only in the history of England, but in the history of Europe. The old world of political life seems to have closed for England and the world of modern politics to have begun with the reign of Queen Anne. "Parliamentary government," says Lord Macaulay, "is government by talking," and the true reign of debate as the over-mastering power in parliamentary and political life, established itself with the reign of Queen Anne. England never, perhaps, had so great a soldier as Marlborough. Except for the name of Wellington, there is no name to be compared with his in the modern history of England. English political history down to the latest days, recalls the name of no parliamentary debater greater, on the whole, than Bolingbroke. The reign of Anne saw the most momentous struggle in which England was ever engaged on the continent of Europe until we come to the days of the French Revolution and the First Napoleon.

The age of Queen Anne stands out a distinct epoch in the history of the world. It takes rank with the age of Pericles in Greece, with the Augustan era in Rome, with the Elizabethan era in England. The mere mention of any one of these eras brings with it the thought of a peculiar success as great in the achievements of peace as in the achievements of war, as great in arts as in arms. But in such instances as those, when we associate an era with one name, we bear with us the natural and well-sustained impression

that the owner of the name had at least something to do with the greatness of the era. When we speak of the age of Queen Anne we can not possibly associate the greatness of the era with any genius of inspiration coming from the woman whose name it bears. Anne was born to a great era, just as she was born to a crown, and had no more to do personally with the making of its greatness than if she had been born in a garret to a life of commonplace obscurity. Even the worst faults of Elizabeth may be seen to have had some share in creating much of the picturesque greatness at least which belongs to the Elizabethan age. But even the best virtues of Anne had little or nothing to do with the inspiration or the promotion of the greatness which marks her reign.

The writer has thought it not amiss to begin his survey of Queen Anne's life and reign by observations which might naturally have seemed to belong rather to a closing review of the whole, because he is anxious to direct the reader's attention from the very outset to the curious contrast which the history of the reign presents between the extraordinary character of the age and the utterly commonplace character of the woman whose name it bears. In more than one fairy legend we read of a princess over whom a magical spell has been cast, and who sleeps all her life away in an aërial tower while wars are carried on in her name and conquests are added to her domain, and wonders of arts and letters are accomplished in her capital, and all the world knows of these thrilling and marvellous doings except the poor princess herself who reigns but does not know it. The story of Queen Anne might, in a certain sense, seem to belong almost as completely to the world of enchantment. The sleeping princess in the magical tower had about as much to do with the great triumphs which were accomplished in every field during her reign, and in her name, as Queen Anne in the whole course of her mature life had to do directly and personally with the achievements of England abroad and at home.

MCCARTHY: *The Reign of Queen Anne*, Chapter I.

I. In which paragraphs is the idea "The Woman born

to be Queen " treated ? What does each paragraph contribute to the subject ?

2. Can you imagine any other title for the selection ?
3. What sentences are most clearly related to the title ?
4. What bearing upon the unity do the illustrations have ?
5. What sentence is distinctly irrelevant ?

B

In my experience there is nothing like a gondola to paint from, especially in the summer. Then all these Venetian cabs are gay in their sunshiny attire, and have laid aside their dark, hooded cloaks, their rainy-day mackintoshes—their *felsi*—and have pulled over their shoulders a frail awning of creamy white, with snowy draperies at sides and back, under which you paint in state or lounge luxuriously, drinking in the beauty about you.

I have in my wanderings tried all sorts of moving studios : *tartanas* in Spain, *volantes* in Cuba, broad-sailed luggers in Holland, mules in Mexico, and cabs everywhere. One I remember with delight—an old night-hawk in Amsterdam—that offered me not only its front seat for my easel, its arm-rest for my water-bottle, and a pocket in the door-flap for brushes (I am likely to expect all these conveniences in even the most disreputable of cabs), but insisted on giving me the additional luxury of a knot-hole in the floor for waste water. But with all this a cab is not a gondola.

In a gondola you are never shaken by the tired beast resting his other leg, nor by the small boy who looks in at the window, nor by the cabby, who falls asleep on the box and awakes periodically with a start that repeats a shiver through your brush-hand, and a corresponding wave-line across your sky.

In place of this there is only a cosey curtain-closed nest—a little boudoir with down cushions, and silk fringes, and soft morocco coverings, kept afloat by a long, lithe, swan-like, moving

boat, black as an Inquisitor's gown save for the dainty awning; a something bearing itself proudly with head high in air—alive or still, alert or restful, and obedient to your lightest touch—half sea-gull revelling in the sunlight, half dolphin cutting the dark water.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH: *Esper e Gorgoni, Gondolier.*

1. What title would fit this selection?
2. Compare and contrast this with *A* in respect of unity.
3. Could any part of *B* be cut out without injury to the whole?

Point out the sentences which destroy the unity of the following selection:

C

THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF MY LIFE.

The most exciting thing that ever happened to me took place last spring. I was living in the little village of Corles, which is in the province of Manitoba. <It contains a good many half-breeds. I do not like half-breeds, for they are nearly always dirty.> On the day of my adventure, my mother asked me to go across the river to take a cake to Mrs. Ashly. She supposed that I would cross by the foot-bridge which is over the narrow part of the river. But I decided to cross by the railroad bridge, for that was something I had never done. This railroad bridge consists of one track across the widest part of the river. <Tom Kedsie's father was overseer when it was built.>

I began to cross it, and I found that looking down at the water did not make me dizzy at all. <Tom Kedzie is always dizzy if he looks down.> I was half-way across when I heard a rumbling sound. I looked up. There was the express train, and just as I saw it I remembered that father had said it was crossing the bridge now at three o'clock instead of at five. I knew that I could not reach either

shore before the train would reach me. I had to think hard. For a moment everything seemed to swim around me. I saw a man in a row-boat waving at me, and I saw that shining engine coming closer and closer.

So I just clutched the cake tightly, and taking one look at the water that seemed so far below me, I jumped. I sank twice and then the man in the row-boat caught hold of me and pulled me in. I had dropped the cake. The man took me home and his wife dried my clothes. I sat in a blanket by the kitchen stove and wished I had gone across the river by the foot-bridge. (The man was a carpenter and had made a good deal of his own furniture. It was all clean. The backs of the chairs were covered by tidies, }

Student's Theme.

Exercises in Writing. — 1. Examine the daily newspapers for articles which lack unity. Criticize in detail and rewrite one of these.

2. Write a short theme telling how you felt on a certain occasion ; or how you liked a certain experience ; or what you thought of a certain person. The following titles may be suggestive :

1. My First Sight of Mount Washington — of Niagara — of New York City.
2. Taking an Electric Shock.
3. How I Saw the President.
4. A Narrow Escape from Drowning
5. Meeting the Actors.

See directions for writing on page 16.

CHAPTER II

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION AND THE PARAGRAPH: UNITY

ALL modern English writing is made up of paragraphs. If we look at any printed page we shall see that occasionally a line begins somewhat at the right of the others, thus breaking up the solid page into parts; this is called *indenting*, and is the mark of a new paragraph. Not only is a paragraph indented in prose, but also in some verse; for example, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* are divided into paragraphs.

Paragraph
Indenta-
tions.

In good writing these breaks in the print are not merely to give the page an open appearance. A whole composition, as we have seen, should possess unity. It should also fall into organic subdivisions or paragraphs, each of which should treat one topic, or one part of the subject, and only one. A paragraph must not begin with one topic and wander off to something quite different after the fashion of careless writers who treat the paragraph as a catch-all, a sort of mental waste-basket into which they empty the various contents of their minds. The paragraph must have perfect unity. It is governed by the same laws as is the theme or whole composition.

Although as a rule whole compositions fall into several

main subdivisions or paragraphs, sometimes they are so short that they consist of but a single paragraph.

One-paragraph Themes. They deal briefly with one topic, and there is no need to divide them into parts. This sort of composition is now most commonly used, perhaps, in the newspapers. Many editorials consist of but one paragraph, as do also many anecdotes, and unimportant items of news.

Examples for Study

A

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

1. In the first eight lines Hunt characterizes the two insects; in the last six he shows the lesson which they teach man.

2. In both parts the idea of the grasshopper and the

cricket is kept constantly before us. In both parts every line bears either on their characteristics or on their lesson to the world. No irrelevant detail is admitted.

B

Turn back to Chapter I, *A*, page 17, and examine the paragraphs with respect to unity.

1. The title of the whole is *The Woman Born to be Queen*.

2. The topics of the four paragraphs are: (*a*) Anne, queen, not ruler, was the daughter of Anne Hyde and James II; (*b*) the characteristics of her age which the mention of her name suggests; (*c*) many great eras are influenced by the rulers with whose names they are coupled, but Anne's age was not influenced by her; (*d*) (summary) the extraordinary character of the age contrasted with the utterly commonplace character of the woman whose name it bears.

3. As we read each paragraph we find, with one exception, no detail which does not bear upon the topic of the paragraph; and farther, we are constantly aware, as we read each paragraph, of the subject of the whole selection — *The Woman Born to be Queen*.

It is a safe generalization, then, that any good piece of writing deals with one subject and only one; that this whole falls into main parts called paragraphs; and that these paragraphs deal with one topic and only one. Just here we may ask ourselves if there are in every subject just so many parts, like bricks in a wall, each part de-

manding a separate paragraph, or if it is not possible to group together two or three of these parts which are closely related in thought. For example, suppose that we are describing Washington's retreat from New York. Shall we make a paragraph telling where the British army was posted; one where Washington's army was; one where Gates's army was; another telling about Washington's determination to withdraw; another telling how he obtained boats; next, how the fog came on; and so on? Or shall we state in one paragraph the situation of the British and American troops which made it necessary for Washington's army to retreat; in another, his preparation; and in a third his successful escape under cover of the fog?

The answer to these questions depends on how much we have to say on each topic. If we are writing a chapter in a book, we should follow the first plan and give a paragraph to each of the topics; if we are writing a three-page theme, we should follow the second plan. That is, the number of parts depends on the length of the theme: a long theme should have many parts; a short theme should have few parts.

C

1. For example, turn back to *A*, Chapter I, page 10. The selection contains, inclusive of the short paragraphs of conversation, nine paragraphs. But if we reproduced the story in our own words, we should find ourselves shortening it considerably. We should be presenting it upon a smaller scale than does the author; accordingly,

instead of nine paragraphs we should have perhaps five or six.

2. The following lines relate the death of Ophelia :—

There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples . . .
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
And mermaid-like, they bore her up :
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto the element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

This story is told in one paragraph. If you were to write the story in a three-page theme, how many paragraphs should you make? What would be the topic of each?

D

The following paragraph from Dryden's Preface to his *Fables* lacks unity because it deals with more than one topic:—

From translating the first of Homer's "Iliads" (which I intended as an essay to the whole work,) I proceeded to the translation of the Twelfth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending, of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but

the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the Fifteenth book (which is the masterpiece of the whole "Metamorphoses") that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author in his former books. There occurred to me the "Hunting of the Boar," "Cinyras and Myrrha," the good-natured story of "Baucis and Philemon," with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much further into the beauties of our numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the "Godfrey of Bulloigne," which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavor to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honor of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the "Canterbury Tales" into our

language, as it is now refined . . . In the meantime, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies ; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse ; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, heroic poets. He and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues ; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch ; but the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue . . . Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren language from the Provençal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages . . . For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius, in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work ; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge ; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned ; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number ; a cripple in my limbs, — but what decays are in my mind the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain.

DRYDEN.

1. How many distinct topics are there in the paragraph? That is, into how many paragraphs should it be divided?

2. Are there any details which could be cut out without injuring the unity of the whole?

A paragraph, as we have seen, may lack unity because it contains too many distinct ideas. Just as much, a paragraph may lack unity because there is too little in it. Examine the following story:

E

THE SPARROW.

I was returning from hunting, and was walking along an avenue of the garden, my dog running in front of me.

Suddenly he took shorter steps, and began to steal along as though tracking game.

I looked along the avenue, and saw a young sparrow, with yellow about its beak and down on its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was violently shaking the birch-trees in the avenue) and sat unable to move, helplessly flapping its half-grown wings.

My dog was slowly approaching it, when, suddenly darting down from a tree close by, an old dark-throated sparrow fell like a stone right before his nose, and all ruffled up, terrified, with despairing and pitiful cheep, it flung itself twice toward the open jaws of shining teeth.

It sprang to save; it cast itself before its nestling . . . , but all its tiny body was shaking with terror, its note was harsh and strange. Swooning with fear, it offered itself up!

What a huge monster must the dog have seemed to it. And yet it could not stay on its high branch out of danger . . . A force stronger than its will flung it down.

My Tresor stood still, drew back . . . Clearly he too recognized this force.

I hastened to call off the disconcerted dog, and went away, full of reverence.

Yes; do not laugh. I felt reverence for that tiny, heroic bird, for its impulse of love.

Love, I thought, is stronger than death or the fear of death. Only by it, by love, life holds together and advances.

TURGENEV, *Works*, X. pp. 269-70.

1. In how many paragraphs should this incident be told? Which should be combined?

F

In the following theme, the second paragraph lacks unity because it merely states a topic, but does not treat it. It is a fraction of a paragraph.

THE FIRE.

"Fire!" I heard some one shouting. I rushed to the front window, and I saw the hook and ladder and the fire engine going past the house. The heavy white horses were pounding along at a gallop. I thought the firemen looked especially anxious, and so knowing that the fire must be a serious one I ran out into the street. The sidewalks were pretty well filled with people hurrying north in the direction of the fire. I hurried with them and soon saw that the firemen had reason to look anxious. The big six-story flat building on Regent Street was burning.

In five minutes I found myself in the thick of the crowd, and I watched the blazing flat-building for two hours. By that time the firemen had conquered the flames.

1. The first paragraph treats its topic at sufficient length. The second states a topic but does not discuss it. It should be expanded into an account of what the firemen did to put out the fire, of how the flames looked,

how the spectators acted. Of the two paragraphs, the second is much more important, and requires much fuller treatment than the first.

2. The undeveloped paragraph occurs most often in the writings of young people near the end of the theme. It is usually due to the fact that the writer becomes tired and so closes his theme unceremoniously in a few brief sentences.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Write a theme of three or four paragraphs relating some incident which interests you. It may be either historical or personal.

II. Rewrite *A*, Chapter I, page 10, in four paragraphs.

III. Or select a narrative poem, such as the *Wife of Usher's Well* (Chapter IX) and rewrite it in a few paragraphs.

Directions for writing :

1. Be sure that the theme deals with one subject and only one, and that each paragraph deals with one topic only.

2. After you have made the first draft of your theme, read it carefully and cut out every detail which seems to you irrelevant.

3. Then go over it again to see that you have included everything necessary to make each paragraph sufficiently clear and full. If you find any undeveloped topics, omit them or develop them, as the case may require.

A good method of securing unity in the paragraph is to state in a sentence the topic of the paragraph. This sentence may occur at the beginning, the middle or the end. In any discussion where clearness is especially important the topic sentence is almost indispensable. In narration and description, however, it is less often necessary than in exposition and argument.

Examples for Study

A

The following paragraph deals with the brevity of the Constitution of the United States. The topic sentence is, "The Constitution of the United States (including the amendments) may be read through aloud in twenty-three minutes."

The Constitution of England is contained in hundreds of volumes of statutes and reported cases; *the Constitution of the United States (including the amendments) may be read through aloud in twenty-three minutes*. It is about half as long as St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, and only one-fortieth part as long as the Irish Land Act of 1881. History knows few instruments which in so few words lay down equally momentous rules on a vast range of matters of the highest importance and complexity. The convention of 1787 was well advised in making their draft short, because it was essential that the people should comprehend it, because fresh differences of view would have emerged the further they had gone into details, and because the more one specifies, the more one has to specify and to attempt the impossible task of providing beforehand for all contingencies. These sages were therefore content to lay down a few general principles, leaving some details to be filled in by congressional legislation, and foreseeing that for others it would be necessary to trust to interpretation.

BRYCE: *The American Commonwealth*.

B

Find the topic sentence in the following paragraph :

I daresay they [the Venetians] would not trifle with winter thus, if they knew him in his northern moods. But the only voluntary concession they make to his severity is the scaldino, and this is made chiefly by the yielding sex, who are denied the warmth of the café. The use of the scaldino is known to all ranks, but it is the women of the poorer orders who are most addicted to it. The scaldino is a small pot of glazed earthen-ware having an earthen bale ; and with this handle passed over the arm, and the pot full of bristling charcoal, the Veneziana's defense against cold is complete. She carries her scaldino with her in the house from room to room, and takes it with her into the street ; and it has often been my fortune in the churches to divide my admiration between the painting over the altar and the poor old crone kneeling before it, who, while she sniffed and whispered a gelid prayer, and warmed her heart with religion, baked her dirty palms in the carbonic fumes of the scaldino. In one of the public bathhouses in Venice there are four prints upon the walls, intended to convey to the minds of the bathers a poetical idea of the four seasons. There is nothing remarkable in the symbolization of Spring, Summer, and Autumn ; but Winter is nationally represented by a fine lady dressed in furred robes, with her feet upon a cushioned foot-stool and a scaldino in her lap ! . . .

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: *Venetian Life*.

C

Supply topic sentences for the following paragraphs,
On the Character of Dogs :—

. . . but all dogs are so, though in varying degrees. It is hard to follow their snobbery among themselves ; for though I think we can perceive distinctions of rank, we cannot grasp what is the criterion. Thus in Edinburgh, in a good part of the town,

there were several distinct societies or clubs that met in the morning to — the phrase is technical — “rake the buckets” in a troop. A friend of mine, the master of three dogs, was one day surprised to observe that they had left one club and joined another; but whether it was a rise or a fall, and the result of an invitation or an expulsion was more than he could guess. And this illustrates pointedly our ignorance of the real life of dogs, their social ambitions and their social hierarchies. At least, in their dealings with men they are not only conscious of sex, but of the difference of stations. And that in the most snobbish manner; for the poor man’s dog is not offended by the notice of the rich, and keeps all his ugly feeling for those poorer or more ragged than his master. . . .

. . . . A street dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambolling in the mud, charging into butchers’ stalls, a cat-hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats; and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognize the upstart, and from that hour, except for human countenance, he was alone. Friendless, shorn of his sports and the habits of a life-time, he still lived in a glory of happiness, content with his acquired respectability, and with no care but to support it solemnly. Are we to condemn or praise this self-made dog? We praise his human brother. And thus to conquer vicious habits is as rare with dogs as with men. . . .

STEVENSON: *Memories and Portraits*.

D

Turn back to Chapter I and see if you can find topic sentences in the selections there.

1. Comment on the unity or lack of unity in each paragraph in the following selections.

2. State the topic in each paragraph.
3. Where do topic sentences occur ?

E

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto Heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furleth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness — to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

JOHN KEATS.

F

There is a dream, a picture, that for years at intervals, (sometimes quite long ones, but surely again, in time,) has come noiselessly up before me, and I really believe, fiction as it is, has enter'd largely into my practical life — certainly into my writings, and shaped and color'd them. It is nothing more or less than a stretch of interminable white-brown sand, hard and smooth and broad, with the ocean perpetually, grandly, rolling in upon it with slow-measured sweep, with rustle and hiss and foam, and many a thump as of low bass drums. This scene, this picture, I say, has risen before me at times for years. Sometimes I wake at night and can hear and see it plainly.

WHITMAN: *Seashore Fancies*.

G

THREE HOURS OF FISHING

Bob and Betty were twins, a fact which may explain their interest in the same sports. Both were fond of fishing. One Friday morning they got up shortly after four o'clock, intending to catch a good string of Blue Wills for their mother. They crept down stairs to the kitchen, and Bob found some milk while Betty cut bread. After eating two bowls of bread and milk, they took their rods from behind the corner cup-board, unbolted the back door, and slipped out. Old Bruno barked at them and tried to follow them. But they drove him back and ran out of the gate.

They walked along the road enjoying the cool morning. The road had been made the year they were born. After they had walked for half an hour they found that Bob had forgotten the bait. He went back after it while Betty waited for him sitting on the grass by the road side. The sun was up by the time Bob returned. However, the delay did not matter much, for they reached the bay at a little after six o'clock.

By nine each of them had a string of fish which they carried home to be cooked for dinner.

Student's Theme.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Note that in *The Human Seasons*, Keats begins by stating that in life there are four seasons, and then he describes each. Write a paragraph on this plan. You might begin, "There are two studies I especially like," name them, and give your reasons for your preference. You could write thus of games, places, occupations, or persons that you like or dislike or that interest you especially.

II. Note that the paragraph from Whitman begins by stating that a certain scene exercised an important influ-

ence on his writing. Write a paragraph on the same plan ; you might begin, " There is a certain scene which made a deep impression on me," and then describe the scene. In this way you might treat a person or a book that influenced you, or an incident which interested you.

CHAPTER III

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION AND THE PARAGRAPH: UNITY (continued)

Examples for Study.— Find the paragraph divisions in the following selections :—

A

(1) April is also the month of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plow is started upon the hill, and at each bout I see its brightened mold-board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snow-drift lingered yesterday the plough breaks the sod to-day. Where the drift was deepest the grass is pressed flat, and there is a deposit of sand and earth blown from the fields to the windward. Line upon line the turf is reversed, until there stands out of the neutral landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breast of the broad hills glows like the breasts of robins. Then who would not have a garden in April? to rake together the rubbish and burn it up, to turn over the renewed soil, to scatter the rich compost, to plant the first seed, or bury the first tuber! It is not the seed that is planted any more than it is I that is planted; it is not the dry stalks and weeds that are burned up any more than it is my gloom and regrets that are consumed. An April smoke makes a clean harvest. I think April is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train which is made up in this month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In

April all nature starts with you. You have not come out of your hibernaculum too early or too late; the time is ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

(2) The mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine-woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upward until they soared out of the depth of the hardest timber, and stood naked against the sky: Some way up, a long, gray village lay like a seam or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its voyage towards the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom; so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, travelling-carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downward past the mill; and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downward and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares, were tending downward like the river that accompanied their path. Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child, a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labors in the field. Of all this, nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army

over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage — the rhythmical stride, the pale, unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the discolored regimentals and the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in these troublous times; but Will saw one thing plainly, that not a man returned. . . .

STEVENSON.

We are sometimes puzzled when we try to paragraph narration in which conversation occurs. The rule is that the speech of each person, together with the words that go with it, such as, "said he suddenly, as he swept the horizon with his glass," forms a paragraph by itself. This is the natural requirement of unity, since each speech is a distinct part of the whole. When, however, a speech is short, and at the same time forms a part of the thought of the preceding sentence or sentences, it is not put in a paragraph by itself. (See 2 below.)

Paragraphs
in Conversa-
tion.

1. "Hurry, John," said Polly, beckoning impatiently to her brother; "the boat has tooted twice."

"Plenty of time," drawled John, sauntering towards her.

"Do you want to be left?" she cried.

"Oh, they'll wait when they see us coming."

2. "Will you sign the paper?" asked my cousin.

I reflected. If I did so, the immediate advantage to myself would be exceedingly great. But then, realizing that if I signed,

my son might suffer in the future the same deprivations I was now enduring, I answered firmly, "I will not sign."

The following bit of dialogue is written in what is called dramatic form :—

3. HARRY (*calling to Tom, who is in the next room*). Does the choir meet to-night, Tom?

TOM (*hesitating*). I — I am not sure.

HARRY. What did they practise last week?

TOM. "By Still Waters" was the only new piece.

Note that the explanatory part is put in parentheses, that there are no "said he's," and no quotation marks except where one speaker quotes a title.

B

Paragraph properly the following excerpt, inserting necessary quotation marks :—

It was late in the afternoon when Dick and Maisie arrived on their ground, Amomma trotting patiently behind them. Mf! said Maisie, sniffing the air. I wonder what makes the sea so smelly? I don't like it. You never like anything that isn't made just for you, said Dick bluntly. Give me the cartridges, and I'll try first shot. How far does one of these little revolvers carry? Oh, half a mile, said Maisie, promptly. At least it makes an awful noise. Be careful with the cartridges; I don't like those jagged stick-up things on the rim. Dick, do be careful. All right. I know how to load. I'll fire at the breakwater out there. He fired, and Amomma ran away bleating. The bullet threw up a spurt of mud to the right of the weed-wreathed piles. Throws high and to the right. You try, Maisie. Mind, its loaded all round. Maisie took the pistol and stepped delicately to the verge of the mud, her hand firmly closed on the butt, her mouth and left eye screwed up. Dick sat down on the tuft of bank and laughed. Amomma returned very cautiously. He was accustomed to strange expe-

riences in his afternoon walks, and, finding the cartridge-box unguarded, made investigations with his nose. Maisie fired, but could not see where the bullet went. I think it hit the post, she said, shading her eyes and looking out across the sailless sea. I know it has gone out to the Marazion Bell buoy, said Dick, with a chuckle. Fire low and to the left; then perhaps you'll get it. Oh, look at Amomma!—he's eating the cartridges! Maisie turned, the revolver in her hand, just in time to see Amomma scampering away from the pebbles Dick threw after him. Nothing is sacred to a billy-goat. Being well fed and the adored of his mistress, Amomma had naturally swallowed two loaded pin-fire cartridges. Maisie hurried up to assure herself that Dick had not miscounted the tale. Yes, he's eaten two. Horrid little beast! Then they'll joggle about inside him and blow up and serve him right . . . Oh, Dick! have I killed you? Revolvers are tricky things for young hands to deal with. Maisie could not explain how it had happened, but a veil of reeking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face. Then she heard him sputter, and dropped on her knees beside him, crying, Dick, you aren't hurt, are you? I didn't mean it. Of course you didn't, said Dick, coming out of the smoke and wiping his cheek. But you nearly blinded me. That powder stuff stings awfully. A neat little splash of gray lead on a stone showed where the bullet had gone. Maisie began to whimper. Don't, said Dick, jumping to his feet and shaking himself. I'm not a bit hurt. No, but I might have killed you, protested Maisie, the corners of her mouth drooping. What should I have done then? Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett. Dick grinned at the thought; then, softening, Please don't worry about it. Besides we are wasting time. We've got to get back to tea. I'll take the revolver for a bit . . .

RUDYARD KIPLING.

In writing a theme on a small, definite sub-
 ject which shall treat one main idea falling
 naturally into organic paragraphs, the writer will be

Notes and
Plan.

helped if he will, before writing, jot down notes and make a plan of his work.

Now different people work in different ways. One student might make his plan first, and then jot down his notes under the main divisions of this plan. Another might make the notes first and the plan afterward. In either case the student should rearrange and rewrite his notes perhaps three times, or oftener if necessary, continually comparing them with his plan in order to be sure (1) that his subject is small and definitely treated; (2) that he puts nothing in the theme that does not belong to this main subject; (3) that the main subject falls naturally into paragraphs, each treating of but one division of the main subject.

The following faulty notes were made by a boy who was told to write a theme on any subject he chose: —

C

A SUMMER VACATION AT CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND.

(1) Clara and I kept teasing Father to go to a new place for our vacation. (2) Clara can fish and swim and play tennis and golf as well as I can. (3) Father said, "What do you say to Chincoteague?" (4) When we said we didn't know what he meant, he said, "Didn't you ever hear of Chincoteague or Onancock or Accomack?" (5) Then Clara who knew Geography said, "Oh, I know what you mean. You mean the Eastern Shore of Virginia." (6) So then Father said, "All I shall tell you is that Chincoteague is an island and you can look it up on the map." (7) So we did. (8) It is surprising what a large number of Indian names we found when we looked at Virginia on the map. (9) We wanted to go to Chincoteague, and so Father took us. (10) We went

from Baltimore by train to a little town on the east of the mainland, and then a shrieking little tug took us in. (11) We steamed over flats of salt water, with here and there great stretches of marsh covered with rushes. (12) Soon we came within sight of the Island, and it was all we could do to keep from laughing. (13) Most of the houses were painted a bright orange, though some of them were white. (14) Many of them were one story, some two story, and a few three story. (15) As we came nearer we noticed that there were many small, dirty, unpainted houses. (16) When we landed we observed that the tide was low, and we saw some people gathering clams. (17) The land seemed to belong to their back yards. (18) There were a good many people on the dock when we landed, all of whom looked good-natured, and were rather untidy in their dress. (19) We went to the hotel and chose our rooms. (20) Then we went for a walk up the main street of the village. (21) Father told us that the people of the island got their living by digging clams and fishing; they had oyster-beds, too. (22) The island has an interesting history: it was settled in the seventeenth century by a sea-captain to whom the English king gave it, because he carried to it a load of fifty convicts. (23) Some of the people we saw on the village street were descendants of those convicts. (24) The people wait till the tide is low before they dig for clams. (25) Then they get enough to last them for several days. (26) Some they sell, and buy bread and other food. (27) Then they won't do any more work until their food is gone and the store-keepers refuse them further credit. (28) Clara and I were interested, for there were not many things for us to look at on the walk. (29) We did not see very many yards with vegetables or flowers in them. (30) We met a man whom Father knew. (31) Then we went back to the hotel. (32) For supper we had fish, clams, terrapin, lobster, chicken, vegetables and pie. (33) But the table-cloth was crumpled and not very clean. (34) On Sunday every one wore the most beautiful clothes. (35) You would never guess that they were the same people who went bare-foot and untidily dressed all week.

(36) When we entered a store and asked to see anything, the store-keeper looked till he found it for us; then, when we set it down, he left it just where we put it. (37) The store-keepers never seemed to put anything back in boxes. (38) The people were very kind, but shiftless. (39) There were hardly any trees on the island, but we did not mind that. (40) The island was seven miles long, and a little over one mile wide. (41) We had no chance to play golf or tennis, but we fished and sailed and swam. (42) It was the most enjoyable vacation we ever spent.

Suppose the boy who wrote these notes criticizes his work, and says:—

(1) I have chosen too large a subject. My theme does not really fit the title.

(2) Some of my notes do not bear on the matter in hand; that is, I am not treating one main subject and one only.

(3) The notes are in bad proportion, for I devote more than one-quarter of my sentences to talking of what happened before the vacation at Chincoteague Island really began.

The boy decides first to narrow his subject. To be quite safe he calls his theme, "What I Know of Chincoteague Island." Next, he makes a plan composed of four headings: (1) How Chincoteague Island was settled. (2) The general appearance of the island. (3) The people, who are good-natured and shiftless. (4) The probable reason why they are shiftless. Then, after much rearrangement of sentences and two or three revisions, the boy produces the following theme:—

D

WHAT I KNOW OF CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND.

Last summer Father, Clara and I spent our vacation in a place that is not visited by many strangers. We went to the island of Chincoteague, which lies beside the eastern shore of Virginia. Father told us something of the history of the island. The Eastern Shore was settled, as records show, quite as early as 1615, but in all likelihood Chincoteague Island was then uninhabited. Towards the end of the century, however, the English king gave a certain sea-captain the whole island for carrying to it in his ship fifty convicts. Many of the four thousand people now in Chincoteague are descendants of the original convicts.

The shape of Chincoteague reminds me of a snail. It is a slender oval, being seven miles long, and a little over one mile wide. But its outline does not impress one particularly. The most striking thing about it, especially as one steams towards it for the first time under a bright sun, is the color of the houses. With a few exceptions, they are painted a brilliant orange. Those which are not orange are white, or else dirty and unpainted. Most of the houses are two stories in height, though there are several which have but one story, and a few which have three. They have a door in the middle of the front side, two windows on the lower story, one on each side of the door, three on the upper story, and a gable in the roof just above the centre of the house. Another peculiarity of the island is that it has very few trees and flower-gardens, and, indeed, not many vegetable-gardens. The reason is that the sand, unless it is thoroughly manured, is not adapted to raising such things.

I found the people and the way they live very interesting. They are good-natured, and easy-going even to shiftlessness. Their good nature shows in the fact that they are always ready to lend each other money or food, and they scarcely seem to expect repayment. They sit up with the sick, and are thoughtful of the weak and the old. Their shiftlessness appears in many ways; for

example, in the stores after the store-keeper has served a customer, he rarely thinks of putting away the goods at which the buyer has been looking. His stock is littered confusedly all over his floor and counters. Again, in the hotel, the table-linen was untidy and even dirty. Moreover, on week-days the people wear old and slovenly clothes, though they vary that custom on Sunday, when they appear in very elaborate garments. Perhaps the most serious example of this characteristic shows in their attitude toward evil-doers. Those who break the laws are very rarely punished in Chincoteague. If a person commits some unusually flagrant offence, such as stealing, he disappears for three or four months. When he comes back, he is treated, for the most part, as if he had been quite law-abiding.

Perhaps their shiftlessness may be accounted for by the fact that it is very easy to get a living in Chincoteague. The men fish and catch crabs. The more prosperous ones own oyster-beds also. Many people have their back yards sloping down to the water, and when this is the case they can get all the clams they want. Generally, the people work for a few days, and then sell what they have caught or dug. Then they remain idle till they have spent all their money, or can not get credit at the stores, when they go to work once more. Possibly the convict blood some of them have inherited may account a little for their lax ways, but I think the real reason is that they have no hard, steady employment which would make them acquire regular habits.

1. Note that *D* gives more actual information about Chincoteague than does *C*.

2. Note that *D* falls into four organic unified paragraphs.

3. The method employed above is not the only one that could be used in rewriting. You might take these same notes, add to them if you pleased, and write a theme called, "My First Day in Chincoteague Island."

Exercises in Writing. — I. Take one of the following plans and write a theme in accordance with it. Put your notes down as you think of them, if you like, and then rearrange them to fit the plan afterward.

1. My Room.

- (a) The situation, size, and shape of my room ;
the number of windows and doors it contains.
- (b) What is on my walls.
- (c) The furniture in my room, and its disposition.

2. A Study.

- (a) How I happened to look into a study.
- (b) The reason I knew it was a girl's (or boy's).
- (c) The most interesting part of the room.

3. The Room I Like Best.

- (a) A description of the room.
- (b) The chief reason why I like it.

II. Write a conversation you have heard recently, or have taken part in. Note that in conversation we use contractions and abbreviations, such as "don't" for "do not"; that we omit words: for example, we sometimes say, "Going soon?" instead of, "Are you going soon?" In short, our speech is much less stiff and formal than written discourse. Try to make the talk sound natural, but do not leave out so much as to make it unintelligible or too colloquial.

In writing your themes, have regard to the following suggestions :

1. Make your subject as definite and as limited as possible.
2. Make a plan according to which you will treat the subject.
3. Jot down notes on your subject under the headings of your plan. Observe that it is permissible to make your notes first and your plan afterward. Whichever method you choose, however, your notes will require much revision.
4. Be sure that in your theme you deal with one subject and only one. Cut out every sentence that does not bear directly on the subject.
5. See that each paragraph of your theme deals with one distinct part of the subject and only one.
6. See that your title suggests the subject-matter.

III. Count the number of words in three paragraphs of a book by Hawthorne, or Irving, or Holmes, or Addison. Decide what is the average number of words in a paragraph.

The letter is a form of composition in which we are often careless, and offend against the laws of good use, *particularly in regard to division into paragraphs.*

Letters. In the letter each topic should receive full treatment, and the whole should be properly divided. The average person makes too many paragraphs in writing a letter. A plan will help the student to avoid this difficulty.

Examples for Study.—Find the paragraph divisions in the following letter:—

DEAR GERTIE: When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again. Then I met another youngster swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy who was tied to another door-post up the street, he couldn't, and they had to sing out to one another over the water. Is not this a queer city? You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright and gay and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun. Tell Susie I did not see the queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love. There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy, but do not carry them off; and make the music-box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle, Phillips.

Letters of Phillips Brooks.

Very often a letter may treat briefly a single topic,

and should, therefore, consist of a single paragraph. Observe the following examples :—

1. A FORMAL INVITATION.

Mrs. James White requests the pleasure of Mr. Edwin Dudley's company at dinner on Saturday evening, June the twenty-eighth, at seven o'clock.

55 Elm Street, June the tenth.

2. A FORMAL REGRET.

Mr. Edwin Dudley regrets that absence from the city will prevent his acceptance of Mrs. James White's kind invitation to dinner on Saturday, June the twenty-eighth.

70 Lorrimer Street, June the eleventh.

3. AN INFORMAL NOTE OF INVITATION.

70 ELLERTON STREET, CHICAGO.

My dear Jane :

Can you come over to-morrow afternoon and go with us — Tom, Julia and me — to the shop? Tom has just finished binding a copy of Omar in red morocco with an intricate pattern of tooling, and we are anxious to look at it. He has also some books from Branley's which you may enjoy seeing.

Sincerely yours,

KATHERINE.

Wednesday, June twenty-fifth.

4. A FRIENDLY NOTE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO MRS. SITWELL.

BARBIZON, APRIL, 1875.

My Dear Friend :

This is just a line to say I am well and happy. I am here in my dear forest all day long in the open air. It is very be—no, not beautiful exactly, just now, but very bright and living.

There are one or two song-birds and a cuckoo; all the fruit-trees are in flower, and the beeches make sunshine in a shady place. I begin to go all right; you need not be vexed about my health; I really was ill at first, as bad as I have been for nearly a year; but the forest begins to work, and the air, and the sun, and the smell of the pines. If I could stay a month here, I should be as right as possible. Thanks for your letter.

Your faithful

R. L. S.

5. A BUSINESS LETTER.

27 CORNELL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

SEPTEMBER 20, 1903.

J. C. ANSON AND COMPANY,

742 MASTER STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen:

I want to have two sets of book-cases made for my library. Each book-case is to be six feet long and five feet high. There must be five shelves, each one foot wide. Let the bottom shelf of each case stand one inch from the floor; have the next fourteen inches higher up; the third twelve; divide the remaining space equally between the fourth and the fifth. The material must be the best Spanish oak in your shop. If I have not made my requirements thoroughly clear, please let me know. In any case, kindly write me, telling me the cost of the book-cases, and when you can have them ready.

Yours truly,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Observe about these letters the following points:—

1. The tone and style throughout depend, first, upon the relations existing between the writer and the person to whom he writes; secondly, upon the circumstances under which he writes; thirdly, upon the matters about which he writes.

2. The letters begin and end courteously and appropriately.

3. Each states to whom it is written, by whom it is written, where it is written, and when it is written.

It is by no means easy to write a good letter. Few even of the great writers have succeeded in making their correspondence interesting to others than those whom it immediately concerned. The letter, except where it is designedly formal, should have some of the qualities of good conversation. On the other hand, in the endeavor to secure these very desirable and elusive qualities, the writer should not allow his work to become slipshod.

**Characteris-
tics of Good
Letter.**

Exercise in Writing. — Write, in one paragraph each, the following letters :—

1. A formal invitation.
2. A formal acceptance.
3. A friendly note.
4. An order for a book.

The student will be interested in observing how natural and unstilted is the correspondence of the best writers. Read the letters of Stevenson, Lamb, Keats, Grey, and Horace Walpole.

CHAPTER IV

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION AND THE PARAGRAPH : COHERENCE

WE have seen that every piece of good writing deals with one subject only. It is equally clear that every piece of good writing is well arranged, follows an order which is natural and logical. The thought goes steadily forward, not round and round, or back and forth, and not by sudden leaps and starts. Certain ideas in any "chain of thought," certain events in any series, occur before others. Accordingly, in explaining a process, in telling a story, or in describing an object, the explanation, or the story, or the description should proceed in a suitable order. The principle which requires this orderly arrangement is called the Principle of Coherence.

It may seem simple to put ideas in their proper order, and yet it requires careful thinking, careful planning. For example, in the sonnet on *The Human Seasons*, p. 36, Keats shows a clear plan : first he makes a general statement ; then he gives a description of each of the seasons named in the general statement. If we remove the general statement, the poem falls apart. Keats treated his ideas in logical order. It is more difficult to find the logical order in dealing with

ideas than it is in dealing with events and objects. In dealing with ideas, the writer may state causes, and then effects of the causes; he may give first an opinion, and then his reasons for holding the opinion. For example, he may begin a paragraph with the statement that Lincoln was a great statesman, and then present the facts which lead to this conclusion. In treating events, the order is usually a time order. (See *A*, page 10.) Sometimes the order is that of space; objects are described in a series beginning at a certain point, and proceeding to another. In deciding upon the order of his statements, the writer should take that order which will be most clear to the reader, which will be most easily grasped.

According to the principle of unity, a theme must deal with one subject and fall into organic paragraphs, each of which deals with a main division of that subject. According to the principle of coherence, every paragraph in that theme must "cohere" with the one immediately before it, and with the one immediately following it. In an ideal composition, it occupies one immovable place with reference to the composition. Within a paragraph, likewise, each sentence must "cohere" with the one immediately before it, and with the one immediately following it. In an ideal composition, to change the order of a sentence in a paragraph, and to change the order of a paragraph in the theme, is to destroy the coherence of the whole.

Not only should paragraph follow paragraph and sentence follow sentence in logical order, but these units of composition should also be definitely bound together.

Just as a building will not stand unless its bricks are set with mortar, so a composition will not hold together unless it have the parts cemented with words of connection. There are four means of binding parts together :

Coherence as
Connection.

(1) The use of words of connection, such as "then," "while," "as," "before," "consequently";

(2) the use of words of reference, such as "this," "that," "which," etc.;

(3) the repetition of words or phrases;

(4) the use of parallel structure.

The first three devices secure coherence between paragraphs; all four secure coherence within the paragraph.

Examples for Study

A

REFORMERS AND PURITANS.

The English Reformation was brought about, as every other great change is brought about, by the coöperation of two classes of men: the men who are, on the whole, content with the principles by which they have hitherto guided their lives, though they think that some changes ought to be made in matters of detail; and those who start upon an entirely new principle, and who strive to realize an ideal society which commends itself to their own minds. *They* answer, in short, to the Whigs and Radicals of modern political life, whilst the Conservatives are represented by a third class averse from all change whatever.

The first class — the Reformers, as we may call them, who, on the whole, controlled the movement, were content with gradual and slow change. *They* were ready to examine every practice and doctrine by the test of Scripture and the custom of the early church,

but they were willing to retain all that could not be so shown to be worthy of rejection. *In this way they* held that the white vestment of the minister, the kneeling attitude of the congregation at the administration of the Communion, the observation of days set apart for fast and festival, were commendable observances reaching the heart through the medium of the senses, and encouraging a habit of devotion by the use of bodily action.

Alongside of these men were others who cared nothing for ancient tradition or outward observances, and who regarded those which had been retained as rags and relics of Popery. During their exile in the reign of Mary, the Puritans, as they afterwards came to be called, learned from the disciples of Calvin, the great French teacher of Geneva, a special system of doctrine and discipline; a system in which the heart and soul were sustained by the intellectual appreciation of theological truths, rather than by the outward actions of the body.

GARDINER: *The Puritan Revolution.*

1. The natural order in *A* is a general statement of the views of the Reformers and the Puritans, followed by more specific statements of the views of each party. Read the second paragraph, and follow it by the first, and you will realize the paragraphs are in logical order.

2. Note the order within each paragraph. In the first, the statement is made that the English Reformation was brought about by two classes of men; then comes the general characterization of these classes, followed by a comparison of them to modern Whigs and Radicals. The same careful and logical progression within the paragraph is carried out in paragraphs 2 and 3.

3. Note how the coherence between the paragraphs and between sentences is secured by the italicized words of reference. The second paragraph is bound to the

first by the phrase, "the first class," which carries the mind back to "two classes." The third paragraph is bound to the second by the phrase, "Alongside of these men," in which "these men" goes back to "Reformers." Within the first paragraph, the second sentence is bound to the first by the pronoun "they," which refers to "two classes of men." In the second paragraph, the second sentence is connected with the first by "they," which refers to "Reformers"; the third sentence with the second by the phrase, "in this way," and by the pronoun "they." In the third paragraph, there is no formal coherence between the second and the first sentences, although the logical connection is clear.

4. Note that the author evidently planned his paragraphs carefully.

B

THE SITE OF A UNIVERSITY.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which, in the same perfection, was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain, Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Bœotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not: — it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face of even a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth ; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle ; three prominent mountains commanding the plain, — Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus ; an unsatisfactory soil ; some streams, not always full ; — such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild ; the hills were limestone ; there was plenty of good marble ; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats ; fisheries productive ; silver mines once, but long since worked out ; figs fair ; oil first-rate ; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that that olive-tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape that it excited a religious veneration ; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colors on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and the thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus ; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees ; nor take much account of the rare flavor of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the *Ægean* from the height he had ascended ; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea : but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below ; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water-spirits from the

deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct details, nor the refined coloring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

NEWMAN: *Historical Sketches.*

1. The plan of paragraph 2 is logical and therefore coherent. By means of the agent Newman describes first in a bare, practical way, giving measurements and outlines; then he describes imaginatively. His method of proceeding builds up coherently in our minds an impression of the place.

2. In the second paragraph, sentences 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are of what is called "parallel construction." That is, certain elements of each are in the same form: "He would report" . . . "He would not tell" . . . etc. This does not mean that each phrase and clause in a sentence

of parallel construction is of the same length as the phrase or clause of the sentence it resembles ; it merely means that these are like each other in general, just as a line of soldiers marching forward wear the same kind and cut of clothes though the garments differ in size.

3. Underscore all words which bind together the sentences in the selection from Newman.

C

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him ; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail ; *by the which*, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. *This* made Christian give a little back : Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. *This* sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent : for you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall ; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. *Then*, said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now : and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. *But*, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy : when I fall I shall arise, Mic. 7 : 8 ; and with that gave him a deadly thrust.

BUNYAN : *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

1. Note how the conjunctions serve to carry forward, to render coherent, this simple narrative.

2. Note the few words of reference : " by the which," " this," " with that," " thereby."

3. What connection is there between the paragraphs?

D

DEMOCRACY.

Gurth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others. Gurth, with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity : but Gurth, with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted bosage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home ; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of anybody ! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him : Cedric *deserved* to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals. — Gurth is now 'emancipated' long since ; has what we call 'Liberty.' Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine.

CARLYLE: *Past and Present*.

1. Observe, in this example, how many of the sentences are bound together by the repetition of words.

E

... Constantinople has two glories, *the glory of the mountains*, and *the glory of the sea*. In every landscape the back-ground is formed by the bold heights of Scutari and the more distant Mysian Olympus, with its snowy summits cutting the clouds like mother of pearl. *In the city itself* there is scarcely a yard of level ground.

Old Stambouli is built on a long ridge, rising two hundred feet above the waters that lave it on either hand, a ridge whose top indented by hollows and crowned by massive mosques and graceful white minarets, with here and there a pile of ancient ruins, offers a sky-line always changing as the beholder moves, but always beautiful. *Then* no city has such a sea — a sea deep to its very margin, intensely blue, penetrating everywhere, till you can hardly recognize its arms; a sea that narrows to a river in the Golden Horn and Bosphorus, and spreads into a shoreless expanse in the broad Propontus, studded with shining isles. The central spot of every view is the spot where these three waters meet, Seraglio Point.

It has become a commonplace to say that the traveller ought to admire Constantinople from the sea, and then depart without landing lest the spell be broken. A more foolish commonplace it would be hard to find. *Constantinople is just as wonderful within as it is from the outside.* No doubt there is much to disgust and repel a stranger: much dirt, neglect, vice and even ugliness. But there is far more to excite his curiosity and touch his imagination. Its mosques, its tombs, its crooked, rugged streets, with their crumbling houses of every tint, interrupted here by a spreading plane-tree, there by a grand old Byzantine arch or cistern; its bridge of boats over which a many-tongued crowd streams incessantly; its Fields of the Dead shaded by gloomy cypresses; its gardens green with pines and ruddy with pomegranates; above all those majestic walls and towers, which have stood untouched since the fatal day of Mohammed the Second's conquest, — all these and many more details of its inner form and life are picturesque; as full of endless interest and charm as the view from the bosom of the sea is noble and inspiring.

JAMES BRYCE.

1. The general order of the preceding selection is noteworthy. The plan is logical. The first paragraph deals with the external aspect of the city: the glory of

the mountains and the sea, announced in a topic sentence; the second, with the interior of the city. The second paragraph is united to the first by three connective sentences, of which the last is the topic sentence; while the plan is further kept in mind by the last sentence, which repeats the central statement of the paragraph, and characterizes each view: the interior is "as full of interest and charm as the view from the bosom of the sea is noble and inspiring."

2. The orderliness of the plan is further apparent in the fact that the descriptive words narrow from the general to the specific. We have "mountains" . . . "heights" . . . "Scutari"; "in any landscape" . . . "in the city itself" . . . "Stambouli"; "sea" . . . "Golden Horn" . . . "Bosphorus" . . . "Propontus" . . . "meeting at . . . Seraglio Point."

3. Note in paragraph 2 how the seventh sentence helps coherence by enumerating, and then converging into a summarizing phrase, "all these."

The principle of coherence is so important that it seems necessary to summarize and enforce the ideas which have been already presented on the subject. If we study carefully the preceding examples and comments we see that Unity and Coherence must work side by side to produce a good piece of writing. Unity demands that we treat a single subject; coherence demands that we proceed with the subject, develop it in logical order, put side by side those ideas which belong together, make them "cohere," stick together.

Summary.

Exercises in Writing.—I. Write a theme in which you begin by stating that there are two or three or more ways of making something or of doing something; treat each way in its proper order. Underscore the words of connection, such as “the second way,” etc. Let there be as many paragraphs as there are ways. The following titles may be suggestive :

- (1) How to Ride a Bicycle.
- (2) How to Make Bread ; Coffee ; Cake.
- (3) How to Write a Theme.
- (4) How to Sail a Boat.
- (5) How to Teach Grammar.
- (6) How to Trim a Hat.
- (7) How to be Contented.

II. Or write an account in three paragraphs of some event, such as a race. Let the first paragraph deal with the people, the place, the occasion (or perhaps better with the place, the occasion, the people). Let the second paragraph deal with what happened ; that is, let this paragraph contain the main part of the theme. Let the third paragraph finish your story, closing, perhaps, with an account of how the people dispersed or of what you did. In writing your theme, observe the following directions :

- (1) Choose one definite subject.
- (2) Plan your work carefully, presenting it in the way which will make it most clear to the reader.
- (3) See that each paragraph follows logically after the

preceding, and is united to it by some words of connection.

(4) Watch carefully the internal order of the paragraph; observe exactly what you have said in your last sentence and make up your mind what statement must of necessity follow it in order that your thought may be logically and fully brought out. To bind your sentences together use freely connective words and phrases, such as "but," "now," "therefore," "moreover," "for," "indeed," "yet," "though," "notwithstanding," "accordingly," "while," "hence," "on the one hand," "on the other hand," etc.

(5) Revise two or three times if necessary to secure unity and coherence.

(6) Examine the themes you have previously written. Are they well arranged? Are the paragraphs bound together by connective words? Is the coherence within the paragraphs good?

Examples for Study. — Examine the coherence of the following selections. Answer these questions: —

1. Is the idea in each selection logically developed?
2. Do the paragraphs follow each other in logical order?
3. What connection is there between paragraphs; that is, what words, phrases or clauses aid coherence?
4. Trace the coherence within the paragraphs, stating the devices by which it is secured.
5. Which selections show most definitely the result of having been carefully planned? State each plan.

A

To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist. On the other hand, to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, to trace the connexion of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom, has become the business of a distinct class of writers.

Of the two kinds of composition into which history has been thus divided, the one may be compared to a map, the other to a painted landscape. The picture, though it places the country before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the dimensions, the distances, and the angles. The map is not a work of imitative art. It presents no scene to the imagination; but it gives us exact information as to the bearings of the various points, and is a more useful companion to the traveller or the general than the painted landscape could be, though it were the grandest that ever Rosa peopled with outlaws, or the sweetest over which Claude ever poured the mellow effulgence of a setting sun.

MACAULAY: *Hallam's Constitutional History.*

B

After Hautmont, the sun came forth again and the wind went down; and a little paddling took us beyond the iron-works and through a delectable land. The river wound among low hills, so that sometimes the sun was at our backs and sometimes it stood

right ahead, and the river before us was one sheet of intolerable glory. On either hand meadows and orchards bordered, with a margin of sedge and water flowers upon the river. The hedges were of great height, woven about the trunks of hedgerow elms; and the fields, as they were often very small, looked like a series of bowers along the stream. There was never any prospect; sometimes a hill-top with its trees would look over the nearest hedgerow, just to make a middle distance for the sky; but that was all. The heaven was bare of clouds. The atmosphere, after the rain, was of enchanting purity. The river doubled among the hillocks, a shining strip of mirror-glass; and the dip of the paddles set the flowers shaking along the brink.

In the meadows wandered black and white cattle fantastically marked. One beast, with a white head and the rest of the body glossy black, came to the edge to drink, and stood gravely twitching his ears at me as I went by, like some sort of preposterous clergyman in a play. A moment after I heard a loud plunge, and, turning my head, saw the clergyman struggling to shore. The bank had given way under his feet.

Besides the cattle, we saw no living things except a few birds and a great many fishermen. These sat along the edges of the meadows, sometimes with one rod, sometimes with as many as half a score. They seemed stupefied with contentment; and, when we induced them to exchange a few words with us about the weather, their voices sounded quiet and far away. There was a strange diversity of opinion among them as to the kind of fish for which they set their lures; although they were all agreed in this, that the river was abundantly supplied. Where it was plain that no two of them had ever caught the same kind of fish, we could not help suspecting that perhaps not any one of them had ever caught a fish at all. I hope, since the afternoon was so lovely, that they were one and all rewarded; and that a silver booty went home in every basket for the pot. Some of my friends would cry shame on me for this; but I prefer a man, were he only an angler, to the bravest pair of gills in all God's waters. I do not affect

fish unless when cooked in sauce ; whereas an angler is an important piece of river scenery, and hence deserves some recognition among canoeists. He can always tell you where you are, after a mild fashion ; and his quiet presence serves to accentuate the solitude and stillness, and remind you of the glittering citizens below your boat.

STEVENSON : *An Inland Voyage*.

C

MARY'S RECEPTION-ROOM.

I have no space (in that little room) to catalogue all the whims with which she had made it beautiful, from the hand-sewn bell-rope which pulled no bell to the hand-painted cigar-box that contained no cigars. The floor was of a delicious green with exquisite oriental rugs ; green and white, I think, was the lady's scheme of color, something cool, you observe, to keep the sun under. The window-curtains were of some rare material and the color of the purple clematis ; they swept the floor grandly and suggested a picture of Mary receiving visitors. The piano we may ignore, for I knew it to be hired, but there were many dainty pieces, mostly in green wood, a sofa, a corner cupboard, and a most captivating desk, which was so like its owner that it could have sat down at her and dashed off a note. The writing-paper on this desk had the word Mary printed on it, implying that if there were other Marys they didn't count. There were many oil-paintings on the walls, mostly without frames, and I must mention the chandelier, which was obviously of fabulous worth, for she had encased it in a holland bag.

BARRIE : *The Little White Bird*.

D

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features. And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed among a family of lofty mountains there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder-accent from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

HAWTHORNE: *The Great Stone Face.*

E

Note the lack of orderly arrangement in the following student's theme. Arrange the paragraphs in their proper order. Rewrite, supplying words, phrases, or clauses which will serve to relate paragraphs. Can you combine any paragraphs?

THE WILD PONIES.

The wild ponies were huddled together in groups in the oval-shaped pound. The little colts were snuggled up close to their mothers, who were not much larger than Shetland ponies. They were of all colors, but there were more dark ones than light. Clara and I thought they were all pretty, especially the colts. We hated to think that the little ones had to be branded. But the men in charge said it did not hurt them much, and besides the branding had to be done. How else would an owner be able to tell which were his ponies?

We got up about five o'clock, and ate an early breakfast. Then we walked for a mile across Chincoteague till we reached the other side of the island. Here we hailed a boy who had a sailboat, and told him we would each give him a quarter if he would take us across to Assoteague in time to see the ponies in the pound. He did not seem to realize that we were in a hurry, for he was rather slow in starting. Then he had to tack several times before we reached the other side. Clara said she could have swum across as quickly as he sailed. After we landed we had to walk half a mile. However we were in plenty of time to see the last batch of ponies driven into the pound.

I ought to explain that on Chincoteague and Assoteague there are two or three hundred ponies which are called wild because they don't live in stables. They run wild in a great patch of fenced land which does not seem to belong to any one. They feed on the coarse marshgrass which grows on their land, and

drink from a fresh-water creek which flows through it. Half a dozen men own them. Every spring the men have the ponies driven into the two pounds, one on each island. Then the new colts are branded with their owners' initials. A few of the older horses are taken away and sold.

While we watched the ponies, some men who wanted to buy came up. They spoke to the men in charge, and selected the ponies they wanted. Then the keepers began to lasso the ponies. Some were frightened and ran round and round the pound; others bit and plunged. But they were all lassoed in time and led away by the buyers. These buyers paid about twenty-five dollars for a pony, broke him in, fed him on oats for a few months, and then sold him for a hundred dollars. We watched the ponies till the men came who were going to brand the colts. Not wishing to see that, we went back to Chincoteague.

Student's Theme.

F

Underscore the connecting words in the following paragraph : —

Now let us examine some fibres. These fine, wavy threads are the material employed by nature for a larger variety of purposes than any other anatomical element. They look like silk floss as you see them here. But they take many aspects. Made into bands and cords, they tie the joints as ligaments, and form the attachments of muscles as tendons. Woven into dense membranes, they wrap the limbs in firm envelopes, sheathing each separate muscle, and binding the whole muscles of a part in a common covering. Shaped into stout bags, they furnish protections for the brain, the heart, the eye and other organs. In looser masses, they form the packing of all the delicate machinery of life, separating the parts from each other, and yet uniting them as a whole, much as the cement at once separates and unites the stones or bricks of a wall, or more nearly as the cotton-wool packs the fragile articles it is used to protect.

These other fibres, coarser, curling at the ends like the tendrils of a vine, are used to form many of the elastic parts of the animal machine. They are employed as labor-saving contrivances where parts that have been displaced are to be restored, just as india-rubber bands are used to shut doors after us. A stout bundle of them stretches along the back of an ox's neck, and helps to lift his head after he has done grazing. All our arteries are rendered elastic by a coating of these fibres.

O. W. HOLMES; *The Human Body and its Management.*

G

Feuillet's picture of Monseigneur de Courteheuse, the Bishop of Saint-Méen, in the novel *La Morte*, is vivid, but the details are not arranged in logical order. Rearrange them.

Monseigneur de Courteheuse would seem to be little over fifty years of age; he is rather tall and very thin; the eyes, black and full of life, are encircled by a ring of deep brown. His speech and gesture are animated, and, at times, as if carried away. He adopts frequently a sort of furious manner which on a sudden melts into the smile of an honest man. He has beautiful silvery hair flying in vagrant locks over his forehead, and beautiful bishop's hands. As he becomes calm, he has an imposing way of gently resettling himself in his sacerdotal dignity. To sum up: his is a physiognomy full of passion, consumed with zeal, yet still frank and sincere.

FEUILLET: *La Morte.*

H

Criticize in detail the following paragraph:—

At Constantinople is the best and fairest church in the world, and it is of Sainct Steven. And before this church is a gilt image

of Justinian the Emperour, and it is sitting upon an horse and crowned, and it was wont to hold a round appel in its hand, and men say there that it is a token that the Emperour hath lost a part of his lands, for the appel is fallen out of the image's hands and also he hath lost a great part of his lordshippe. For he was wont to be Emperour of Roma, of Greece, and of Asia the lesse, . . . of Egypt, of Persia and Arabia, but he hath lost all but Greece, and that land he holdeth all onely. Men would put the appel in the image's hands, but it will not hold it. This appel betokeneth the lordship that he had over all the world. This image standeth upon a pyllar of marble.

MAUNDEVILLE; *Voyages*.

I

(1) In Kingsley's *The Three Fishers*, is the coherence expressed between the incidents? If you were writing the story in prose, how should you plan it? How should you arrange for coherence between paragraphs?

(2) In *The Wife of Usher's Well* (Chapter IX), where are the breaks in coherence?

Exercises in Writing.—I. Write a theme in which you state an opinion, and then give your reasons for holding that opinion. The following titles may be suggestive:

- (1) Why I Believe in Monthly Examinations.
- (2) Three Reasons for Playing Golf.
- (3) Why I am a Democrat.
- (4) Why I Study Latin . . . French . . . Natural History.

(5) Why I Read the Newspapers.

II. Write a description of a house, a church, or a town, presenting first the outside, and then the inside.

See the directions for writing already given.

CHAPTER V

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION AND THE PARAGRAPH: MASS

WE have found that in effective composition the two principles of unity and of coherence are observed. There is one further principle which is quite as necessary. In good writing it is noticeable that Mass. important matters are treated at length, and unimportant matters are disposed of briefly. All of us are familiar with the disregard of this practice, and have been annoyed by persons who have insisted on talking at length about some insignificant detail when we were eager to hear about some important phase of the subject under discussion. In short, a composition should be treated in proper proportion. Furthermore, in good writing, it is advisable that important matters should be given a conspicuous place. Writing appeals to the eye, a fact of which the careful writer takes account. Now the places which catch the eye of the reader are the beginning and the end. We take up a book, and glance at the first page; if our interest is aroused, we go on; if not, we leave the book and try something else. Or, in memorizing a poem, we usually find that the first line comes to us most easily. Again, it often happens that we remember accurately the last words of a book, or the

final situation in a story. The beginning and the end are, so to speak, strategic positions, of which the skillful writer, like the skillful general, will take advantage. There remains only to give this principle a name. It may be thought of as a shaping principle. The writer, like the worker in clay, is shaping his material so that it will catch the eye of the onlooker, the reader. Or again, we can think of the writer as like a commander who masses his troops in the important places ; so a writer masses his words in the conspicuous places. The principle which guides him in this is accordingly called the principle of *Mass*. Another though less suitable name for this principle is Emphasis. Mass requires :—

- (1) That we write at length about important matters, and briefly about unimportant matters ;
- (2) that we begin with something interesting if we wish to be read ;
- (3) that we end with something interesting if we wish to be remembered.

To-day, when the demands on our time are so various, regard for the principle of mass is even more indispensable than it used to be. One reason why **Mass In-** some of us to-day find it, as we put it collo-
dispensable. quially, “hard to get into” certain of the older classics, is that the older writers allowed themselves more leisure in beginning ; they did not proceed at once to the important matter of the story. Modern writers are taking more and more pains to make the beginning interesting ; to get the reader’s attention at once.

Examples for Study

A

Note how good is the beginning of Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*: —

We made a great stir in Antwerp docks. A stevedore and a lot of dock porters took up the two canoes, and ran with them for the slip. A crowd of children followed cheering. The "Cigarette" went off in a splash and a bubble of small breaking water. Next moment the "Arethusa" was after her. A steamer was coming down, men on the paddle-box shouted hoarse warning, the stevedore and his porters were bawling from the quay. But in a stroke or two the canoes were away out in the middle of the Scheldt, and all steamers, and stevedores, and other 'longshore vanities were left behind.

STEVENSON: *An Inland Voyage*.

1. We are immediately interested because the writer plunges at once into the story. He does not tell us that he and a friend decided to take an inland voyage, that they bought canoes and other necessities. He begins just where the two began their "inland voyage."

2. As we read, we see that the details are massed so that the idea of the stir, mentioned in the first line, is emphasized at the end.

3. Note that the important matters are dwelt on at most length.

B

Sometimes the beginning of a story may be made interesting by opening with conversation.

"Prisoner," said the President of the council of war, "have you anything to add in your defence?"

"Yes, colonel," replied the prisoner. "The little lawyer you assigned me defended me according to his idea; I want to defend myself according to mine. My name is Martin (Lewis Joseph). I

am fifty-five years old. My father was a locksmith. He had a little shop in the upper part of the Saint-Martin quarter, and had a fair business. We just existed. I learned to read in the *National*, which was, I believe, the paper of M. Thiers.

"On the twenty-seventh of July, 1830, my father went out very early. That evening, at ten o'clock, he was brought back to us on a litter, dying. He had received a bullet in the chest. Beside him on the litter was his musket.

" 'Take it,' he said to me. 'I give it to you; and every time there is a riot, be against the Government—always, always, always!'

"An hour later he was dead. I went out in the night. At the first barricade I stopped and offered myself; a man examined me by the light of a lantern. 'A child!' he exclaimed. I was not fifteen. I was very slight and undersized. I answered: 'A child, maybe, but my father was killed two hours ago. He gave me his musket. Teach me how to use it!'

LUDOVIC HALÉVY: *The Insurgent*.

1. Here again the writer plunges *in medias res*. We have the central situation: a prisoner at the bar of the council of war, under the necessity of defending himself. Then the prisoner gives the story of his life, telling the first part very briefly so as to reach the dramatic parts soon and thus win our interest.

2. The writer realizes that, in telling a story, too many explanations should not be given at the beginning. It is advisable to arouse the interest of the reader and explain afterwards. Examine Daudet's *Père-Lachaise* (page 10).

C

The following excerpt contains the beginning and the end of the preface to *The Volsunga Saga*, translated by

Magnússon and William Morris. Note that the beginning states the main idea of the preface, and that this idea is much more strongly stated in the closing paragraph.

In offering to the reader this translation of the most complete and dramatic form of the great Epic of the North, we lay no claim to special critical insight, nor do we care to deal at all with vexed questions, but are content to abide by existing authorities, doing our utmost to make our rendering close and accurate, and, if it might be so, at the same time, not over prosaic: it is to the lover of poetry and nature, rather than to the student, that we appeal to enjoy and wonder at this great work, now for the first time, strange to say, translated into English: this must be our excuse for speaking here, as briefly as may be, of things that will seem to the student over well known to be worth mentioning, but which may give some ease to the general reader who comes across our book. . . .

In conclusion, we must again say how strange it seems to us that this Volsung Tale, which is in fact an unversified poem, should never before have been translated into English. For this is the Great Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks—to all our race first, and afterwards, when the change of the world has made our race nothing more than a name of what has been—a story too—then should it be to those that come after us no less than the Tale of Troy has been to us. .

MAGNÚSSON AND MORRIS: *The Volsunga Saga*.

1. The main idea is wonder that this great poem should never before have been translated.

2. The translators not only emphasize this idea by placing it last, but also they make us feel the dignity and greatness of the poem, by comparing the Saga to

the tale of Troy, and by speaking of their conviction that it should last after our race is nothing but a name.

D

As an example of a good close, recall how in the play of *Julius Cæsar*, a play where the chief interest is in the character of Brutus, Shakespeare places in the last scene of the last act, as the last speech but one, the following lines:—

This [Brutus] was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*.

1. This summarizing of the character and deed of Brutus is an example of good mass. It emphasizes, reinforces the opinion we have gained of Brutus throughout the play.

2. Note of how much assistance good mass is to clearness.

E

SONNET: ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide ;
 " Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? "
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

1. Note that the last line carries the main idea of the sonnet.

2. This idea is emphasized, the massing rendered more effective, by the contrast with what immediately precedes.

F

The beginning of Cooper's *The Deerslayer* lacks interest. Why?

On the human imagination events produce the effects of time. Thus, he who has traveled far and seen much is apt to fancy that he has lived long; and the history that most abounds in important incidents soonest assumes the aspect of antiquity. In no other way can we account for the venerable air that is already gathering around American annals. When the mind reverts to the earliest days of colonial history, the period seems remote and obscure, the thousand changes that thicken along the links of recollections, throwing back the origin of the nation to a day so distant as seemingly to reach the mists of time; and yet four lives of ordinary duration would suffice to transmit, from mouth to mouth, in the form of tradition, all that civilized man has achieved within the limits of the republic. This glance into the perspec-

tive of the past will prepare the reader to look at the pictures we are about to sketch, with less surprise than he might otherwise feel. . .

COOPER: *The Deerslayer*.

G

What are the good points in the following introduction? —

I have often been asked how it was, and through what series of steps, that I became an opium-eater. Was it gradually, tentatively, mistrustingly, as one goes down a shelving beach into a deepening sea, and with a knowledge from the first of the dangers lying on that path; half-courting those dangers, in fact, while seeming to defy them? Or was it, secondly, in pure ignorance of such dangers, under the misleadings of mercenary fraud? since oftentimes lozenges for the relief of pulmonary affections found their efficacy upon the opium which they contain — upon this, and this only, though clamorously disavowing so suspicious an alliance — and under such treacherous disguises multitudes are seduced into a dependency which they had not foreseen upon a drug which they had not known; not known even by name or by sight: and thus the case is not rare that the chain of abject slavery is first detected when it has inextricably wound itself about the constitutional system. Thirdly, and lastly, was it — *Yes*, by passionate anticipation I answer, before the question is finished — was it on a sudden, overmastering impulse derived from bodily anguish? Loudly I repeat, *Yes*; loudly and indignantly — as in answer to a willful calumny. Simply as an anodyne it was, under the mere coercion of pain the severest, that I first resorted to opium. . .

DE QUINCEY: *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.

H

Comment on the first and last stanzas of the *Ode to the West Wind*. Underscore all expressions which are examples of good mass.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The wingèd seeds where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors, plain and hill:
 Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver, hear, O hear! . . .

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet tho' in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among man-kind!
 Be thro' my lips to unawakened earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SHELLEY: *Poems written in 1819.*

I

Criticize the beginning and the end of the following theme:—

THE HUNGRY ACTOR.

Perhaps stories of all famous people are interesting. I find stories about actors particularly so. There is something very attractive to me about everything they do.

A well known English actor was travelling on a train to Birmingham, when it stopped at the village of Banbury. The actor, being hungry, determined to buy some of the famous Banbury buns. So he put his head out of the window, and calling to a boy who stood on the platform, he handed him threepence. He told the boy that if he would run quickly for two Banbury buns, he could keep one for his trouble. Just as the train was about to move off, the boy ran back, eating a bun. He put some coppers into the actor's hand, saying,

"This is the change."

"Bother the change!" said the actor. "Where is my bun?"

"There was only one left," said the boy; "and I am eating that."

The funny part of the story is that the boy gave the actor back half his money, and ate the bun himself.

Student's reproduction.

J

Comment on the close of *An Inland Voyage*.

The great volume, the indefatigable purpose of the river held the mind in chain. It seemed now so sure of its end, so strong and easy in its gait, like a grown man full of determination. The surf was roaring for it on the sands of Havre. For my own part, slipping along this moving thoroughfare in my fiddle-case of a canoe, I also was beginning to grow a-weary for my ocean. To the civilized man there must come, sooner or later, a desire for civilization. I was weary of dipping the paddle; I was weary of living on the skirts of life; I wished to be in the thick of it once more; I wished to get to work; I wished to meet people who understood my own speech, and could meet with me on equal terms as a man, and no longer as a curiosity.

And so a letter at Pontoise decided us, and we drew up our keels for the last time out of that river of Oise that had faithfully piloted them, through rain and sunshine, for so long. For so many miles had this fleet and footless beast of burden charioted our fortunes that we turned our back upon it with a sense of separation. We had had a long detour out of the world, but now we were back in the familiar places, where life itself makes all the running, and we are carried to meet adventure without a stroke of the paddle. Now we were to return, like the voyager in the play, and see what rearrangements fortune had perfected the while in our surroundings; what surprises stood ready made for us at home; and whither and how far the world had voyaged in our absence. You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.

'K

Go back and examine these selections, criticizing them from the point of view of mass: Chapter I, pages 12 and 14. Chapter II, pages 24, 35 and 36. Chapter IV, page 59.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Write an incident, making the beginning and the end particularly interesting. As to method, you might write it in the first person; or you might begin with conversation; or you might use some introductory incident which would arouse our interest, such as the following:—

... I turned the thicket which forms the boundary of the wood of Sandres, and I saw a cottage in ruins. All of a sudden, I remembered it as I had seen it the last time, in 1869, neat, covered

with vines, with chickens before the door. What sadder than a dead house, with its skeleton standing upright, bare and sinister?

I also remembered that in it, one very tiring day, the good woman had given me a glass of wine to drink, and that Serval had then told me the history of the inhabitants. The father, an old poacher, had been killed by the gendarmes. The son, whom I had once seen, was a tall, dry fellow who also passed for a ferocious destroyer of game. People called them "Les Sauvages." Was that a name, or a nickname?

I hailed Serval. He came up with his long strides like a crane. I asked him,

"What's become of those people?"

And he told me this story: . . .

In your writing, observe the following directions:—

1. Tell your story in good proportion, passing quickly over unimportant matters, and dwelling at more length on important matters.

2. Make the beginning interesting—that is, make your story begin at once, and begin attractively.

3. Make your ending effective.

II. Write a good conclusion to the following story. If you note carefully all the clues, you can discover the exact outcome which the author intended for the story. The conclusion should consist of three or four paragraphs of good length.

THE SABOTS OF LITTLE WOLFF.

Once upon a time, it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date—in a city in the north of Europe—whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody remembers it—once upon a time there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff, an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was hard and avaricious, who

embraced him only on New Year's day, and who breathed a sigh of regret every time that she gave him a porringer of soup. But the poor little chap was naturally so good that he loved the old woman just the same, although she frightened him very much, and he could never see without trembling the great wart, ornamented with four gray hairs, which she had on the end of her nose.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor. But she so schemed to obtain a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended, that the bad teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, punished him very often and unjustly with the blackboard and fool's cap, and even stirred his fellow-pupils against him, all sons of well-to-do men, who made the orphan their scapegoat. The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry, when Christmas came.

The night before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to the midnight mass, and bring them back to their homes. Now, as the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the scholars came to the rendezvous warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good, thick nailed boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came in the clothes that he wore week-days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse Strasbourg socks and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes. His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his sad looks and his peasant dress. But the orphan was so occupied in blowing on his fingers, and suffered so much from his chilblains, that he took no notice of them ; and the troop of boys, with the master at their head, started for the church.

It was fine in the church, which was resplendent with wax-candles ; and the scholars, excited by the pleasant warmth, profited

by the noise of the organ and the singing to talk to each other in a low voice. They boasted of the fine suppers that were waiting for them at home. The son of a burgomaster had seen, before he went out, a monstrous goose that the truffles marked with black spots like a leopard. At the house of the first citizen there was a little fir-tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats and toys. And the cook of the first citizen had pinned behind her back the two strings of her cap, as she did only on the days of inspiration when she was sure of succeeding with her famous sugar-candy. And the scholars spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring to them, of what he would put in their shoes, which they would of course be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little chaps, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in their imagination pink paper bags of burnt almonds, lead soldiers drawn up in battalions in their boxes, menageries smelling of varnished wood, and magnificent jumping-jacks covered with purple and bells.

Little Wolff knew very well by experience that his old miserly aunt would send him supperless to bed. But in the simplicity of his soul, and knowing that he had been all the year as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him, and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting by-and-by his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

The midnight mass concluded, the faithful went away, anxious for supper, and the band of scholars, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church. Now, under the porch, sitting on a stone seat under a Gothic niche, a child was sleeping—a child covered by a robe of white linen, whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and fine, and near him on the ground were seen lying in a cloth, a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face, with its closed eyes, bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed like an aureole about his

head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The scholars so well clothed and shod for the winter passed heedlessly before the unknown child. One of them, even, the son of one of the principal men in the village, looked at the waif with an expression in which could be seen all the scorn of the rich for the poor, the well-fed for the hungry. But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping infant.

"Alas," said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad, this poor little one goes barefoot in such bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not to-night even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps, so that the Christ-child could put something there to comfort him in his misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child; and then, as best he could, limping along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow he went back to his aunt.

"Look at the worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch?"

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror to see the gray hairs bristle upon the nose of the angry woman, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure. But the old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter.

"Ah, Monsieur takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, Monsieur gives away his wooden shoe to a barefoot! That is something new indeed! Ah, well, since that is so, I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ-child will leave there to-night something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoes to the first vagabond that comes."

And the wicked woman, after having given the poor boy one or two slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep on his pillow wet with tears. . .

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE: *The Sabots of Little Wolff*.

The principles of Unity and of Coherence apply equally to paragraphs and to whole compositions. So with the principle of Mass: in the paragraph, as in the whole, the important thought should have more space than the less important; in the paragraph as in the whole, the conspicuous positions are at the beginning and at the end, and in these places the skillful writer puts the most weighty statements of his paragraph. The sentence which states the topic of the paragraph usually comes at or near the beginning of the paragraph. For example, note the beginnings of the paragraphs in the selections mentioned in Chapter IV, pages 57, 59 and 63. Or the most important statement may come at the close, as in the selections given in Chapter I, page 12, in Chapter II, page 24, and in Chapter IV, page 63.

Occasionally there are important words both at the beginning, and at the end; for example, note the following paragraph from Nansen's *Farthest North*: —

And now a last farewell to home. Yonder it lies on the point — the fjord sparkling in front, pine and fir woods around, a little smiling meadow-land and long wood-clad ridges behind. Through the glass one could descry a summer-clad figure by the bench under the fir-tree. . . It was the darkest hour of the whole journey.

Examples for Study

A

Examine the following selection. Has it good mass? What important details are placed in conspicuous places?

THE TOMBS OF THE HOUSE OF PELOPS.

(The scene is a vast luminous room, opening upon a loggia which looks toward the ancient city of Mycenæ, where can be seen the Acropolis with its ancient cyclopean wall, broken by the Gate of the Lions. The personages are ALESSANDRO, a poet, his wife, ANNA, BIANCA MARIA, a young girl whose brother, LEONARDO, is carrying on excavations in "the dead city.")

(A great clamor is heard in the direction of the city. BIANCA MARIA goes out upon the loggia, leans over the balustrade, calling, and in the intervals it appears that she gathers the import of signs and some few words from her brother, who is rapidly approaching.)

Leonardo! I see Leonardo! There, there . . . I see him . . . Now he is coming out of the Gate of Lions; he is running down the road; he is all white with dust. . . Something great has happened! Something great! . . . Brother! . . . Ah, he has fallen. . . He struck his foot against a stone. . . Oh heavens! He rises, he is running. Brother! Here he is! Here he is. . . The tombs. . . He has found the tombs. . . All their tombs. . . God be praised! What joy, what joy! . . . Oh my brother! He is here! He is here!

(She runs down the steps into the room and opens the door. Enter LEONARDO by first door to the right, white with dust, dripping with perspiration. He can hardly speak for panting; his hands, which tremble excessively, are soiled with dirt and covered with bleeding scratches. All the room is flooded with sunlight.)

LEONARDO. The gold, the gold . . . the bodies . . . an immensity of gold. . . The bodies are all covered with gold. . .

BIANCA MARIA. Calm yourself, calm yourself, Leonardo . . . get

your breath ; rest a moment ; rest a moment . . . Are you thirsty ?]

LEONARDO. Oh yes, give me a drink ! I am dying of thirst.

(*BIANCA MARIA goes to the table and gives him a glass of water which he drinks at one gulp.*)

LEONARDO (*touching ALESSANDRO'S shoulder*). Ah, why weren't you there ? Why weren't you there ? You should have been there, Alessandro. The greatest, strangest vision that ever was offered to mortal eyes ; a dazzling apparition, riches unheard of ; a terrible splendor revealed in a moment, as in a superhuman dream . . I don't know how to tell you, I don't know how to tell you what I've seen. A series of sepulchres : fifteen bodies intact, one beside the other, upon a bed of gold, the faces covered with masks of gold, the foreheads crowned with gold, the breasts bound with gold ; and everywhere, upon their bodies, by their sides, at their feet, everywhere a profusion of things of gold ; innumerable as the leaves fallen from a fabulous forest : an indescribable magnificence, a blinding radiance, the most shining splendor that death has ever assembled in the darkness of earth, for centuries, for millenniums . . I don't know how to tell you, I don't know how to tell you what I have seen. Ah, Alessandro, you should have been there, you, you only would have been able to describe it . . (*He stops an instant as if for lack of breath. All hang upon his fevered words.*) For an instant my soul has leaped over the abyss of ages, millenniums, has breathed among frightful legends, has shivered in the horror of ancient slaughter. The fifteen bodies were there, complete in all their members, as if they had been laid there just now, after the murder, slightly burned by the flames too quickly spent : Agamemnon, Eurimedon, Cassandra, and the royal cortege : buried with their robes, their arms, their diadems, their vases, their jewels, with all their riches . . You remember, you remember, Alessandro, that passage in Homer ? " Round the mixing-bowl and by the loaded tables they lay about the hall, and all the pavement ran with blood. And I heard the piteous cry of Priam's daughter, Cassandra, whom

crafty Clytemnestra slew beside me. . .” For an instant my soul has lived in a life most ancient and violent. They were there, the victims: the king of kings, the princess slave, the charioteer, and the companions; there under my eyes for an instant motionless. Like a vapor that exhales, like a foam that melts, like a dust that blows away, like I know not what unspeakably fleeting and evanescent, all these vanished in their silence. It seems to me as if they were engulfed by that very silence which surrounded their radiant immobility. I don’t know how to tell you what has happened. There remains a mass of precious things, a treasure without equal, the witness of a great unknown civilization. . . You shall see, you shall see.

ANNA (*humbly*). What a dream!

LEONARDO. You shall see. The masks of gold . . . Ah, why were you not there by my side? The masks defended the faces from contact with the air, and therefore the features had remained perfect. One of the bodies exceeded all the others in stature and in majesty, wearing a great crown of gold, with the cuirass, the girdle, the greaves of gold, surrounded by swords and lances and knives, and bowls, mingled with innumerable disks of gold, cast by handfuls upon the body like petals, more venerable than a demigod. I bent over the figure while it was being brought to light and I raised the heavy mask . . . Ah, did I then really see the face of Agamemnon? Was it not perhaps the king of kings? His lips were open, his eyelids open . . . You remember, you remember in Homer? “As I lay dying I raised my hand for my sword; but the woman with the eyes of a dog went away and would not close my eyes and my mouth, at the hour when I was descending to the abode of Hades.” You remember? Now the mouth of the body was open, the eyes were open . . . He had a great forehead, adorned with a round leaf of gold; the nose long and straight; the chin oval; and as I raised the cuirass, I even seemed to see dimly the hereditary mark of the race of Pelops “on the shoulder of ivory” . . . All vanished in the light, a handful of dust and a mass of gold.

Adapted from GABRIELE D’ANNUNZIO: *The Dead City*.

B

In which of the following poems is the principle of mass more apparent? Explain in detail.

(I) PARTING.

O tell me, friends, while yet we part,
And heart can yet be heard of heart,
O tell me then, for what is it
Our early plan of life we quit;
From all our old intentions range,
And why does all so wholly change?
O tell me, friends, while yet we part?

O tell me, friends, while yet we part, —
The rays that from the center start
Within the orb of one warm sun,
Unless I err, have once begun, —
Why is it thus they still diverge?
And whither tends the course they urge?
O tell me, friends, while yet we part.

O tell me, friends, while yet we hear, —
May it not be, some coming year,
These ancient paths that here divide
Shall yet again run side by side,
And you from there, and I from here,
All on a sudden reappear?
O tell me, friends, while yet ye hear!

O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear, —
And if indeed ye did, I fear
Ye would not say, ye would not speak, —
Are you so strong, am I so weak,

And yet, how much so e'er I yearn,
Can I not follow, nor you turn?
O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear!

O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er!
There's something in me sad and sore
Repines, and underneath my eyes
I feel a somewhat that would rise, —
O tell me, O my friends, and you,
Do you feel nothing like it too?
O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er!

O tell me, friends that are no more,
Do you, too, think ere it is o'er
Old times shall yet come round as erst,
And we be friends, as we were first?
Or do you judge that all is vain,
Except that rule that none complain?
O tell me, friends that are no more!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: *Parting*.

(2) QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered —
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides —
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: *Qua Cursum Ventus.*

C

Examine Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies*, paragraphs 34 (beginning with the words, "These, Sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion . . .") to 44, and point out the means by which he secures good unity, coherence, and mass.

Exercises in Writing.—I. Write a paragraph on the principles of unity, coherence, and mass in the whole composition. State your theory in a topic sentence.

II. Write a paragraph on the principles of unity, coherence, and mass in the paragraph ; summarize so as to secure good mass at the end.

III. Read ten pages from any of the following :—

1. The last ten pages of Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*.

2. Fiske : *The War of Independence* ; Chapter II.

3. Green : *A Short History of the English People* ; Chapter VII, section 3.

4. Steevens : *With Kitchener to Khartoum* ; Chapter I.

5. The first chapter of *Henry Esmond*.

6. Any three of the *De Coverley Papers*.

7. George Eliot : *Silas Marner* ; Chapter II.

8. Stevenson : *Travels with a Donkey* ; *A Night Among the Pines*.

9. Coleridge : *The Ancient Mariner* ; section I.

10. Rossetti : *The White Ship*.

(1) Do the paragraphs have topic sentences ?

(2) Do they close with important words ?

(3) Criticize the beginnings of the stories and the poems.

IV. Examine the themes you have already written.

(1) Do they begin with topic sentences ?

(2) Do they end with important statements ?

(3) Could you begin each in a more interesting way ?

(4) Are there any unnecessary details and explanations at the beginning?

(5) Could you end certain of the themes with a summarizing paragraph, and so improve them?

CHAPTER VI

THE SENTENCE

THE sentence, as well as the paragraph and the whole composition, has its excellences and its dangers. Skill is essential in the handling of the sentence, for nowhere else does the individuality of a writer, what we call style, show more clearly, except perhaps in the choice of words. In the sentence, as elsewhere, the three principles of unity, coherence, and mass are fundamental. Just as the theme deals with one subject, and the paragraph with one topic, so the sentence deals with one thought. As the theme may be short and simple, or long and full of details, so the sentence may express a simple thought or a large thought, requiring many details. For example, a writer may say, "Might does not make right," a single statement, expressing a simple thought. Or he may express an idea more carefully thought out, hedged in by reservations, or filled out with details: "Although part of our social life still rests on force, though nations take from each other by war, though the stronger business swallows up the weaker, it is still true that the higher the development of society, the less does might make right, the more is the weak preserved by the strength of the strong." Both these sentences express one thought; both have

Unity.

unity. The following sentence from a newspaper is a flagrant violation of the principle of unity: "The bride was lovely, and her father is a dealer in leaf-tobacco." Here two really unrelated thoughts are yoked together in unprofitable bondage.

To secure unity in a sentence, we must be careful:—

(1) To put one thought in a sentence, and only one; to cut away all irrelevant matter and unnecessary details; and

(2) to be sure that the sentence is not so short and broken that it fails to present a real unit of thought.

In order to express the varied relations of thought, there are various kinds of sentences at our disposal.

Kinds of Sentences. First, the simple sentence, containing a subject and a predicate, both of which may be modified by words or phrases: "The day is done." Moreover, both subject and predicate may be compound: "The day and its duties are done." "The day dragged by, and gradually darkened to twilight." Secondly, there is the compound sentence, made up of statements separated by semicolons, or connected by co-ordinating conjunctions: "The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night." "The day is done; the darkness falls, etc." Finally, there is the complex sentence which is made up of a main clause modified by subordinate clauses: "When the day is done, darkness will fall." Whatever form of sentence is used, however, simple, compound, or complex, it should express one thought and only one.

*Examples for Study**A*

Divide into sentences the following, beginning each with a capital letter, and ending with a period, an exclamation mark, or a question mark. In compound sentences, separate the co-ordinate statements by semicolons if they are not connected by conjunctions, or are not closely related in thought; by commas if they are connected by conjunctions and are closely related in thought. For further directions in punctuation, see Appendix A.

(1) Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch the fish hung in the swift stream the birds circled overhead the pine-tops rustled underneath the stars the tall hills stood over all and Will went to and fro minding his wayside inn until the snow began to thicken on his head his heart was young and vigorous and if his pulses kept a sober time they still beat strong and steady in his wrists he carried a ruddy stain on either cheek like a ripe apple he stooped a little but his step was still firm and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure his face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in open air and which rightly looked at are not more than a permanent sunburning such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces but to a person like Will with his clear eyes and smiling mouth only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life his talk was full of wise sayings he had a taste for other people and other people had a taste for him.

STEVENSON.

(2) The airs were very light their speed was small the heat intense the decks were scorching underfoot the sun flamed overhead brazen out of a brazen sky the pitch bubbled in the seams and the brains in the brain-pan and all the while the excitement of the three

adventurers glowed about their bones like a fever they whispered and nodded and pointed and put mouth to ear with a singular instinct of secrecy approaching that island underhand like eavesdroppers and thieves and even Davis from the crosstrees gave his orders mostly by gestures the hands shared in this mute strain like dogs without comprehending it and through the roar of so many miles of breakers it was a silent ship that approached an empty island at last they drew near to the break in that interminable gangway a spur of coral sand stood forth on the one hand on the other a high and thick tuft of trees cut off the view between was the mouth of the huge laver twice a day the ocean crowded in that narrow entrance and was heaped between these frail walls twice a day with the return of the ebb the mighty surplusage of water must struggle to escape the hour in which the *Farallone* came there was the hour of flood.

STEVENSON.

(3) I early took pleasure in trying to express myself upon paper probably in my sixteenth or seventeenth year in my reading I was attracted by everything of the essay kind in the libraries and book-stores I was on the lookout for books of essays and I wanted the essay to start not in a casual and inconsequential way but the first sentence must be a formal enunciation of a principle I bought the whole of Dr. Johnson's works at a second-hand book-store in New York because on looking into them I found his essays appeared to be of solid essay-stuff from beginning to end I passed by Montaigne's Essays at the same time because they had a personal and gossipy look almost my first literary attempts were moral reflections somewhat in the Johnsonian style I lived on the "Rambler" and the "Idler" all one year and tried to produce something of my own in similar form as a youth I was a philosopher as a young man I was an Emersonian as a middle-aged man I am a literary naturalist but always have I been an essayist.

BURROUGHS.

(4) Sweetly the summer air came up to the tumulus the grass sighed softly the butterflies went by sometimes alighting on the

green dome two thousand years! Summer after summer the blue butterflies had visited the mound the thyme had flowered the wind sighed in the grass the azure morning had spread its arms over the low tomb the full glowing noon burned on it the purple of sunset rosied the sward stars ruddy in the vapor of the southern horizon beamed at midnight through the mystic summer night which is dusky and yet full of light white mists swept up and hid it dews rested on the turf tender hare-bells drooped the wings of the finches fanned the air finches whose colors faded from the wings how many centuries ago brown autumn dwelt in the woods beneath the rime of winter whitened the beech clump on the ridge again the buds came on the wind-blown hawthorne bushes and in the evening the broad constellation of Orion covered the east Two thousand times! Two thousand times the woods grew green and ring-doves built their nests day and night for two thousand years light and shadow sweeping over the mound two thousand years of labor by day and slumber by night mystery gleaming in the stars pouring down in the sunshine speaking in the night the wonder of the sea and of far space for twenty centuries about this low and green-grown dome.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

(5) When men passe from that cite of Chibeus they passe over a great river of freshe water and it is nere IIII miles brode and then men enter into the land of the great Caan this river goeth through the land of Pigmeens and there men are of little stature for they are but three span long and they are right fayre both men and women though they bee little and they are wedded when they are but half a yere old and they live but VIII yere and he that liveth VIII yere is holden right old and these small men are the best workmen in sylke and of cotton in all manner of thing that are in the worlde and these small men travail not nor tyl land but they have among them great men as we are to travail for them and they have great scorne of those great men as we would have of giants or of them if they were among us. . . .

The Voige and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville, Knight.

A sentence should not only be unified ; it should also be coherent. If we write, "Every one should attend to their own work," our sentence does not hold together. Such violations of coherence as this come within the domain of that part of grammar called concord, which requires predicates to agree with their subjects, and pronouns with their antecedents. But in the sentence, the law of coherence includes more than the requirements of grammar. As in the whole composition and the theme, so in the sentence the parts should be in logical order and should be well bound together.

There are four chief ways of making a sentence coherent.

1. First, it may be done by using accurate words of reference and of connection. When a word or a phrase depends in form or in sense upon another word or phrase, the relation between them should be apparent. The words or phrases which adverbs modify, and the nouns to which relative, demonstrative or personal pronouns refer, should be unmistakable. Words of connection serve to hold the parts of the sentence together, just as they serve to hold together the sentences in a paragraph.

Note the office performed in the following sentence by the italicized words. "In other words, Charles had no settled plan of tyranny, *but he* meant to rule *as* independently *as he* could, *and* from the beginning to the end of his reign there never was a moment *when* he was not doing something to carry out his aim."

The words of reference are personal and possessive pronouns, "he," "his,"—all of which refer clearly to the noun "Charles." The words of connection are "but," "and," "when," which connect the clauses and show the relations between them: the clause following "but" is adversative to the opening clause; those connected by "and" are co-ordinate in value; "when" introduces a clause of time which is dependent on the preceding clause. "As independently" must be completed by a corresponding "as."

2. Secondly, a sentence may be made coherent by repeating words as is done in the following example. *The brain and the will* are the essence and the whole of the man—*a brain and a will* so perfect in their workings that in the face of extremest difficulty they never seem to know what struggle is." Remove the words which are repeated, "*a brain and a will*," and the sentence at once falls apart.

Repetition.

3. Thirdly, a sentence may be made coherent by placing together words which belong together. In an unflected language such as English, the only means of showing that one word modifies another is to place them side by side. Relations which in Latin are shown by inflection, are in English shown by juxtaposition. Adverbs, for example, should not be put far from the words they modify, nor relative pronouns far from their antecedents. Note the following sentence: "They were succeeded by a company of *musicians, piping and twanging*, on *instruments the strangest* Marius had ever beheld, the notes of a *hymn, narrating* the first origin

Juxta-
position.

of this votive rite to a choir of *youth, who* marched behind them singing it." Separate "piping" from "musicians," or "hymn" from "narrating," or "who" from "youth," and the sentence goes to pieces like a house of cards.

4. Finally, a sentence may be made coherent by forming certain parts of the sentence after the same pattern.

Parallel Structure. We may consider our thought as a molten metal which is to be run unto molds. Now, by casting similar thought in similar molds we call attention to their likeness. To shift the figure, we may think of the sentence of parallel structure as a building complete in itself. If we were building a portico, we should, like the Greeks, support it by columns of the same kind; we should not use in the same porch Doric and Corinthian and Ionic columns. So in the sentence, a skillful writer will often use similar forms for similar thoughts. For example: "*The sages of the east were teaching wisdom beneath the palms; the merchants of Tyre and Carthage were weighing heavy anchors, and spreading their purple sails for far seas; the Greek was making the earth fair by art, and the Roman founding his colossal empire of force, while the Teuton sat, yet a child, unknown and naked among the forest beasts.*" In this sentence there is a series of co-ordinate clauses with the verbs in the same form. If one of these verbs were changed to the passive voice, the coherence of the sentence would be destroyed. The same effect may be reached by using other elements of the sentence in the same way. In Sir Walter Raleigh's famous invocation to death, the parallel elements are relative clauses:—

O eloquent, just and mighty death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised : thou hast drawn together all the farstretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

In the following sentence, the parallel elements are a series of clauses beginning with “when” :—

He lived at a time when pride mounted high and the senses held rule ; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril ; when mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment ; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art.

In the following sentence the parallel elements are prepositional phrases : “By the blue heaven ; by the sun bursting through untrodden space, a new ocean of ether every day unveiled ; by the fresh and wandering air encompassing the world ; by the sea sounding on the shore ; by the strong earth under me ;—by all these, I prayed.”

The same result may be obtained by using participial and infinitive phrases, as in the two following sentences : “Strolling through the woods in the morning, dreaming in the haze of the long afternoon, playing his favorite tunes on his beloved violin by night, — so he passed the month.” “To feel the anguish of toil, to taste the ashes of defeat, to know the joy of inspiration, to struggle in

the grasp of a thought, — this is the portion of him who would be an artist.”

All the preceding examples show the advantage of keeping the construction of the sentence as far as possible uniform. When the verb shifts from active to passive, or the subject is unnecessarily changed, or phrases and clauses lack uniformity of structure, the logic of the sentence is injured. This is the difficulty with the three following sentences. “*She* said that the man *was* a good musician, and his *efficiency* as a teacher *was praised* by *her*.” “*She* wishes you would hear him, for *hearing* him play would win your admiration.” “*Choosing* good tools and *to see* that the tools are sharp, means that you can work *with despatch* and *neatly*.”

To summarize briefly, in the sentence it is necessary to provide an antecedent for every pronoun, and to put that antecedent where its relation to the pronoun is unmistakable; to place a modifier close to the word it modifies; to repeat words where it is necessary for clearness; to put phrases and clauses which are similar or parallel in thought, in parallel or similar form; and to avoid all unnecessary shifts in structure.

B

Analyze the sentences in the following selections in order to discover by which of the four main methods coherence is secured:—

(1) . . . If they [the Puritans] were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds,

they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

MACAULAY: *Essay on Milton.*

(2) . . . Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbors all around him. He

has opinions, religious, political and literary, and for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his school-fellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. . . .

NEWMAN: *The Idea of a University.*

(3) Point out the means of coherence in the sentences of selections in Chapter I, pages 10 and 17; Chapter II, page 33; Chapter IV, pages 57, 59, 63 and 69.

The principle of mass or emphasis affects the sentence chiefly in two respects: in the order of words, and in grammatical constructions. The important

Mass.

words may be made to stand out by placing them in the position of "show and eminence," which, in the sentence, as in the theme and the paragraph, are at the beginning and the close. The same result may be attained by placing a word out of its natural order, for the very unusualness of its position draws the attention, as does a man who is remarkably tall, or who otherwise varies from the norm. In these conspicuous positions, then, we may place the words which, if we were speaking, we should emphasize by tone, look, and gesture. The only limitation which we meet is the fact that if we change too much the natural order of words in English, the sentence may cease to be clear. Still, the amount of emphasis which can be secured by a skillful writer is at times even startling.

For example, Matthew Arnold writes, "Modest for himself, Grant is boastful, as Americans are apt to be, for his nation." Note how emphatic are the three words at the beginning and the three words at the end. So in Carlyle's sentence: "Not a May-game is this man's life, but a battle, a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange-groves and green, flowery spaces, . . . it is stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Examples for Study. — A. What words in the following are in conspicuous positions? —

Like a ship forever a-sail in the distance, thought the child, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible, with the passing light or shadow upon its grey, weather-beaten surfaces. The people of La Beauce were proud, and would talk often of its rich store of sacred furniture, the wonder-working relics of "Our Lady under the Earth," and her sacred veil . . . which kings and princes came to visit, returning with a likeness thereof, replete in miraculous virtue, for their own wearing. The busy fancy of Gaston, multiplying this chance hearsay, had set the whole interior in array — a dim, spacious, fragrant place, afloat with golden lights. Lit up over the autumn fields at evening, the distant spires suggested the splendor within, with so strong an imaginative effect, that he seemed scarcely to know whether it was through the mental or bodily eye that he beheld. When he came thither at last, like many another well-born youth, to join the episcopal household as a kind of half-clerical page, he found (as happens in the actual testing of our ideals) at once more and less than he had supposed; and his earlier vision was a thing he could never precisely recover or disentangle from the supervening reality.

PATER: *Gaston de Latour*.

B

Examine the mass or emphasis in the sentences in Chapter IV, *D*, page 63.

Again, the law of mass is manifest in the sentence through 'grammatical construction. Words, phrases, clauses, and the ideas they express, vary in importance. One word modifies another, and the modifying word is less important than the word modified. Consider the two statements, "I have a pony; the pony is brown." The second statement is obviously less important than the first, to which it is closely related. Change to the form "I have a brown pony," and the words truly express the relations of the thought. Suppose we write, "I was walking down Piccadilly, and I saw the king in his carriage." Equal importance is given to each statement; each has a subject and a predicate, and the two are connected by a co-ordinating conjunction, that is, a conjunction which connects sentence elements of equal rank. In reality the second statement is much more important than the first, and the thought should be expressed somewhat like this: "As I was walking down Piccadilly, I saw the king in his carriage." Or the bulk of the first statement can be reduced even further: "Walking down Piccadilly, I saw the king in his carriage." Language has been often called the dress of thought. Our problem here is to make the garment fit the body, to make the words conform to the thought. Note that it is always a matter of making the words express the thought we have in mind at the

time. For example, we write, "I walked slowly along the river; I saw on the left bank the university barges." Here, if the attention is focused on the barges, the more important statement would be, "I saw the university barges," and accordingly we reduce the importance of the other statement, making it a modifier, thus: "As I was walking along the river, I saw the university barges." However, if we were thinking chiefly of where we went, the first statement would be more important, and we should write, "I walked along the river until I saw on the left bank the university barges; then I took the path to the left around Christ Church meadows."

C

Compare the two forms of the same material which follow. In the first all statements are co-ordinate; in the second some are subordinated.

1. The party was on a cheerful, unenclosed road. The prospect from it was clear and dry and distant. The road was like a white scarf thrown across the land. The great barns at the wayside had their doors thrown back. This displayed the dark, cool space within. The farmsteads seemed almost tenantless. The villagers were still at work over the immense harvest-field. Crazy bells startled them. The bells struck out the hour from behind. They sounded over a deserted churchyard. The party approached the manor. It also seemed still and tenantless. Door and window lay open upon the court for coolness.

2. The prospect from their cheerful, unenclosed road, like a white scarf flung across the land, as the party returned home in the late August afternoon, was clear and dry and distant. The great barns at the wayside had their doors thrown back, display-

ing the dark, cool space within. The farmsteads seemed almost tenantless, the villagers being still at work over the immense harvest-field. Crazy bells startled them, striking out the hour from behind, over a deserted churchyard. Still and tenantless also seemed the manor as they approached, door and window lying open upon the court for the coolness. . .

PATER: *Gaston de Latour*.

The superiority of the second form is evident.

The writer who does not notice the relation between statements, who is careless, often writes too many compound sentences, composed of co-ordinate statements. So common is this fault, that this type of sentence has acquired a name — “the loose-knit sentence.” Such a writer will say: “We thought the day would be fine; so we left our umbrellas at home. We had gone only a few miles when it began to rain; so we had to wait in a shop until it cleared away.” Here the statements are simply set side by side without indication of the relations between them. Clearly one fact is the cause of the other. “Since we thought the day would be fine, we left our umbrellas at home. As it began to rain when we had gone only a few miles, we had to wait,” etc. The second sentence is a much more highly developed form of expression.

The Loose-
knit Sen-
tence.

Methods of
Subordina-
tion.

Let us next consider the means by which we can express the just relations between parts of the sentence, how we can make the important elements stand out, and subordinate the unimportant elements. We may reduce the importance of a statement:

1. By changing it to a relative clause, introduced by a relative pronoun. For example: (a) John went to Norfolk on Thursday. On Saturday he finished his business and took a night train to Pittsburg. (b) John, who went to Norfolk on Thursday, finished his business on Saturday and took a night train to Pittsburg.

2. By beginning it with a subordinating conjunction, such as "when," "while," "as," etc. (a) John staid in Norfolk from Thursday till Saturday. He took no time for sight-seeing. (b) While John was in Norfolk from Thursday to Saturday, he took no time for sight-seeing.

3. By using participles instead of finite verbs. (a) John left Norfolk at seven o'clock in the evening, and reached Pittsburg the next day at one. (b) Leaving Norfolk at seven o'clock in the evening, John reached Pittsburg the next day at one.

4. By placing a noun in apposition, instead of making a statement. (a) John was our head salesman. He was in Norfolk between Thursday and Saturday managing an important piece of business. (b) John, our head salesman, was in Norfolk between Thursday and Saturday, managing an important piece of business.

5. By reducing a statement to an adjective modifier (as we did in the case of the brown pony). (a) John Freeman had curly hair. He was a general favorite. (b) Curly-haired John Freeman was a general favorite.

Examples for Study.—Examine the following selections. Answer these questions:

1. What are the main statements in each? the subordinate statements? the lesser modifiers?

2. What means of subordination does the writer most use: relative clauses? clauses introduced by a conjunction? participial phrases? prepositional phrases? words in apposition?

A

What winter really brought, however, was the danger and vexation of a great siege. The householders of Catholic Chartres had watched the forces of their Huguenot enemies gathering from this side and that; and at last the dreaded circle was complete. They were prisoners like the rest, Gaston and the grandparents, shut up in their little hotel; and Gaston, face to face with it, understood at last what war really means. After all, it took them by surprise. It was early in the day. A crowd of worshippers filled the church of Sainte-Foy, built partly upon the ramparts; and at the conclusion of the mass, the Sacrament was to be carried to a sick person. Touched by unusual devotion at this perilous time, the whole assembly rose to escort the procession on its way, passing out slowly, group after group, as if by mechanical instinct, the more reluctant led on by the general consent. Gaston, the last lingerer, halting to let others proceed quietly before him, turned himself about to gaze on the deserted church, half tempted to remain, ere he too stepped forth lightly and leisurely, when under a shower of massy stones from the *coulevrines* or great cannon of the besiegers, the entire roof of the place sank into the empty space behind him.

PATER: *Gaston de Latour*.

B

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow and the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes,

white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages: Alcibiades — Falstaff — Sir Richard Steele — our late incomparable Brinsley — what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest, — taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money, — accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! — What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community* — to the extent of one-half of the principle at least.

He is the true taxer who "calletth all the world up to be taxed"; and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers, — those inkhorn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, — which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which the sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which

never ebbeth ! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor struggles with destiny : he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend — that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives ! But, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice ! See how light *he* makes of it ! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

CHARLES LAMB : *Essays of Elia ; The Two Races of Men.*

C

Examine also, *G*, Chapter V, page 84.

D

The following excerpt contains too many co-ordinate statements. Rewrite, subordinating unimportant elements.

Queen Isabella arrived in England with Sir John de Hainault. And the English lords heard of it and they gathered to her standard. And the King and Sir Hugh Spencer shut themselves up in Bristol, and here was a very strong castle, and the town was well enclosed and situated on a good port. The queen and her followers marched against Bristol and the citizens opened the gates to her. And the King and young Sir Hugh Spencer were shut up in the castle and were much grieved at what had passed. And so the King was hard pressed, and he and Sir Hugh Spencer embarked one morning with a few followers in a small boat behind the castle, and they intended if it were possible to reach the principality of Wales. They were eleven or twelve days in this small boat ; and they made every effort to get forward, but the winds proved contrary, by the will of God, and so once or twice a day they were driven back within a quarter of a league of the

castle whence they set out. At length Sir Henry Beaumont espied the vessel and embarked in a barge and rowed vigorously after it, and the King's boatmen were unable to escape and were overtaken. The King and Sir Hugh Spencer were taken back to Bristol and delivered to the Queen.

Adapted from FROISSART'S *Chronicles*.

As we have seen, all sentences may be classified as simple, complex, or compound, according to their grammatical structure. They may also be classified, Periodic and Loose. again according to grammatical structure, into two classes, periodic and loose. When we say, "So all day long the noise of battle rolled," our sentence is not grammatically complete until we utter the last word; for every sentence must contain a subject and a predicate. Such a sentence is called periodic. Turn it about thus, "The noise of battle rolled all day long"; the sentence is grammatically complete with "rolled," since it contains a subject and a predicate. Such a sentence is called loose. This form of sentence should not be confused with the "loose-knit" sentence already treated.

In English the normal order is subject, predicate, modifiers. That is, the normal English sentence is loose. The periodic sentence is much more common in Latin than in English. Cicero's Advantages and Disadvantages. orations, for example, are composed almost wholly of such sentences. Each kind of sentence has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. The advantages of the periodic sentence are: that the change of words out of their natural order calls attention to them, gives them emphasis; and the fact that the sentence is

not grammatically complete until the end, necessarily keeps the attention till the close of the sentence. The periodic sentence is rich in dignity and emphasis. Its disadvantage is that it sometimes gives pompousness and heaviness to the style. The advantages of the loose sentence are naturalness and ease. Its disadvantage is that, if used to excess, it tends to make the style slovenly; for its very ease tempts the writer into wandering sentences which lack unity. Neither form is preferable in itself; the one form or the other should be selected according to the effect that is desired, and the thought that is to be expressed.

And finally it is necessary to warn the student against a fault which is sometimes a violation of all the principles of composition — unity, coherence, and mass. Very young, or very careless, writers not infrequently write as one sentence statements which are not grammatically connected. Thus: "I knew it was dawn, the birds were singing, the cattle were moving about the yard." Now this "lumping together" of three statements which have no grammatical connection is a violation of the principle of unity. Again, this quasi-sentence violates the principle of coherence, for these three statements might form one sentence if they were properly connected: "I knew it was dawn, *for* the birds were singing, *and* the cattle were moving about the yard." This change in the sentence has resulted in showing the relations of the different statements, in making one stand out as the principal statement, and the other two sink into their true place as subordinate statements.

**The Comma
Fault.**

Thus it appears that the original form violates also the principle of mass. Moreover, the original sentence is not only in violation of the principles of good writing; it is also grossly incorrect. The comma has as definite a meaning as the figure '5.' It can not be used between co-ordinate statements which are not grammatically connected except in certain easily recognizable cases, namely: when the statements are short, or in a series, as, "I came, I saw, I conquered." To separate co-ordinate statements which are not grammatically connected is an office of the semicolon. (See Appendix A.) The sentence is correct if written thus: "I knew it was dawn; the birds were singing; the cattle were moving about the yard." This fault of substituting a comma for a semicolon or a period is called the *comma fault*. It is an almost unerring mark of illiteracy.

To summarize:—

1. Every sentence should be a unit; it should express one thought.

2. It should be coherent; its verbs should not shift from the active to the passive voice, its pronouns should have clear antecedents, its participles should be placed near the words they modify, and all words which belong together should be placed, as nearly as possible, side by side. Summary.

3. It should be well massed; important words should be placed in conspicuous places, and more important thoughts should have more bulk and more noticeable constructions than less important thoughts; to state the

matter conversely, less important thoughts should be expressed as subordinate clauses, as prepositional and participial phrases, as nouns in apposition; and as adjective modifiers.

4. Finally, the periodic sentence is useful for dignity and weight ; the loose sentence for naturalness and ease.

E

In the following paragraphs, which sentences are loose, and which periodic ?

1. To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettle, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long round stick whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue ; the smoke blows in his face ; he is grimy with ashes ; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother wouldn't know him.

WARNER: *Being a Boy.*

2. That there should be such a book as Pepys' Diary is incomparably strange. Pepys, in a corrupt and idle period, played the man in public employments, toiling hard and keeping his honour bright. Much of the little good that is set down to James the Second comes by right to Pepys ; and if it were little for a king, it is much for a subordinate. To his clear, capable head was owing somewhat of the greatness of England on the seas. In the exploits of Hawke, Rodney, or Nelson, this dead Mr. Pepys of the Navy Office had some considerable share. He stood well by his business in the appalling plague of 1666. He was loved and respected by some of the best and wisest men in England. He was

President of the Royal Society; and when he came to die, people said of his conduct in that solemn hour — thinking it needless to say more — that it was answerable to the greatness of his life. Thus he walked in dignity, guards of soldiers sometimes attending him in his walks, subalterns bowing before his periwig; and when he uttered his thoughts they were suitable to his state and services.

STEVENSON: *Familiar Studies of Men and Books.*

F

Examine a page of Addison, Irving, Macaulay, Ruskin, Hawthorne, De Quincey, Arnold, Newman. Are there more loose sentences, or more periodic?

G

Examine the themes you have already written.

1. Are any sentences lacking in unity? If so, rewrite, taking care that each sentence state only one thought.
2. Are there any groups of words punctuated as sentences which do not contain a subject and a predicate? If so, rewrite.
3. Are there any verbs which do not agree with their subjects? Pronouns which do not agree with their antecedents? Is “not only” followed by “but also”? Are modifying words placed near the words modified?
4. Can you improve the mass of sentences by changing the order? See, also, if there are too many statements of equal rank. Would any sentences be improved by reducing the bulk or importance of any of their members? How can you best do this? By subordinating conjunc-

tions? By relative clauses? By participles? Be sure to place the participle where it modifies the word you intend it to. Would any sentences be improved by changing "so" to "as"?

Exercises in Writing.—I. Write a summary of three or four pages of some essay with which you are familiar. Apply to the sentence the same tests you have applied in this lesson.

II. Write out a translation of some thirty lines from a book in a foreign language. Examine the sentences. Are there too many co-ordinate statements? If so, rewrite.

III. Write a personal narrative, an account of some interesting incident or adventure which has happened to you.

Directions for Writing.—1. While you are writing, keep the attention fastened on expressing your thought. Do not let it be diverted by too much anxiety about forms of sentence. Then revise, taking care that :

2. The sentences have ease ; that is, that nearly all of them be loose.

3. But do not let them become so loose as to be "loose-knit" or disjointed.

4. See that each has but one thought.

5. Be sure that each is rendered coherent by some one of the four chief devices which have been stated.

6. Be sure that the separate paragraphs and the theme as a whole possess unity, coherence, and mass.

CHAPTER VII

THE WORD

PERHAPS the most characteristic element in style is the choice of words. For here we have reached, so to speak, the ultimate atoms of the analysis. "What Choice of Words. color and line are in the plastic arts," says Brunetière, "what sounds are in music, words are in language." These materials with which the writer makes his work of art are the product of centuries of human use and invention. Some have been struck out at the heights of human experience; others, from the common, sordid moments of life; and each bears its own countenance and expression, has its own atmosphere, its own flavor. From this accumulated treasure the writer may choose at will the one word that names his thought. It has been the faith of some great writers that there is, among all the resources of language, only one word which just expresses any thought. For no two persons can think quite the same thought; all persons differ in organism, in heredity, in temperament and experience, and their thoughts will likewise be different in association and emotional coloring. It has been said of Flaubert, "the martyr of literary style," that, "possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of ex-

pressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery in every phrase of that word, that verb, that epithet. . . . A thousand pre-occupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit : Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but one — one form, one mode — to express what I want to say." (Cited by Pater in *An Essay on Style*.)

To the student who would learn the secret of words, that is, how to choose the inevitable word, the word that is fullest of meaning, obviously the first task is to acquire a fund of words from which to choose. And here, as everywhere else in art, the student must learn from the master. He must read the great writers, and read them with fervid attention. Perhaps no man of letters was more earnest in his study of words than was John Ruskin. In his lecture on reading, *Of Kings' Treasuries*, he gave an object-lesson on how to read. He chose a few lines from *Lycidas*, a poem in which the ideas and the expression are much above our ordinary level of thought ; and as a meek learner he interrogated each word to learn just what was its true meaning. It is worth while quoting his comments on a few lines. Milton speaks of those

... who for their bellies' sake

Creep and intrude and climb into the fold,

that is, into high office in the church. Ruskin comments thus : —

"Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three, — . . . and no more than those, — 'creep' and 'intrude' and 'climb'; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who 'creep' into the fold, who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who 'intrude' (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart and stout eloquence of tongue and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who 'climb,' who, by labor and learning both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become 'lords over the heritage,' though not 'ensamples to the flock.'

"Again, Milton speaks of certain ecclesiastics as 'blind mouths,' — "a strange expression," comments Ruskin, "a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

"Not so; its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church, — those of bishop and pastor.

"A 'bishop' means a person 'who sees.'

"A 'pastor' means a person 'who feeds.'

"The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be blind.

"The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, — to be a mouth.

"Take the two reverses together and you have 'blind mouths.'"

Such scrutinizing of words gives one the power to use

words, and to use them with an accurate sense of their meaning. To make words our own, we shall do well to write down in a notebook all words which we find used with notable accuracy, or in some appropriate sense of which we have not before been aware in the word. When Stevenson says, "The sharp edge of novelty wears off; the feeling is scotched, but I doubt whether it is ever killed," we note the word 'scotched,' which we remember from Macbeth's "We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it"; and the modern usage emboldens us to adopt the pithy and vigorous word. When Stevenson speaks of "the welter of impressions, all forcible, but all discreet, which life presents," we note the unusual sense of the word 'discreet,' and going to the dictionary, we find that the root-meaning is 'separate' (from the Latin participle *discretus*). Henceforward, whenever we use the word, we are aware of its original meaning, and of its relation to the words 'discern' and 'discernment.'

This consciousness of the root-meaning of a word is one of the best safeguards against the slipshod use of words. One who remembers the original sense of 'splendid' will not use it indiscriminately. No one who recalls the original meaning of 'dilapidated' (*di + lapidare*) will use it carelessly, for he will have before his mind's eye an image "of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone." The word 'acumen' compares the intelligence to a point which penetrates. The adjective 'simple' compares an object to a garment having but one fold; "motives which are

wrongfully alleged are borders to conceal the faults of the stuff." The words 'estimation,' 'esteem' (*aestimare*, *existimare*) mean originally to weigh money; 'erudite' comes from a verb (*erudire*) which "is borrowed from a branch of a tree hewn into shape," whence the figurative meaning "to instruct." The original meaning of the word 'ruminate,' "to chew the cud," is used by Keats when he says, "Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves to ruminate." This we may compare with Shakespeare's phrase, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."¹

And just here a word of warning is necessary. We should not confine our attention to long and unusual words. They are less often useful to most of us than the more familiar, racy, pungent words Familiar
Words. which we can use without danger of seeming stilted. A good place to look for such sound and current coin is in the familiar letters and journals of good writers. The following is an example from Stevenson:—

17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH,
Sunday, [April, 1875].

Here is my long story: yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement. There was a half-moon *lying over on its back*, and *incredibly bright* in the midst of a *faint grey sky* set with *faint stars*: a very inartistic moon, . . .

At the most populous place of the city I found a little boy, three years old perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to every one for his "Mammy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him, and then went on, leaving him

¹ See Breal: *Semantics*, Chapter xii.

more frightened than before. But I and a good-humoured mechanic came up together ; and I instantly developed a latent faculty *for setting the hearts of children at rest*. Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him ; and the mechanic and I trudged away along Princes Street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the *bairn* ; and you should have seen the *puzzled contempt* with which he looked at me, for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very *impracticable* and *sentimental* ; and he soon bethought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so we wrapped him up in my greatcoat. "Tobauga (Tobago) Street" was the address he gave us ; and we deposited him in a little grocer's shop and went through all the houses in the street without being able to find any one of the name of Murphy. Then I set off for the head police office, leaving my *greatcoat in pawn about Master Murphy's person*. As I went down one of the lowest streets in the town, I saw a little bit of life that struck me. It was now half-past twelve, a little shop stood still half-open, and a boy of four or five years old was walking up and down before it *imitating cockcrow*. He was the only living creature within sight.

At the police offices no word of Master Murphy's parents ; so I went back *empty-handed*. The good groceress, who had kept her shop open all this time, could keep the child no longer ; her father, bad with bronchitis, said he must forth. So I got a large scone with currants in it, wrapped my coat about Tommy, got him up on my arm, and away to the police office with him : not very easy in my mind, for the poor child, young as he was — he could scarce speak — was full of terror for the "office," as he called it. He was now very *grave and quiet and communicative* with me ; told me how his father *thrashed him*, and *divers household matters*. Whenever he saw a woman on our way he looked after her over my shoulder and then gave his judgment : "That's no her," adding sometimes, "She has a wean wi' her." Meantime I was telling him how I was going to take him to a gentleman who would

find out his mother for him quicker than ever I could, and how he must not be afraid of him, but be brave, as he had been with me. We had just arrived at our destination—we were just under the lamp—when he looked me in the face and said appealingly, “He’ll no put me in the office?” And I had to assure him that he would not, even as I pushed open the door and took him in.

The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and *spirited* him up with good words and the scone with the currants in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away.

Poor little boy! he was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning. This is very ill written, and I’ve missed half that was picturesque in it; but to say truth, I am very tired and sleepy: it was two before I got to bed. However, you see, I had my excitement.

STEVENSON: *Letter to Mrs. Sitwell.*

And so he continues his letter in a style at the same time forcible and familiar, a model of good fresh talk on paper. For similar examples, read the letters of Lowell, Lamb, Lanier, Emerson, Carlyle, and Keats (Colvin’s edition). The familiar letters of Burroughs also abound in serviceable, homely words. Frequently writers gain this effect of freshness of style by taking old and worn-out words and phrases and putting them in new combinations. For instance, see Chapter VI, page 103, where Stevenson says of Will o’ the Mill, “He had a *taste* for other people, and other people had a *taste* for him.” Or, where Keats, in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, speaks of “the sad heart of Ruth when, *sick for home*, she stood in tears amid the alien corn.” Or where Miss Wilkins speaks of Sammy as “arranging

Fresh
Diction.

his brown hair in a smooth *hillock* over his forehead." Surely 'taste' and 'homesick' and 'hillock' are common words enough ; the magic of them here lies in the fact that the writers have contrived to turn them away from their usual trite associations. To know the accurate meanings of words, then, to know their root-meanings, and to know them so well that we can introduce them into the company of other words which have been strangers to them, — that is one of the secrets of an interesting style.

In studying the words of great writers, we should note also the occurrence of concrete and specific words, —

Concrete and Specific Words.	words which, instead of naming an abstract quality, name an object which has that quality ; which, instead of naming a class, name an individual. When Sir Thomas Browne says, " Now since these dead <i>bones</i> have already outlasted the living ones of <i>Methuselah</i> , and in a <i>yard</i> underground, and thin <i>walls</i> of <i>clay</i> , outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the <i>drums and tramp-lings</i> of three conquests," how the imagination is lighted up by the concrete words "drums and trappings"! To the use of concrete and specific words is due the vividness of the following description : —
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What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sand-stone with raw green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-colored sands. There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces and streets and shops and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee grey squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the market-place, and a jewelled peacock struts

out of a carved doorway and spreads its tail against a marble screen as fine pierced as point-lace. Then a monkey—a little black monkey, walks through the main square to get a drink from a tank forty feet deep. He slides down the creepers to the water's edge, and a friend holds him by the tail in case he should fall in. . . . Then evening comes, and the lights change till it's just as though you stood in the heart of a king-opal. A little before sundown, as punctually as clockwork, a big bristly wild boar, with all his family following, trots through the city gate, churning the foam on his tusks. You climb on the shoulder of a blind black stone god and watch that pig choose himself a palace for the night and stump in wagging his tail. Then the night-wind gets up, and the sands move, and you hear the desert outside the city singing, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and everything is dark till the moon rises.

RUDYARD KIPLING: *The Light that Failed*.

Note that most of the words refer to particular objects, not to classes of objects. The writer says "green aloes" not "green plants"; a "wee grey squirrel" not a "small animal." That the vividness of the passage is due to the concrete and specific words may be shown by removing such words and substituting general words:—

What do you think of a large uninhabited city of red stone, with green plants growing up between the stones, neglected on the sands? There are many dead kings there in gorgeous tombs. You look at the city and think it must be inhabited until you see a small animal alone there, and a large bright-colored bird comes from a building. Then an animal goes to drink from a reservoir. Then evening comes and the lights change and become various. Near sundown, a large wild animal, followed by its family, enters the city and chooses a palace for the night. Then the world prepares itself for sleep, and all is dark till moonrise.

*Exercises in Words**A*

Look up the following words in the dictionary ; state their root-meanings ; use the words in sentences :—

insult	exult	avocation	rivals
relent	mortify	nice	pastime
astonished	affront	cope	lucid
relaxation	reprehend	inaugurate	fine
attentive	trivial	aggravate	vex
splendid	recreation	succor	tend
appreciate	vocation	supercilious	galore

B

In the following letter from Charles Lamb, underscore words which are used (1) with especial accuracy ; (2) in their root-meaning ; (3) familiar or homely words which are used in a fresh sense.

Dear Coleridge : It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well : they are interesting creatures at a certain age. What a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon ! You had all some of the crackling and brain sauce. Did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis ? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate ? Had you no complement of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire ? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it ? Not that I sent the pig, or could form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me ; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things which I could never think of sending away. Teal, widgeon, snipes, barndoor fowls, ducks, geese—

your tame villatic things — Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are self-extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere. Where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child — when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a six-penny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombry of taught charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little way in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I — not the old imposter — should take in eating her cake; the ingratitude by which, under color of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like; and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after.

But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavor to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything,

C. L.

C

Point out specific and concrete words in the following excerpts:—

(1) . . . Nevertheless, the hills, I am glad to say, are unaltered; though I daresay the torrents have given them many a shrewd scar, and the rains and thaws dislodged many a boulder from their

heights, if one were only keen enough to perceive it. The sea makes the same noise in the shingle; and the lemon and orange groves still discharge in the still air their fresh perfume; and the people still have brown comely faces and the Pharmacie Gros still dispenses English medicines; and the invalids (ehéu!) still sit on the promenade and trifle with their fingers in the fringes of their shawls and wrappers; and the shop of Pascal Amarante still, in its present bright flower of aggrandizement and new paint, offers everything that it has entered into the people's hearts to wish for in the idleness of a sanatorium; and the "Château des Morts" is still at the top of the town; and the fort and the jetty are still at the foot, only there are now two jetties; and — I am out of breath.

Letter of STEVENSON to his mother.

- (2) Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

From ARNOLD: *The Forsaken Merman*.

- (3) Upon a Sabbath-day it fell;
 Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,

That call'd the folk to evening prayer ;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains ;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green, valleys cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell :
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fireside orat'ries ;
And moving, with demurest air,
To evensong and vesper prayer,
Each archèd post, and entry low,
Was filled with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.
The bells had ceased, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries ;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things, —
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
 Dwelling in th' old minster-square;
 From her fire-side she could see,
 Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
 Far as the Bishop's garden wall;
 Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
 Full-leaved, the forest had outstript,
 By no sharp north-wind ever nipt.
 So sheltered by the mighty pile
 Bertha arose, and read awhile,
 With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
 Again she tried, and then again,
 Until the dusk eve left her dark
 Upon the legend of Saint Mark.
 From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
 She lifted up her soft warm chin,
 With aching neck and swimming eyes,
 And dazed with saintly imag'ries.

KEATS: *The Eve of Saint Mark*.

(4) Turn back to chapter IV, page 59.

D

Substitute specific words for the general words which are italicized in the following. Make the expression as definite as possible, even by adding defining adjectives. For instance, instead of "once," say "one clear Saturday morning in early May."

Once some young *human beings* went to a *stream of water*. They were glad to avoid their *usual occupations* and *carry on sports*. They brought with them proper *implements* and after *some delay* caused by making the *necessary preparations*, they began their *amusement*. The *conditions* were agreeable, the *surroundings* suitable to their *enjoyment*. There were *trees* and *shrubs* and

herbage. The shade was cool. They talked occasionally of *previous experiences* of the same kind. At length they *partook* of *food*. They caught several *fish* and late in the day returned *home*.

The effectiveness of words, however, does not lie wholly in their meaning, but to a considerable extent in what they *suggest* to the mind. Every word, that is, not only 'denotes' but also 'connotes.' Denotation
and Conno-
tation. We say 'diamond' and 'pearl'; the words denote ideas of a bright, hard, transparent stone, and a soft, clouded, white stone. But along with these ideas stated in the words are ideas of brilliancy, flashing color and expensiveness on the one hand, and on the other, of purity, grace, and delicacy. To give another instance: "The word 'fist' denotes the hand with the fingers doubled up against the palm. In the idiomatic comparison 'as big as your fist' it is purely descriptive, and has no peculiar character, good or bad. The use of the fist in fighting, however, has given a peculiar connotation to the term. We may say, 'he hit his opponent with his clenched fist,' for here again *fist* is purely descriptive and occurs in an appropriate environment. Similarly, we may say, 'The boy cried dismally, wiping his eyes with his dingy fist,' for here there is a certain grotesqueness in the scene which justifies the use of undignified language. But we can no longer say, as was formerly possible, 'The lady held a lily in her delicate fist.' In other words, the associations of 'fist' are either pugnacious, vulgar, or jocose."¹

To digress for a moment, the preceding example shows

¹Greenough and Kittredge: *Words and their Ways*.

that while the denotation of a word remains more or less static, its associations may change. Literature is after all a fragile art, and even in the great work of Shakespeare, time has wrought much havoc. Words which in his day were of dignified associations have degenerated so that they stand now like ragged retainers among their fellows clad in purple and gold. For example he writes, —

Changes in
Connotation.

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with *sluttish* time.

So also since his time unpleasant associations have grown up about the words 'blab,' 'slubber,' 'brag,' 'smug,' 'feed,' and many others.

In general, — although perhaps only in general, — words denote and connote in our minds the same that they denote and connote in the minds of those to whom we speak and write. When we read Arnold's line, "Some wet, bird-haunted English lawn," we all receive approximately the same kind of picture. It is to be noted, however, that 'bird-haunted' is really also an example of two familiar words used in a fresh combination; so that we can add to the richness of our work by skillfully combining familiar connotative or suggestive words. This is what Keats does in the following stanza from the *Eve of Saint Agnes* : —

As down she knelt for heav'n's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her *hands*, together prest,
And on her *silver cross* soft *amethyst*,
And on her *hair* a *glory*, like a saint.

We associate together 'rose-bloom,' which is connotative, with 'hands,' which is denotative; 'silver cross' and 'amethyst,' which are both connotative; 'hair,' which is denotative, and 'glory,' which is connotative. When we realize what the connotative word lends to the denotative word, and what is the cumulative effect of them all in the stanza, then we see the potency of suggestive words.

E

In the following selections, underline those words which are connotative. State what their associations are.

- (1) The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's dropping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;

The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

TENNYSON: *Enoch Arden*.

- (2) It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

TENNYSON: *Ulysses*.

- (3) The raven itself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it!

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*.

(4) Note. — A knight who was pledged to the quest of "the Dark Tower" is nearing the end of his fatal adventure, and asks a sinister old man to direct him on his way. The poem begins abruptly:—

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
 That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
 Askance to watch the working of his lie
 On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
 Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored
 Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
All travellers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
So much as gladness that some end might be.

.

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

.

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing throve:
For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove!
But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You'd think: a burr had been a treasure trove.

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See
Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
 Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents
 Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
 In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to balk
 All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must walk
 Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
 In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
 Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
 One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
 Stood stupefied, however he came there:
 Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
 With that red gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,
 And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
 Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
 I never saw a brute I hated so;
 He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

FROM BROWNING'S *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*.

To summarize, then,—since we must know words well enough to discriminate between them, using, as we need them, words with their root-meaning, strong, homely words, concrete words, and connotative words, it follows that we should control a large vocabulary. “Large,” here, is merely a relative term, for while the total number of words in the English language numbers over a hundred and fifty thousand, the English writer with the largest vocabulary — Shakespeare — had at his command only about twenty thousand. A high-school student may have fifteen hundred; a well-equipped college professor probably rarely uses more

Summary.

than five thousand. It is evident, therefore, that most of us need to enlarge our vocabularies. There are several means of doing this : we should read widely, and as we read note every word with which we are not familiar. We should look up the meanings of these words in a good dictionary, and we should search for their relatives in a book of synonyms. We should learn, too, their sources. Next, we should put these words in our notebooks, classifying those which seem to us too bookish or stilted. We should write frequently and talk frequently, using these new words. As we write and talk, we should be sure that we use all our words accurately.

In accumulating new words, we find ourselves in need of a touchstone, a standard of judgment. Happily, there is a definite rule for our guidance. We must reject all words which are not used at the present time by good writers throughout the nation. That is, we must use only words which are at present in reputable and national use. This disposes of slang, for it is not reputable, localisms, new words which have not yet been received by good writers, old words which have gone out of use, and foreign words, since they are not national. Good Use.

Most of these words which are to be avoided can be classified under the heads of Barbarisms and Improprieties. A barbarism is a word not sanctioned by good use ; it is a new-coined word, too new to be yet admitted into the select society of words which have already gained their place in the language ; or it is an obsolete word ; or it is a foreign word. Barbarisms. The words

"gym," "co-ed," "freshie," are barbarisms, because they are new-coined. The only legitimate excuse for accepting a new-coined word is that it expresses an absolutely new idea, or fact, and is, therefore, a valuable addition to the language. We needed a word to express the idea of the telegraph or the telephone; we do not need another word to express the idea of gymnasium. Where Macbeth says, "Time, thou *anticipatest* my dread exploits," we should say, "preventest." As Shakespeare used the word, "anticipatest" is a barbarism. "Métier," or "raison d'être," are barbarisms, because they are foreign. Almost the only case in which we may use a foreign word is when we can not find for it an exact English equivalent; and considering the hundred and fifty thousand words in our language, we can usually find such equivalents.

Barbarisms, however, are by no means so common as Improproprieties. An impropriety may be defined as the use of an authorized word in an unauthorized sense. For example, "quite" means "wholly," and nothing else. When we say: "This book is quite interesting," in a tone which implies that the book is merely slightly interesting, we commit an Impropropriety. When the nurse says to the child; "Behave yourself!" meaning, "Behave yourself properly!" she is uttering an Impropropriety. Occasionally, the use of Improproprieties results in a crude form of humor. Mrs. Malaprop illustrates this when she says: "I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a *progeny* of learning; . . . she should have a *supercilious* knowledge in accounts; . . .

and I would have her instructed in Geometry that she might know something of the *contagious* countries." The sure way to avoid this most reprehensible fault is, as we have already advised, to study the accurate meanings of words. (See Appendix C.)

Again, in accumulating new words we must beware of the fault of fine writing. It has often happened that those who set out to write well have at first ^{Fine} written an affected style. During the renaissance, when the discovery of the classics of Greece and Rome fired men with the desire to write beautifully, there resulted throughout western Europe a period of "fine writing," affected, over-ornamented, characterized by many fine, long words without ideas to match. So it is often with people to-day: the attempt to write well fixes the attention at first on the word at the expense of the thought. Such is the origin of much Fourth of July bombast. In this connection it may be instructive to compare the two following accounts of the judgment of Pilate, the one inimitable in its simplicity, the other an example of fine writing:

(1) When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

Matt. xxvii, 24.

(2) Flinging back his rich robe of office and allowing it to trail in voluminous folds behind him, Pilate, closely followed by the attendant carrying the silver vessel, stepped forward again to confront the populace . . . Rolling up his gold-embroidered sleeves well above his wrists, he raised his bare hands aloft and showed

them, palms outward to the multitude, the great jewels on his fingers flashing like stars in the morning sun. He held them so uplifted for a moment's space, while the people, wondering, looked on in silence, — then, slowly lowering them, he dipped them deep in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear cold element which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against fire. And as he shook the bright drops away from him, he cried in a loud penetrating voice —

"I am innocent of the blood of this just person ! See you to it !"

MARIE CORELLI: *Barabbas*.¹

The writer of the second account shows a disinclination to "call a spade a spade"; a silver bowl is a "polished receptacle," and water, the "clear cold element." That the writer is intent on words, not things, is betrayed also by the fact that the great jewels flash "like stars in the morning sun."

The fact that the first account contains for the most part short and simple words should not, however, lead us to think that short words are always preferable to long words. We must choose the word that the idea demands. There are effects which can be obtained only by long words ; for example, when Shelley says :—

On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering,

the many light syllables suggest the movement of the sea ; the heavy tread of monosyllables could give no such

¹ Noted by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie in a review of the book in *The Tribune*, Chicago.

suggestion. To repeat, we must choose the word which exactly suits our idea. Fine writing results from trying to make the words finer than the thought, to adorn the thought, to perk it out in borrowed finery. (See Appendix C.)

The vice of fine writing is cousin german to the vice of trite writing. For when we set our hearts on fine words instead of true ones, when our eye leaves the object and rests on the name, we lose our Trite Words. sense of the fitness of words and borrow the phrases of others which have been used till the words are worn out. The following theme about a boat-ride by moonlight might have been written quite as well if the writer had never been in a boat. It does not betray a spark of original observation :—

It was a lovely evening as we walked down to the lagoon. The thousand lights of the city glowed like a thousand eyes, trying to rival the stars studding the heavens. Soon we were out on the mirror-like waters of the lagoon. Hardly a ripple stirred its glassy surface, except in the wake of the boat, where little wavelets danced and shone in the pale light of the moon which was riding in the sky in all its glory. Smoothly we glided along near the bank. Sometimes we heard a snatch of song, or a gay laugh was wafted over the water. But we did not feel like talking. The calm and quiet of the evening cast its spell over us and we lay back in the boat and enjoyed the beauty of the “stilly night.”

In this theme there are many words which we have heard over and over again. Almost every school composition on the subject tells of “gliding smoothly along,” of the “moon in all her glory,” of “gay song wafted over the water,” of “stars studding the heavens.” The

writer is not trying to express his own thought, but what he vaguely remembers of some one else's thought ; and accordingly he gets his words, not from observation of the object itself, but from what he remembers having read or heard said about it. Compare with such second-hand writing the following lines, in which the poet writes of things as he sees and feels them : —

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep
Moans round with many voices.

The good writer is never trite, because he is always occupied with the task of expressing his own idea. Now, his idea is never just the same as any one else's idea. There is a difference in point of view, or in association, or in feeling, which makes his expression likewise different. It is only when we are content with a rough approximation to the expression of what we see and feel that we use words which have become trite by common use.

And, finally, there is the danger of using too many words. The fault arises oftenest from trying to write when we have not ideas enough to fill the
Wordiness. paper ; and accordingly we eke out the space with empty words, which, since they are without meaning, are as useless as a row of ciphers standing alone. It is well to be on our guard against two forms of wordiness : one consists in "beating about the bush," in prolixity. For example, Launcelot and old Gobbo (see exercises below) spend much breath in preparing to tell what Launcelot finally says in three words. They are

long-winded and prolix. This fault is one of the commonest sources of dullness. The second form of wordiness consists in repeating an idea ; words overlap in the sentence ; thus : " I was quite alone by myself." In this case two words are superfluous.

Such obvious redundancy will scarcely occur if we have something to say and give some care and attention to the saying of it. For we shall be so intent on our thought that we shall study to choose precisely the words to express it. We shall not wish to have it hidden under verbiage. For example, we shall not choose an adjective that partly expresses the idea, and then add two more, making a series which perhaps after all falls a little short of our meaning. We shall choose exact expression, and when it is exact it can not be redundant. Just here we might note Amiel's caution : —

" I have just come across a character in a novel with a passion for synonyms," he says in his Journal, " and I said to myself : ' Take care — that is your weakness too. In your search for close and delicate expression, you run through the whole gamut of synonyms, and your pen works too often in series of three. Procedure by single epithet gives strength.' "

Finally, it is worth while to recur again to the advantages of keeping a note-book. We have seen that many excellent writers have done this. (See Introduction, page 4.) We should put down in the book, as has been suggested, all words which we are not in the habit of using. We should copy, too, sentences in which they are used by good writers. We should

Exact
Expression.

Use of the
Note-book.

make the word our own, the form of sentence our own. When we are with intimate friends, we often find, in the heat and stimulus of talk, the telling word, the right phrase; this we should put in our note-book. It is even worth while to carry a note-book with us on our walks, and to record our impressions on the spot. We may be by a lake, for example, with the waves crashing on the beach. The sounds recur, and from their steady beat and throb there comes at last to us the right phrase to describe the impression. When we have reached home, the words are gone, and can not be recalled. The note-book, then, should be our closest companion if we are to learn to write well.

Exercises for Study

A

Underscore the faults in usage in the following passage :—

GOBBO. God bless your Worship!

BASSANIO. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUNCELOT. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

GOBBO. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

LAUNCELOT. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire—as my father shall specify,—

GOBBO. His master and he—saving your Worship's reverence—are scarce cater-cousins,—

LAUNCELOT. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew

having done me wrong doth cause me — as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you, —

GOBBO. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your Worship; and my suit is, —

LAUNCELOT. In very brief, his suit is impertinent to myself, as your Worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASSANIO. One speak for both. — What would you?

LAUNCELOT. Serve you, sir.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*, II. ii.

B

Search the daily newspapers, and, selecting passages, underscore all words which are trite, and all which come under the head of fine writing.

C

Search the newspapers for wordy passages. Rewrite them.

D

Reduce the number of words in the following passage. To which of the two classes of wordiness do the mistakes belong?

We both of us wanted to go to Varney's theatre, because we knew that we should enjoy ourselves and get the worth of our money. So we went one Wednesday afternoon, and sat up in the top gallery in the ten cent seats among the little newsboys and boot-blacks. Poor little chaps! they were dirty and unkempt and slovenly, but they had good faces, — some of them had good faces, that is. They were all deeply interested in the play, which was a highly spectacular and exciting drama about a man who loved the

American flag and his honor better than anything else, and they, — that is, the American flag and his honor — cost him a good deal of trouble before the play was over. But though the drama was silly and absurd, the little newsboys leaned forward all the time and enjoyed every line of the play. They hissed at the villain and cheered the hero and the heroine, and otherwise expressed their appreciation. Indeed they were so much interested that — observant as they are as a class — they did not notice that we were watching them more than we watched the play.

Student's Theme.

Note that —

(1) Superfluous words may be cut out without injuring the structure of the sentence.

(2) Prolix passages usually necessitate a recasting of all or part of the sentence.

E

Underscore the passages in the following which are trite, and those which are “high-flown” — that is, are examples of “fine writing.”

MR. VILLARS TO EVELINA.

Every wish of my soul is now fulfilled — for the felicity of my Evelina is equal to her worthiness!

Yes, my child, thy happiness is engraved in golden characters upon the tablets of my heart; and their impression is indelible: for, should the rude and deep-searching hand of Misfortune attempt to pluck them from their repository, the fleeting fabric of life would give way; and in tearing from my vitals the nourishment by which they are supported, she would but grasp at a shadow insensible to her touch.

FRANCES BURNEY: *Evelina*.

F

What is the fault in the following passage?

MY DEAR COPPERFIELD,

You may possibly not be unprepared to receive the intimation that something has turned up. I may have mentioned to you on a former occasion that I was in expectation of such an event.

I am about to establish myself in one of the provincial towns of our favored island (where the society may be described as a happy mixture of the agricultural and the clerical), in immediate connection with one of the learned professions. Mrs. Micawber and our offspring will accompany me. Our ashes, at a future period, will probably be found commingled in the cemetery attached to a venerable pile, for which the spot to which I refer, has acquired a reputation, shall I say from China to Peru?

In bidding adieu to the modern Babylon, where we have undergone many vicissitudes, I trust not ignobly, Mrs. Micawber and myself cannot disguise from our minds that we part, it may be for years and it may be forever, with an individual linked by strong associations to the altar of our domestic life. If, on the eve of such a departure, you will accompany our mutual friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, to our present abode, and there reciprocate the wishes natural to the occasion, you will confer a Boon

On

One

Who

Is

Ever yours,

WILKINS MICAWBER.

DICKENS: *David Copperfield*.

G

Compare and contrast, with respect to concrete and abstract words, the two stanzas of the following poem :—

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
 This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
 Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
 Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.
 If you loved only what were worth your love,
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
 Make the low nature better by your throes!
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

ROBERT BROWNING.

H

What words have dignified associations in Othello's speech before the senators, Act I, Scene 3, beginning, "Most potent, grave and reverend signiors"? In Brutus' speech over the body of Cæsar, *Julius Cæsar*, Act III, Scene 2? In the first two paragraphs of Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*?

I

What words have quaint or antique association in the following passage?

And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "That is untruly said of thee," said the king; "therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it

in." Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. "What saw thou there?" "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan." "Ah, traitor, untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold."

SIR THOMAS MALORY: *The Morte d'Arthur*.

J

What words have associations of beauty in Chapter III, page 40, Chapter IV, page 59, and Chapter VI, page 104, *A* (4)?

K

Point out the words whose connotation gives the tone to Casca's speech in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, scene 2, lines 229, ff., beginning, "I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it."

Exercises in Writing.—I. Write on the spot notes describing some scene. Aim at accuracy.

II. Describe a face with three adjectives. Tell what the face suggests to you.

III. Write notes of some incident you have seen on the street. Describe the actors and the scene with fitting adjectives and verbs.

IV. Describe an animal in two adjectives, some pet, or a horse on the street, or some animal in a zoological garden.

V. Write a summary of three paragraphs from Macaulay or Burke. Be sure to use accurately some of their words.

VI. Examine the themes you have already written. Can you improve them by using more specific and concrete words? suggestive or connotative words? Do you find faults of "fine writing," trite diction, or wordiness? If so, revise the themes.

CHAPTER VIII

DESCRIPTION

"To any one with senses there is always something worth describing."

STEVENSON.

DESCRIPTION is that form of discourse which gives an account of particular objects. We may describe material objects, living creatures—in short, all the objects of the external world; or we may describe a sound, an odor, a taste, an "inner experience." In every case, in description we are dealing with sense-impressions. When we describe a house, we are reporting the impression made by that house upon our organs of sight; when we describe music, we are reporting the impressions made upon our auditory nerves; when we describe a toothache we are again reporting impressions. The equipment, then, necessary in order to describe well is, first of all, well-trained senses. In the works of Shakespeare we find record of the most wonderfully trained senses of which our literature contains trace. All the objects in his world (Warwickshire in central England) he had observed—flowers, trees, grasses, insects, people of all classes, from tinker to nobleman; all the sports of the country side—hunting, hawking, bear-baiting, country games; all retinues, pro-

Equipment
for Describ-
ing.

cessions, houses, churches ; all sounds and odors, the keen senses of the boy Shakespeare had recorded accurately. From such a fund of impressions the poet drew in later life for his wonderfully accurate and varied descriptions. The first lesson, then, in description is to keep the senses open to impressions of all sorts ; to observe as keenly and accurately as possible, and especially those impressions which are interesting to us, "things we like" ; not merely the subjects we study, the materials of botany or geology, but the unscholastic experiences of everyday life.

The most rudimentary and pedestrian form of description is description for the purpose of identifying. The child tells what kind of sled he wants, describing head, runners, color, shape, and size ; or what kind of jack-knife he found, describing size, handle, number of blades, and so forth. So a man prints an advertisement for a watch he lost, or the police describe a man who has committed a crime. The object of such description is to identify a person. The main requisite for such description is accurate observation expressed in clear language. Thus a deed describes the situation of a piece of land, stating the facts in language which is unmistakable. So in scientific description the one virtue is usually clearness. Such is the sole virtue in the following description :—

PURPLE MILKWEED. *Asclepias purpurescens* (named from *Æsculapius*, the physician). *Family*, milkweed. *Color*, deep rose-purple. *Leaves*, opposite, broad, tapering to a point, the upper velvety, the lower hard and smooth. *Time*, July. A very hand-

some milkweed, with dark-green leaves, whose veins are raised, pointed upwards, and prominent on the under side. *Flowers*, a purple crimson, the round buds darker than the open flower, in umbels, three or four umbels terminating the leafy stem. From one to three feet high. Not much milky juice. New England to Tennessee and southward.

CREEVEY: *Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp.*

Exercises in Writing. — I. Write a description of a person you know, making it so accurate that one who did not know the person would recognize him from your description.

II. Write a letter to a friend who is coming to visit you, describing your house so accurately that the visitor will be able to recognize it.

III. Describe accurately some bit of nature — a tree, leaf, a particular apple, a bend in a stream, a bridge, any local feature of the landscape, so that it can be recognized.

IV. Describe an insect — grasshopper, cricket, moth, and so forth.

V. Write an advertisement for your lost watch, or any article you may or might have lost.

Descriptions for the purpose of identification may be rather long. In literary descriptions, we should aim at brevity for the practical reason that the reader can not carry very many details in his mind. The older writers were accustomed to describe at great length, often massing the description at the beginnings of chapters. Modern writers usually describe,

Description
in Solution
and in Mass.

as it were, "in solution," dropping a sentence here and a sentence there throughout the pages, so that at the end a definite picture remains with the reader. When they do describe "in mass" places and persons, the descriptions are not usually longer than from one hundred to five hundred words.

The object of literary description is to give an idea of how an object looks, or what it is like, or how it impresses the writer. Should we attempt to present to another an exact picture, our task would be desperate. If we look at any object, — a tree or a candle-flame, — we note the color, the form, the texture, and the something which is all and none of these, the characteristics which make that tree or that candle-flame different from every other. We can not show to another person all that we see. The sense-impressions we have received are too delicate and too complex to be conveyed to another mind by means of words. The common expression, "word-painting," is a misnomer; in a sense, there is no such thing. We can not paint with words as we paint in oils, reproducing sense-impressions of color and surface.

We can, however, achieve one of two effects. We can, in the first place, give a single, rather definite impression of the appearance of a scene or a person or an object, presenting our subject in such a way that, if a person attempted to draw it, he would succeed in making at least the general outlines; if he were a sympathetic reader, he might do more than this. Or, in the second place, we can make a description in

Word-painting
ing a Mis-
nomer.

Describing to
the Eye.

such a way that the reader may have a general impression of how the person, scene, or object affected us. He could not draw the object with the assurance of making the lines accurate, but he could describe the emotion the object gave the writer. From Keats's description of a window, for example, a drawing might be made in color.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries,
 Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

What Ruskin gives, on the other hand, in his famous description of St. Mark's at Venice is not a visual concept of the church ; our ideas of the space relations remain very hazy, as we should find if we attempted to paint a picture from his writing, and then compared our reproduction with a water-color of the church. What he does give us is a single general conception of the degree and kind of beauty of St. Mark's.

Giving Gen-
 eral Impres-
 sion.

And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss' — the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand ;

their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herb-
age, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs,
all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the
broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life —
angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its
appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range
of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches, edged with scar-
let flowers, — a confusion of delight, midst which the breasts of
the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden
strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field, covered
with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches
break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue
sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers
on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the
sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

RUSKIN: *Stones of Venice*.

All description is made up of details. In the object
these details exist simultaneously, side by side; in de-
scription, however, they follow one after an-
Unity. other in order of time. The reader must piece
them together in his mind till they stand united in one
image. The problem in description is how to present
the details so that the reader can hold them in mind and
get from the description a clear and definite image. In
other words, the main problem in description is to secure
unity of impression.

If we look long at a scene, or a person, or an object,
we shall see that each has some characteristic quality.

Plan. In a face, some feature is particularly ex-
pressive; in a landscape, some detail may
seem to express the essence of the whole. Or perhaps
all the details of a face or a scene unite to produce on

the mind a single definite impression. It is this impression which we must give our readers. It must be single, unified. To realize such an effect, we must carefully *plan our work*.

The best plan we can use is that of presenting first the general shape of that which we are describing. That is, we should try to set up in the mind of the reader what is called a "fundamental image." The Fundamental Image. For instance, when Stevenson describes the bay of Monterey, he begins by giving us the general shape so definitely that we receive and retain the image.

The bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb.

STEVENSON: *The Old Pacific Capital*.

Note also the following:—

If the boot to which Italy is likened were furnished with a spur, the dear city [Lecce] in which I write these lines would occupy exactly the place of a rowel.

BOURGET: *Impressions of Italy*.

And this:—

Before us there rose up a sudden hill, and round the top of this, like an irregular crown, lay the circle of houses for which we were looking.

Student's Theme.

The stock example of the "fundamental image" is Victor Hugo's description of the battlefield of Waterloo, which he likens to the capital letter A, stating in what

part of the "A" different troops were stationed. Hugo's description, though admirably clear, has little beauty.

Disadvantage of Fundamental Image. The disadvantage of using the fundamental image is that often the comparison must be to

some commonplace shape, such as an egg, or a fishhook. Note how skillfully Newman, in Chapter IV, page 59, has accepted the advantages of his choice and done away with the disadvantages.

In the three examples set down above, the writers use figures of speech to get their general image before us.

Often a Comparison. They say that the object is *like* something; that is, they use similes. Newman, however, writes literally of a triangle of earth. As a rule, in presenting a fundamental image we are obliged to make a comparison, to put the idea figuratively.

It is apparent that the use of the fundamental image is a sure way of securing unity. We give a main outline first, and then fill in the details. For example, read the following:—

Before us there rose a sudden hill, and round the top of this, like an irregular crown, lay the circle of houses for which we were looking. Our guide pointed out that the front of the crown, which was higher than the sides and back, consisted of the two-story general store, with the storekeeper's house on the left, and the overseer's on the right. The left side of the crown was composed of the shanties of the Irish; the right side, of the shanties of the Germans. At the back, the crown tapered into two or three little tool-houses overlooking the quarry, which lay beyond our range of vision. The meadow-land, encircled by the crown, which was covered with sparse vegetation, was, so the guide jokingly told us, the bald head of the hill.

Student's Theme.

Another method of making description unified is to begin at a definite point, and describe our object as it is seen from that point, never shifting our position. We can not begin anywhere and end Point of View. anywhere. We must choose the happiest point of vantage, and keep to that point throughout the description. We must not begin to describe a hill as if we were standing at the bottom, and later on write as if we were standing at the top. Note that, in the following, the writer looks down from a certain place in a certain direction, and that by emphasizing this point of departure he presents a clearly unified picture :—

... It must have taken us near half an hour to get from the house down to the Head that overlooks the Roost [breakers] . . . Right in the face of it, where the cliff is highest and most sheer, a hump of earth like a parapet, makes a place of shelter from the common winds where a man may sit in quiet and see the tide and the mad billows contending at his feet. As he might look down from the window of a house upon some street disturbance, so, from this post, he looks down upon the tumbling of the Merry Men [breakers]. On such a night, of course, he peers upon a world of blackness, where the waters wheel and boil, where the waves joust together with the noise of an explosion, and the foam towers and vanishes in the twinkling of an eye. Never before had I seen the Merry Men thus violent. The fury, height, and transiency of their spouting was a thing to be seen and not recounted. High over our heads on the cliff rose their white columns in the darkness ; and the same instant, like phantoms, they were gone. Sometimes three at a time would thus aspire and vanish ; sometimes the gust took them and the spray would fall about us, heavy as a wave. And yet the spectacle was rather maddening by its levity than impressive by its force. Thought was beaten down by the confounding uproar ; a gleeful vacancy possessed the minds of men,

a state akin to madness; and I found myself at times following the dance of the Merry Men as it were a tune upon a jiggling instrument.

STEVENSON: *The Merry Men.*

In the next selection, Tennyson begins at a point of land near the sea, and proceeds upward:—

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

TENNYSON: *Enoch Arden.*

Notice that Tennyson here describes details as they are contiguous; this plan helps the unity. Browning employs it in the following description. The speaker begins at the point nearest him and goes outward:—

Ours is a great wild country:
If you climb to our castle's top,
I don't see where your eye can stop;
For when you've passed the corn-field country,
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
O' the mountain, where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One by one, row after row,
Up and up the pine-trees go,
So, like black priests up, and so

Down the other side again
 To another greater, wilder country,
 That's one vast red drear burnt-up plain,
 Branched through and through with many a vein
 Whence iron's dug, and copper's dealt;
 Look right, look left, look straight before,—
 Beneath they mine, above they smelt,
 Copper-ore and iron-ore,
 And forge and furnace mould and melt,
 And so on, more and ever more,
 Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
 Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore,
 — And the whole is our Duke's country.

BROWNING: *The Flight of the Duchess.*

Again, we may choose a point of departure and take the reader from one place to another, describing as we go, in a sort of personally conducted tour. Description
by Tour. Observe the following:—

And now I wish that the reader . . . would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low, grey gateway with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grassplots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable, wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to

larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft; and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids.

RUSKIN: *Stones of Venice*.

(1) What is the point of departure here? What is the point of departure in the preceding example?

Sometimes the surest way of giving a definite impression is to proceed from the large and general details, which would strike the eye first, to the smaller, more minute details. Mark the following :—

From Large
to Small

The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance-court, empty of everything but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Romola*.

Here we are shown the hill, the street, the stone building, and finally the characteristic detail, the lamp hanging in the court. The following is a similar example :—

And thither came Geraint, and underneath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose;

And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine.

TENNYSON: *The Marriage of Geraint*.

- (1) Of the last five descriptions, which gives the most definite picture, and which the most general?
- (2) Which would look best in a painting?
- (3) How many details are there in each?
- (4) In the description from *The Flight of the Duchess*, what idea is particularly expressed?

Again, we may make a description unified by careful selection of details. In the case of description for purposes of identification, a great many details are given, but these are not meant to build up a distinct image in the mind. We are expected to compare the description and the object detail by detail; if we please we may forget one as soon as we have begun upon the next. But in literary description we are expected to hold all the details in mind and build from them a picture. This we can not do if we are burdened with too many details or if the details do not combine to make one impression. We can make our description unified, then, by choosing only those details which are significant for our purpose and combine to produce one effect.

In the following description of the dining-room of the Maison Vauquer, Balzac has used a great many details. But though his description is long, he makes every point contribute to the impression of **Significant Details**. sordid poverty which he wishes to convey. He makes the description unified by choosing only those details

which are significant for this purpose. His plan is to proceed from large to small, and, above all, to *summarize his impression*. This he does in the four underscored sentences.

The dining-room, with panelled walls, was once painted of a color no longer discernible, forming now a background on which layers of dirt, more or less thick, have made a variety of curious patterns. The room is surrounded by shelves serving as side-boards, upon which stand chipped water-bottles, cloudy and dim, round mats of zinc metal, and piles of plates made of thick stoneware with blue edges from the manufactory at Tournai. In one corner is a box with pigeon-holes, in which are placed, according to number, the wine-stained and greasy napkins of the various guests. *The whole room is a depository of worthless furniture, rejected elsewhere and gathered here, as the battered relics of humanity are gathered in hospitals for the incurable.* Here may be seen a barometer with a hooded monk, who steps out when it rains; execrable engravings which turn the stomach, framed in varnished black wood with a thread of gilding; a clock-case of tortoise-shell inlaid with copper; a green porcelain stove; lamps with dust floating on the oil; a long table covered with oil-cloth, so greasy that a facetious guest has been seen to scratch his name on it with his finger-nail; wretched little mats made of broom straw, slipping from the feet yet always in the way; dilapidated foot-warmers with their internal arrangements so worn out that the wood is beginning to be charred. *To describe how old, how ragged, rotten, rusty, moth-eaten, maimed, shabby, and infirm these remnants are, would delay too long the current of this story, and readers in haste to follow it might complain. . . In a word, here is poverty without relieving sentiment; hard, bitter, rasping poverty. If filth is not yet seen, foul stains are there; rags and tatters may not appear, but rottenness has eaten into warp and woof with a sure decay.*

BALZAC: *Père Goriot*.

(1) Note how perfect the unity of tone is. All the

details harmoniously unite to produce a disagreeable impression.

(2) Note that the three last sentences of summary particularly reinforce the impression that had been building up in our minds as we read.

In the preceding selection, then, Balzac chose the significant details. An impression quite as vivid and unified, though of course more general, may be gained by the selection of a few such details. Note the following:—

A

... an English home, — *gray twilight* pour'd
On *dewy pastures, dewy trees,*
Softer than sleep, — all things in *order* stored
A haunt of *ancient Peace.*

TENNYSON: *The Palace of Art.*

(1) “Ancient Peace” summarizes the impression which the preceding details have been making.

B

I have been three days at a place called Grez, a *pretty and very melancholy* village on the plain. A low bridge of many arches choked with sedge; great fields of white and yellow water-lilies; poplars and willows innumerable; and about it all such an *atmosphere of sadness and slackness* . . .

STEVENSON: *Letters.*

(1) Here only the summarizing phrases are italicized. Note that *B* fuses into unity two qualities which might be opposed, while *A* presents qualities all of the same kind.

It is not always necessary, in selecting a few significant details for a picture, to reinforce them with a summary, as the following selections show :—

The rock *shone bright*, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock ;
The *moonlight* steeped in *silentness*
The *steady* weathercock.
And the bay was *white* with *silent light* . . .

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

Here the italicized details all contribute to the effect of bright stillness or silentness. They are sufficient to give a unified impression without the need of summary. Note that the writer begins at the rock, proceeds to the kirk, then to the moonlight on the weathercock, and then down to the bay. Are we concerned here with the picture, as such, or with the quality of the scene, the bright silentness ?

All in a *hot and copper sky*
The *bloody Sun* at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

Here the characterization of the sky gives the general impression of heat ; “bloody sun” reinforces this, and adds color. The other two details indicate position and size, and the whole forms a striking picture. Could it be effectively painted from these details ?

But (to emphasize again the important point) whether we select many details or few, whether our plan is to use a fundamental image, or to describe by going from

the large to the small, or by moving in the order of space, or from right to left, or from top to bottom, our attention must be constantly directed towards securing unity of effect. The details must be selected so as to secure one effect, and only one. Examine the following sonnet :—

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 The City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WORDSWORTH: *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge.*

- (1) What is the general impression left on your mind ?
- (2) What details particularly produce it ?
- (3) What are the summarizing parts ?
- (4) Can you see vividly the picture in line six ?

There is one more device for securing unity of impression, and that is the device of introducing into the picture we are trying to present the element of contrast. As a painter sometimes uses a dark

Unity by
 Contrast.

background to make a light figure stand out from the canvas, so the writer uses contrast for the same purpose.

Note the following example :—

Scattered wide, they [such towns] littered the frontier from the Columbia to the Rio Grande, from the Missouri to the Sierras. They lay stark, dotted over a plain of treeless dust, like soiled packs of cards. Each was similar to the next, as one old five-spot of clubs resembles another. Houses, empty bottles, and garbage, they were forever of the same shapeless pattern. More forlorn they were than stale bones. They seemed to have been strewn there by the wind and to be waiting till the wind should come again and blow them away. Yet serene above their foulness swam a pure and quiet light, such as the East never sees; they might be bathing in the air of creation's first morning. Beneath sun and stars their days and nights were immaculate and wonderful.

OWEN WISTER: *The Virginian*.

So in the *Eve of Saint Agnes* the introduction of the old beadsman, so different from the young lovers, has nothing to do with the story proper except to form a contrast. Recall, too, in *The Ancient Mariner*, how the contrast between the Mariner, old and seared with suffering, and the calm, untroubled land to which he returns, helps to impress the general unity of description and narration. This device of contrast occurs more frequently in narrative than it does in description. In combined narrative and description it is often very effective. Read the duel scene in the *Master of Ballantrae*. Read also the selection from *Enoch Arden*, Chapter VII, page 143.

Selections for Study.— In examining the following selections for study, answer these questions :—

1. Has the author tried to give a general picture, or a rather definite picture? Which are the most definite?

2. How many details does each writer use? Has he chosen the most significant details for his purpose; that is, do they all contribute to the main impression which he wishes to produce? State the main impression. Cite any details that seem to you at all superfluous or ineffective. (Note the bearing of *Unity* here.) Do the details reinforce each other? (Note the bearing of *Mass*.)

3. Is the main impression reinforced by any kind of summary? Could a summary be inserted in any case? (Note the bearing of *Mass*.)

4. What is the author's plan? Does he use a fundamental image? Does he describe in the order of space, and if so, how is the order put before us; by tour? In what direction does the writer go; in other words, in what order does he take his details? Does the description proceed from large to small? (Note the bearing of *Coherence*.)

5. What is the point of view, point of departure, which the author chooses?

6. Are there examples of *Unity* secured by the device of contrast?

A

There lies a vale in *Ida*, lovelier
Than all the valleys of *Ionian* hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars

The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning ; but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas. TENNYSON: *Ænone*.

B

There is a place in front of the Royal Exchange where the wide pavement reaches out like a promontory. It is in the shape of a triangle with a rounded apex. A stream of traffic runs on either side, and other streets send their currents down into the open space before it. Like the spokes of a wheel converging streams of human life flow into this agitated pool. Horses and carriages, carts, vans, omnibuses, cabs, every kind of conveyance cross each other's course in every possible direction. Twisting in and out by the wheels and under the horses' heads, working a devious way, men and women of all conditions wind a path over. They fill the interstices between the carriages and blacken the surface, till the vans almost float on human beings. Now the streams slacken, and now they rush amain, but never cease ; dark waves are always rolling down the incline opposite, waves swell out from the side rivers, all London converges into this focus. There is an indistinguishable noise — it is not clatter, hum, or roar, it is not resolvable ; made up of a thousand thousand footsteps, from a thousand hoofs, a thousand wheels — of haste, and shuffle, and quick movements, and ponderous loads ; no attention can resolve it into a fixed sound.

RICHARD JEFFERIES: *The Story of My Heart*.

C

- (1) Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
 In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
 The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
 A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods ;

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

(2) . . . an iron coast and angry waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

(3) And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

(4) And one, a foreground black with stones and slags ;
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

TENNYSON: *The Palace of Art.*

D

At the extremity of this wretched street, flung out of town to the bottom of the hill, stood a long, two-story deserted house. . . . This large and very aged house possessed the most gloomy aspect. It was all askew ; in its two rows of windows there was not a single one which had preserved its regular shape, and the splinters of glass in the shattered frames had the turbidly-greenish hue of swamp water. The walls between the windows were streaked with cracks and dark spots of peeling stucco—as though time

had written its biography on the walls of the house in these hieroglyphs. The roof, which sloped toward the street, still further increased its rueful aspect. It seemed as though the house had bent down to the ground, and was submissively awaiting from Fate the final blow which should convert it into dust, into a shapeless heap of half-rotten fragments.

MAXIM GORKY: *Men with Pasts*.

E

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley; then we past an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd
A little street half garden and half house;
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose;
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

TENNYSON: *The Princess*.

F

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull! . . .

But the city, oh the city — the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take
the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
 You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
 Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets
 high;

And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
 'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the
 heights;

You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and
 wheeze,

And the hills over-smoked by the faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;

In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and
 splash!

In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foambows
 flash

On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and
 pash

Round the lady atop in her conch. . . .

BROWNING: *Up at a Villa Down in the City.*

G

There is a land behind the western cloud,
 A low deep meadow land of ceaseless spring
 And everlasting twilight: olives there
 Shed a perpetual shade of softened lustre
 Like woven light on the green grass below;
 Where foam-white asphodels, tall milky blossoms,

Shimmer with interchange of hyacinth,
 Blood-red anemone, and faint narcissus,
 And the blue violet strays in sweet tangles,
 Seen and unseen, by pool and running brook,
 Lulling the sense with fragrance; while a song
 Rocks in the odorous height of spreading pine
 And spiry cyprus and aerial palm.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS: *Hesperus and Hymenaeus*.

H

The gray sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

BROWNING: *Meeting at Night*.

I

. . . rows of aged, gnarled linden trees, maples, and oaks, enveloped in evening twilight. Their angular branches were interwoven one with another, forming overhead a thick roof of fragrant verdure, and all of them, decrepit with time, with rifted bark and broken boughs, seemed to form a living and friendly family of beings, closely united in an aspiration upward, toward the light. But their bark was thickly covered with a yellow efflorescence of mould; at their roots young trees had sprung up luxuriantly, and

from this cause, on the old trees there were many dead branches, which swung in the air like lifeless skeletons.

MAXIM GORKY: *Varenka Olesoff*.

J

(1) After two months of bitter cold, ice and snow, the city was steeped in a mournful, quivering thaw. From the far-spreading, leaden-hued heavens a thick mist fell like a mourning cloud. All the eastern portion of the city, the abodes of misery and toil, seemed submerged beneath ruddy steam, amid which the panting of work-shops and factories could be divined; while westwards, toward the districts of wealth and enjoyment, the fog broke and lightened, becoming but a fine and motionless veil of vapor. The curved line of the horizon could scarcely be discerned, the expanse of houses, which nothing bounded, appeared like a chaos of stone, studded with stagnant pools, which filled the hollows with pale steam; whilst against them the summits of the edifices, the house-tops of the loftier streets, showed black like soot. It was a Paris of mystery, shrouded by clouds, buried as it were beneath the ashes of some disaster, already half-sunken in the suffering and shame of that which its immensity concealed.

ÉMILE ZOLA: *Paris*.

(2) . . . there came before her eyes a picture of that vivid city [Paris], putting on her jewels in the frivolous lute-stringed twilight. Like a city of fireflies it flashed into her imagination, and the sound of it came back to her, gay and sad as one of its own chansonettes, that wonderful murmur of Paris, like the sound of a great shallow river, blended with the singing of many sirens, that seems to be calling you — to come and drown, to come and drown, to come and drown.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE: *The Wandering Home*.

Compare these two descriptions of Paris. From which do you get a more definite picture? Does each give a defi-

nite impression of what the city *means*? State that impression.

K

To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings
 Cleaving the western sky;
 Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings
 Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings
 Of strenuous flight must die.

ROSSETTI: *Sunset Wings*.

L

Upon the land a pestilence there fell
 Unheard of yet in any chronicle, . . .
 It was a bright September afternoon,
 The parched-up beech-trees would be yellowing soon;
 The yellow flowers grown deeper with the sun
 Were letting fall their petals one by one;
 No wind there was, a haze was gathering o'er
 The furthest bound of the faint yellow shore;
 And in the oily waters of the bay
 Scarce moving aught some fisher-cobbles lay,
 And all seemed peace; and had been peace indeed
 But that we young men of our life had need,
 And to our listening ears a sound was borne
 That made the sunlight wretched and forlorn —
 The heavy tolling of the minster bell —
 And nigher yet a tinkling sound did tell
 That through the streets they bore our Saviour Christ
 By dying lips in anguish to be kissed. . . .
 And so the hours went past,
 Till startled by the echoing clang at last
 That told of midnight, armed from head to heel
 Down to the open postern did I steal. . . .
 But by the postern gate could I behold
 Laurence the priest all armed as if for war,

And my three men were standing not right far
 From off the town-wall, having some small store
 Of arms and furs and raiment: then once more
 I turned, and saw the autumn moonlight fall
 Upon the new-built bastions of the wall,
 Strange with black shadow and gray flood of light,
 And further off I saw the lead shine bright
 On tower and turret-roof against the sky,
 And looking down I saw the old town lie
 Black in the shade of the o'er-hanging hill,
 Stricken with death, and dreary, but all still
 Until it reached the water of the bay,
 That in the dead night smote against the quay
 Not all unheard, though there was little wind.
 But as I turned to leave the place behind,
 The wind's light sound, the slowly falling swell,
 Were hushed at once by that shrill-tinkling bell,
 That in that stillness jarring on mine ears,
 With sudden jangle checked the rising tears,
 And now the freshness of the open sea
 Seemed ease and joy and very life to me.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *Prologue ; The Earthly Paradise.*

M

What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets forever more
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou are desolate, can e'er return.

KEATS: *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Compare *L* and *M* with *C* (3) in Chapter VII, page 138.
 Note that in each there is description of a town; are

these descriptions general or definite? Which is most general? Which most vivid? What particular *feeling* do you have about each town? In *L* note the descriptions of the particular time of the day.

N

It was the close of a brilliant January day, and the sun was setting, as, to some of us it seems, it can only set over New York, in a glory of grim towers and city smoke, a tumbled beauty, formless, unconventional, yet sternly impressive. From where they stood, turning to right and left, they could see the North and the East Rivers gleaming at the ends of their embattled street. Silhouetted rigging now and again stood out for a moment against the gleam, passing slowly out to sea. The infinite freshness of the Atlantic swept up over the vast towers already peopled with lights. Cressets and sky-signs began to fill the dusk with fiery writing. Up Sixth Avenue the elevated railway moved like a magic lantern-slide, and out of the deepening night far sea-horns called homelessly, homelessly.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE: *The Wandering Home.*

O

Remake the following descriptions. In (*a*) change the order of the details so as to present a clearer image; that is, choose a different plan. In (*b*) put a summarizing sentence, clause, or phrase. In (*c*) and (*d*) supply fundamental images.

(*a*) I looked out over the sunlit waters. The great sun shone overhead; the wide sea was before me. The great earth bearing the richness of the harvest, and its hills golden with corn was at my back. I stood where the foam came to my feet. The strength and firmness of the earth was under me. The wide sea was before me.

(b) The little garden was surrounded by a triangular-shaped hedge, unkempt, neglected. The gate was off its rusty hinges, and lay as if helplessly in front of the open space it should have guarded. Long, coarse grass and weeds had grown up between its broken bars. Inside, a gravelled path, starting from the gate, wound along by the hedge, but the gravel was muddied and sunken, and vegetation encroached upon its borders. Within the path lay what had once been two trim flower-beds, the glory of the garden. Now they were covered with coarse weeds which waged war against the attempts at life of a few hardy petunias.

(c) A curved line of hills surrounding part of a valley; a railway track; in various positions, a railway station, a post-office, stores, miners' houses, mines, a creek.

(d) A lake, narrow and pointed at one end; broad at the other; at the broad end, on one side a clubhouse, on the other a summer hotel; at the narrow end a fishing station; trees; inlets.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Describe what you saw on a short walk. This is what may be called description by tour.

II. Describe some scene or building familiar to you, using if possible a fundamental image.

III. Describe a room, going from large details to small.

IV. Describe some small and beautiful object.

V. Describe a deserted house, or school, or garden, or church, bringing out all details which will enforce the impression of loneliness. Note that here you can use the device of contrast. Summarize your impression in a sentence or two at the end. For help, read Tennyson's "Mariana."

Directions for Writing.—1. Observe narrowly the place or object you are going to describe. See what makes it different from other objects or scenes; that is, find its characteristic quality.

2. Try to think of some general figure or image which it suggests to you; that is, try to find a fundamental image.

3. Select the details, preferably few, which are significant for your purpose.

4. If you can not find a fundamental image, select some other plan which will make the picture clear. Be careful to choose the best possible order for the details.

5. Reinforce your description, wherever necessary, by sentences of summary.

6. When the writing is done, try to imagine that you have never seen what you have described; then read the theme to see if it presents to you a clear picture.

7. Ask yourself how well you have observed the principles of unity, coherence, and mass.

We have now given some attention to securing unity and effectiveness by choosing only those details which build up in the mind a single definite image. **Cut Out Surplusage.** This careful selection is necessary, as has been said above, because the mind is liable to forget details, to allow them to drop apart instead of fusing them into one impression. Since this is true, it follows that in description we must not only neglect all details which do not harmonize with our effect, but we must also cut out all words which do not count, which are not truly de-

scriptive. For example, the two following selections describe the same scene. The second is shorter than the first, yet it presents as much as the first, and presents it in a more forcible way ; for in it all unnecessary words are shorn away ; clauses and phrases are condensed into single words, thus making the impression more vivid and forcible.

I. We were now suddenly stopped, for we were confronted by a hill which seemed to thwart our intention of making further progress. The road along which we had come grew smaller and smaller, and dwindled away in a cringing fashion at the base of the hill. We were impressed by the appearance of the hill. It was tall and gaunt, with stones crowning its top and seams scarring its sides.

II. The road cringingly dwindled at the base of a tall, gaunt hill, stone-crowned and scar-seamed, which now thwarted our progress.

Exercise. — Condense these three descriptions :—

1. It was an old Southern house, built in a kind of semicircle. The two halves of it went out on each side like two white wings gently curving. It seemed to be brooding silently under the trees. These trees were sycamores and oaks with huge boles.

2. When I first saw his face I was appalled by it. It was harsh and uneven in outline. His forehead was rugged, his nose was strongly curved, and his chin was grim. Afterward when he smiled my appalled feeling passed away. I was won by the gentle light which played in his keen blue eyes, and made them soft, and by the lines, all of them kindly, that curved upward around his mouth. He reminded me of a granite rock warmed with sunshine.

3. The street was short and lit by the sun. At one end it was stopped by a cool stone wall over the top of which green trees

dipped. But at the other end, with an appearance of boldness, it thrust itself into a roomy square. The houses of the street were clean and white. They faced each other circumspectly, with the upper windows closed by green shutters. Yet here and there a slat was open as if to allow a window to peep through discreetly at its neighbors. In fine the street had a conventional reserve about it, but at the same time this was tempered by a certain curiosity,—a lurking curiosity. Added to this was possibly an interest in the unconventional.

Examine the descriptions you have written. Can you condense them?

So far we have been talking chiefly of describing places and objects. Quite as important is the description of persons. When we read a story we demand of the author the following results in characterization. He must make us understand the character and temperament of his personages; we must know what each thinks and feels. He must give us an idea of the appearance of the personage. And finally, he must, so far as possible, let the appearance indicate the character; we want to feel, as we watch the personage talk and act, that his face bears out his behavior.

Whether we try to achieve any or all these effects, whether we describe the appearance of people, or their characters, or their appearance as illustrating their characters, we must observe the same rules that guide us in describing places. We must choose significant details in order to produce a unified impression; we must carefully plan the order of our details; and we must make use of the summarizing sentence. It may be that in

presenting a person's appearance we can use a fundamental image: we may say that a stout child's body is wedge-shaped, or that Ichabod looked like a crane. Or we may give the general outlines of the figure first and then describe the face. Or we may describe merely the characteristic features of the face.* In any case we must produce a vivid and unified effect, as is done in the following descriptions:—

A

He was a huge fellow, six feet four in height, and of a build proportionately strong, but his sinews seemed to be dissolved in a listlessness that was more than languor. It was only the eye that corrected this impression,—an eye of an unusual mingled brilliancy and softness, sombre as coal and with lights that outshone the topaz; an eye of unimpaired health and virility; an eye that bid you beware of the man's devastating anger. A complexion, naturally dark, had been tanned in the island to a hue hardly distinguishable from that of a Tahitan; *only his manners and movements, and the living force that dwelt in him, like fire in flint, betrayed the European.*

STEVENSON: *The Ebb Tide.*

B

She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

MARY WILKINS: *The Revolt of Mother.*

1. Note that, in both these descriptions, the face expresses inner traits. In each the general size of the person is given; in each the characteristic feature of the face is emphasized.

2. In both the element of contrast enters. Attwater is of strong build, *but* his sinews are dissolved in listlessness. But again his eye corrects this impression. "Mother" is meek-faced, *but* she has a strong will, for she has made herself meek.

3. In *A* there is summary; in *B*, emphasis of the important trait which is almost equivalent to summary.

4. In *B* there are very few details given, and yet the description is telling. It is as important in the description of persons, as it is in the description of places, not to give so many details that the reader can not form a clear image.

5. We can not form absolutely definite pictures of the persons described; relatively speaking, the pictures are definite—as definite as we can find them in literature. We appreciate the salient features that are put before us, instinctively taking the others for granted.

**Significant
Detail.**

Compare the two following descriptions, and note how much superior the second is.

(a) His head is small and well-poised on a stout neck. His hair is brown; his forehead is broad; his eyebrows are black; his eyes are blue and his eye-lashes heavy and black. His cheek-bones are high, his cheeks are thin, and his nose is straight, and slightly flattened at the tip. His upper lip is short and strongly-curved. The mouth itself has a thin upper lip, and full under lip, the whole outline marked by a slight brown moustache. His teeth are strong and white, and his chin is square.

(b) Southey's [complexion] is still healthy mahogany brown . . . a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with

those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin.

CARLYLE: *Letter to Emerson*.

In (*b*) we have a definite impression of what the effect of each face is; we see the characteristic features. In (*a*), all the details of the face are given, with the result that no one of them stands out; we can not form a picture. In short, the face means nothing to us.

A good example of a striking picture produced by the selection of significant details is the following:—

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy.
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
That thicks man's blood with cold.

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

The four details give us, without the necessity of any summary, a sinister impression of the character of the woman. This effect is hard to achieve; it is much less difficult to summarize in a sentence of comment what the appearance suggested. The next two examples illustrate the value of a summary.

A

. . . stood that merchant—small, gaunt, in a long garment which resembled at once an overcoat and an undercoat, a velvet cap, and tall brilliantly-polished boots. His face was thin, with high cheek-bones, gray wedge-shaped beard, and a tall brow furrowed with wrinkles from beneath which sparkled small, narrow, gray eyes, always on the watch for something. . . . Altogether, the merchant's aspect was piously-rapacious, and respectably-evil.

MAXIM GORKY: *Men with Pasts*.

B

The good man . . . gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man.

CARLYLE: *Description of Coleridge: John Sterling.*

In *A* note that the general figure of the character is presented. Even his clothes are described in such a way as to make them contribute to the "piously-rapacious and respectably-evil" result. In *B* there is less emphasis put on the general appearance, but *B* better shows how the body represents the mind and soul. Coleridge's face and figure and walk are made to represent weakness, irresolution, and yet aspiration.

In the next selection, the character, not the appearance, of scatterbrained Gratiano is described.

BASSANIO. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice.*

1. Note that, before the speech of Bassanio, Gratiano had already shown his character by his talk.

A character may be presented not only by describing what he looks like, but also by telling what he does.

His hair was dark, his cheek was of a bronze better than olive ; and he wore a brave cap of red flannel, drawn down to eyes of lustrous black. For the rest, he gave unity and coherence to a jacket and pantaloons of heterogeneous elements, and, such was the elasticity of his spirit, a buoyant grace to feet encased in wooden shoes. Habitually came a barrel-organist, and ground before the barracks, . . . and ever, when this organist came to a certain lively waltz, and threw his whole soul, as it were, into the crank of his instrument, my beloved ragamuffin failed not to seize another cake-boy in his arms, and thus embraced, to whirl through a wild inspiration of figures, in which there was something grotesquely rhythmic, something of indescribable barbaric magnificence, spiritualized into a grace of movement superior to the energy of the North and the extravagant fervor of the East.

W. D. HOWELLS: *Venetian Life*.

The boy's face and figure are described, and the "elasticity of his spirit" and "buoyant grace" are illustrated through the statement of the fact that he danced enthusiastically. This description of what he did may be called *indirect* ; the author does not here tell what the boy looked like, or what his character was ; he merely *illustrates* what the boy was by describing his action.

In all good stories, the personages constantly express themselves through what they say and do. The author describes the appearance of each, and perhaps the character, and then allows all the subsequent speech and

action to bear out his description. In drama, of course, the author can not describe character ; each personage must express himself through his words and actions, the impression he makes on the reader being sometimes assisted by the comment on him of the other persons in the play. There is one more method of description which sometimes occurs in stories and poems—an indirect kind. We realize a character, not because he is described to us, but because we are told the effect of his appearance on some one else. The following stanzas, spoken by the Ancient Mariner, when after his dreadful voyage he enters the pilot's boat, illustrate this method :—

Description
by Effect on
Others.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.”

This account tells us, far better than could any detailed description, how the mariner's face must have been affected by his suffering.

We may call this method of indirect description a method of *suggestion*. Another important method of suggestion is that of comparison. We have already seen that in operation, in connection

By Com-
parison.

with the fundamental image. A very vivid impression of a person may sometimes be given by the use of a comparison or simile, or a metaphor. The following disagreeable description illustrates this point :—

His cheeks and nose had a soft look *as though they had been boiled*, his greasy hair was in disorder,*and his whole appearance was flabby in the extreme.

TURGENEV: *Smoke*.

Here we have a simile. Note that the writer uses a summary. In the next example the figure used is a metaphor; the person is called a flower.

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd ;
A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her.

TENNYSON: *The Princess*.

An examination of the preceding descriptions of character will show that we may have direct description and indirect description. Direct description includes a presentation of the appearance of people, and of their characters, or states of mind and feeling, or moods. Indirect description may be secured in the following ways: by telling what a person does which makes him attractive or not attractive; by speaking of the person figuratively; and by describing the effect of the person on others. Note that the descriptions of Ruskin and Symonds, near the beginning of this chapter, are also suggestive, but suggestive in a more direct way. Both try chiefly to suggest the general feeling the place inspires in them.

So far, we have spoken chiefly of the description of

places, of objects, of people, and of the characters of people. But we can describe also impressions which appeal to other senses — impressions of sound, odor, and taste.

The following is one of the best descriptions of music in literature :—

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner.*

The next is a good description of odor :—

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorne, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

KEATS: *Ode to a Nightingale*.

The next description appeals to the sense of taste:—

. . . sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
 Sweeter than honey from the rock,
 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
 Clearer than water flowed that juice;
 She never tasted such before. . . .

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *The Goblin Market*.

Andrea del Sarto is describing a mood when he says:—

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night,
 I regret little, I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?

BROWNING: *Andrea del Sarto*.

Some of the preceding descriptions of character and place contain also descriptions of sound and light. Which are they?

Examples for Study. — In the following examples for study, answer these questions.

1. What does each description present? Are the descriptions vivid? Does any selection contain more than one description?

2. Does the writer use few or many details?

3. Does he use a plan ; if so, of what nature ?
4. Does he summarize the character ? State the summary.
5. Has he description of face only, or of face and figure together, or of these as they represent character ?
6. Is there more description of mental traits than of appearance ?
7. Is there indirect description — description by suggestion ? If so, is it presented by figure of speech, metaphor, or simile ? Or by some general comparison ? By describing the effect of the person on some one ? By describing what the person does ?

A

And so we saw the lady arrive :
My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger !
She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness,
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That over-filled her, as some hive
Out of the bear's reach on the high trees
Is crowded with its safe merry bees :
In truth, she was not hard to please !
Up she looked, down she looked, round at the mead,
Straight at the castle, that's best indeed
To look at from outside the walls :
As for us, styled the "serfs and thralls,"
She as much thanked me as if she had said it,
(With her eyes, do you understand ?)
Because I patted her horse while I led it ;
And Max, who rode on her other hand,
Said, no bird flew past but she inquired
What its true name was, nor ever seemed tired —

If that was an eagle she saw hover,
And the green and gray bird on the field was the plover.

BROWNING: *The Flight of the Duchess.*

B

He was a sour, small, bilious man; with a long face and very dark eyes; fifty-six years old, sound and active in body, and with an air somewhat between that of a shepherd and that of a man following the sea. He never laughed, that I heard; read long at the Bible; prayed much, like the Cameronians he had been brought up among; and indeed, in many ways, used to remind me of one of the hill-preachers in the killing times before the Revolution. But he never got much comfort, nor even, as I used to think, much guidance, by his piety. He had his black fits when he was afraid of hell; but he had led a rough life, to which he would look back with envy, and was still a rough, cold, gloomy man.

STEVENSON: *The Merry Men.*

C

At first I saw naught but the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness — the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time, — so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind
and dumb.

BROWNING: *Saul.*

D

The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenceless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*.

E

"A slight figure," said Mr. Peggotty, looking at the fire, "kiender worn; soft, sorrowful, blue eyes; a delicate face; a pritty head, leaning a little down; a quiet voice and way — timid a'most. That's Em'ly!"

DICKENS: *David Copperfield*.

F

Her appearance was — what shall I call it? — mediaeval. She was pale and angular, with a long, thin face, inhabited by sad, dark eyes, and black hair intertwined with golden fillets and curious chains. She wore a faded velvet robe, which clung to her when she moved, fashioned, as to the neck and sleeves, like the garments of old Venetians and Florentines. She looked pictorial and melancholy, and was so perfect an image of a type which I, in my ignorance, supposed to be extinct, that while she rose before me I was almost as much startled as if I had seen a ghost. I afterwards perceived that Miss Ambient was not incapable of deriving pleasure from the effect she produced, and I think this sentiment had something to do with her sinking again into her seat, with her long, lean, but not ungraceful arms locked together in an archaic manner on her knees.

HENRY JAMES: *The Author of Beltraffio*.

G

O, my luvè is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O, my luvè is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

ROBERT BURNS.

H

Fear and cold at last benumbed the little boy, and when he woke he was being lifted from his seat and torches were flashing on a high escutcheoned doorway set in battlemented walls. He was carried into a hall lit with smoky oil-lamps, and hung with armor and torn banners. Here, among a group of rough-looking servants, a tall old man in a night-cap and furred gown was giving orders in a loud passionate voice. This personage, who was of a choleric complexion, with a face like mottled red marble, seized Odo by the wrist and led him up a flight of stairs so worn and slippery that he tripped at every step; thence down a corridor and into a gloomy apartment where three ladies shivered about a table set with candles. Bidden by the old gentleman to salute his grandmother and great-aunts, Odo bowed over three wrinkled hands, one fat and soft as a toad's stomach, the others yellow and dry as lemon-skins. His mother embraced the ladies in the same humble manner, and the Marquess, first furiously calling for supper, thrust Odo down on a stool in the ingle. From this point of observation the child, now vividly awake, noted the hangings of faded tapestry that heaved in the draught, the ceiling of beams and the stone floor strewn with rushes. The candle-light, flickering on the faces of his aged relatives, showed his grandmother to be a pale heavy-cheeked person with little watchful black eyes, which she dropped at her husband's approach; while the two great-aunts, seated side by side in high-backed chairs, with their feet on braziers, reminded Odo of the narrow elongated saints squeezed into the niches of a church-door. The old Marchioness wore the high coif and veil of the previous century; the aunts, who, as Odo afterward learned, were canonesses of a noble order, were habited

in a semi-conventual dress, with crosses hanging on their bosoms ; and none spoke but when the Marquess addressed them.

EDITH WHARTON: *The Valley of Decision.*

I

You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink,
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *The Goblin Market.*

J

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

COLERIDGE: *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

K

PORTIA. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA. First, there is the Neopolitan prince.

PORTIA. Aye, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

NERISSA. Then there is the County Palatine.

PORTIA. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *'if you will not have me, choose.'* He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for, if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NERISSA. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

PORTIA. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and seal'd under for another.

NERISSA. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little

better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the Devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*, I: ii.

L

An extensive picture of man's labor was spread out before me: — the whole rocky shore along the bay was dug up, there were holes and piles of stone and lumber everywhere, wheelbarrows, strips of iron, pile-drivers, and some other constructions of beams, and among all these things men were hastening to and fro in every direction. After having ripped up the mountain with dynamite, they were breaking it into small pieces with pickaxes, clearing a space for a line of railway. They were mixing cement in vast mortar-pits, and making out of it stones almost a fathom in cubic measurement, lowering them into the sea, erecting upon them a rampart against the titanic strength of its turbulent waves. They seemed as tiny as worms against the back-ground of the dark-brown hill, disfigured by their hands, and like worms they swarmed busily about among the heaps of rubbish, and bits of wood in fragments of stone dust, and in the sultry heat, reaching to thirty degrees of the southern day. The chaos around them, and the red-hot sky above them, imparted to them the appearance of being engaged in burrowing into the hill, trying to escape into its bosom from the fervor of the sun and the melancholy picture which surrounded them.

MAXIM GORKY: *Konováloff*.

M

Mrs. Winthrop . . . was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties that life seemed to offer them too

scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem with her to remove. Yet she had not the vixenish temper which is sometimes supposed to be a necessary condition of such habits: she was a very mild, patient woman, whose nature it was to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life and pasture her mind upon them. She was the person always first thought of in Raveloe when there was illness or death in a family, when leeches were to be applied, or there was a sudden disappointment in a monthly nurse. She was a "comfortable woman" — good-looking, fresh-complexioned, having her lips always slightly screwed, as if she felt herself in a sick-room with the doctor or the clergyman present. But she was never whimpering; no one had seen her shed tears; she was simply grave and inclined to shake her head and sigh, almost imperceptibly, like a funereal mourner who is not a relation. It seemed surprising that Ben Winthrop, who loved his quart-pot and his joke, got along so well with Dolly; but she took her husband's jokes and joviality as patiently as everything else, considering that "men *would* be so," and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*.

N

Broad-browed he was, hook-nosed, with wide grey eyes
No longer eager for the coming prize,
But keen and steadfast, many an ageing line,
Half hidden by his sweeping beard and fine,
Ploughed his thin cheeks, his hair was more than grey,
And like to one he seemed whose better day
Is over to himself, though foolish fame
Shouts louder year by year his empty name.
Unarmed he was, nor clad upon that morn
Much like a king, an ivory hunting-horn

Was slung about him, rich with gems and gold,
 And a great white ger-falcon did he hold
 Upon his fist; before his feet there sat
 A scrivener making notes of this or that
 As the king bade him, and behind his chair
 His captains stood in armour rich and fair;
 And by his side unhelmed, but armed, stood one
 I deemed none other than the prince his son;
 For in a coat of England was he clad,
 And on his head a coronel he had.
 Tall was he, slim, made apt for feats of war,
 A splendid lord, yea, he seemed prouder far
 Than was his sire, yet his eyes therewithal
 With languid careless glance seemed wont to fall
 On things about, as though he deemed that nought
 Could fail unbidden to do all his thought.
 But close by him stood a war-beaten knight,
 Whose coat of war bore on a field of white
 A sharp red pile, and he of all men there
 Methought would be the one that I should fear
 If I led men.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *The Earthly Paradise; Prologue.*

Exercises in Writing.—I. Describe the physical appearance of some friend. If possible, let the details of face and figure express character.

II. Describe in a paragraph the attitude of a man who is reading, or looking in a shop window, or engaged in some athletic feat.

III. Describe the character of some friend, chiefly by telling what he did on a certain occasion.

IV. Describe a character so as to introduce the element of contrast; summarize.

Directions for Writing.— 1. Study people — figures, features, and expressions. A man's words must be reinforced by gesture, look, and tone. Notice all these from the outside.

2. Try to find different types of character : people of strong feeling, people of calm feeling, spiritual people. Then see how each person varies a little from the type, has his own individual characteristics.

3. Try to determine the motives of the characters you are studying. Why do they do certain things? How much do ideas of right and wrong affect their motives? Do their motives ever seem inconsistent with their characters?

4. Take notes constantly on all these points.

5. In writing your theme, be sure to secure an absolutely unified impression. See that your theme has good coherence and good mass.

If we have grasped the problem of description, we shall easily see that here the main burden falls upon the word. We have no space to waste ; we must Words in eliminate all surplusage. But negative virtue Description. is not enough ; we must find also expressive words, words that are rich in meaning. The following suggestions in regard to words are intended to apply both to description and to narration, although it is particularly through practice in description that we realize the potency of words.

If we observe a good drawing or cartoon, we shall see that it contains no unnecessary line. The artist has, by

suggestion, made one line do the work of perhaps four. So we should choose one word, and make it, by suggestion, do the work of several. Instead of
 Condensa-
 tion. having a series of phrases and clauses, or perhaps three adjectives, to explain or qualify a noun, we should try to concentrate our idea in a single adjective. If we can find a noun which expresses the idea of the noun and the adjective we have chosen, we have gained in condensation.

For instance, let us consider Coleridge's phrase, "the star-dogged moon." Diluted, the line runs: "the moon which is dogged by a star." Milton's lines,

Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,

are concentrated from, "Come and trip it as you go on the toe which dances in a light fantastic manner." Again, we do not say, "the Robin with the red breast," but, "Robin Redbreast." It is easier to condense an adjective from a phrase or a clause than it is to use a noun instead of an adjective and noun. One of the most successful examples of such condensation is Keats's compound noun, "Queen-Moon," in the line from *The Ode to a Nightingale*: "And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne." This is much more effective than "queenly Moon." Our rule, then, is to be acquainted with many adjectives, and of these to use the few that are perfectly adapted, and to concentrate, from whole clauses and phrases, single adjectives.

We must be no less careful in our use of verbs, taking care not to use too often such verbs as "to be," "to

seem," and "to come," for these words are tame and inexpressive. If we see the words, "The sun sets, the stars appear, the dark comes suddenly," we are not at all impressed. But we are im- Verbs of Motion. pressed when we read Coleridge's lines, "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, At one stride comes the dark." His lines are effective because he uses verbs of action. Whenever possible, we should use verbs of action, of motion, of color, of sound. Note the value of the motion and sound words in the following selection from Shelley's *The Cloud*:—

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits . . .

The next selections from Tennyson and from Browning have motion and color verbs.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver.

And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart

From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crags that rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
 And on a sudden, lo, the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon!

Many of the preceding words are specific and concrete. As we saw in Chapter VII, concrete and specific words always add richness to the style. Some
Figures. of the preceding words, too, are figurative, such as, "the stars *rush* out." Figures of speech, particularly metaphors and similes, add to the suggestiveness of writing, although they are not essential. Note what vividness the figures in the following selections add to the style:—

The words of Carlyle seem electrified into an energy of lineament, *like the faces of men furiously moved!*

STEVENSON: *Sketches in Criticism*. (Simile.)

. . . a titter, *like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight*.

BROWNING: *Fra Lippo Lippi*. (Simile.)

[She was] . . . a violet by a mossy stone,
 Half-hidden from the eye.

WORDSWORTH.

She carried her youth like a flag.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*. (Metaphor and simile.)

The selection beginning "Dry clash'd his harness" not only has good sound, but also the sound suggests the sense. The words, "clash'd," "clang'd," etc., sound like the action they represent. Note, too, the contrast between the last two lines and the rest of the passage. This effect, where the sound echoes the sense, is delicate and not easy to achieve, but it is well worth striving for.

In making these positive suggestions, we must add

some negative cautions. While we seek for rich words, we must avoid bizarre and sensational words. These are as destructive to good writing as are lifeless and hackneyed words. We must keep in mind always that we are searching for the *exact* word, the apt word, and nothing else will answer. The apt word we must have, whether it be commonplace or figurative. To summarize: we should have a large stock of words, but we must not use too many of them. We must pare down our words to the lowest possible number, avoiding, above all, many adjectives; more, our words must be packed with meaning. We should prefer verbs and adjectives of action, and motion, and sound, and color—specific and concrete words, figurative words; in short, in order to touch the reader's imagination and set his mind at work, we should find words which are full of suggestiveness.

Summary.

Selections for Study.—In examining these exercises for study, answer the following questions:—

1. Is the description of person, or place, or object?
2. How many adjectives, verbs, and nouns in each? Do these suggest sound, color, odor, or action?
3. Could any word be cut out, or could a better one be substituted for it?
4. Mention the figures of speech. Are they metaphors or similes?

A

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees . . .

SHELLEY: *The Cloud*.

B

To every man there come noble thoughts that pass across his
 heart like great white birds.

MAETERLINCK.

C

. . . the sprinkled isles
 Lily on lily that o'rlace the sea,
 And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps 'Greece.'

BROWNING: *Cleon*.

D

There was a flavor of good birth and training,—something
 long and lithe and courtly in the person; something aquiline and
 darkling in the face.

STEVENSON: *A Lodging for the Night*.

E

The night was nearly come; the village smelt of trees and flowers, and the sea, and bread-fruit cooking; there came a fine roll of sea from the reef, and from a distance, among the woods and houses, many pretty sounds of men and children.

STEVENSON: *The Beach of Falesa.*

F

I saw enter, stand, and seat herself,
A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.

BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book.*

G

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

WORDSWORTH: *The Daffodils.*

H

But the majestic river floated on. . . .
Brimming and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer — till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide

His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Sohrab and Rustum*.

I

Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,
Through the delicate, flush'd marble,
The red, creaming liquor,
Strown with dark seeds!

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *The Strayed Reveller*.

J

While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.

KEATS: *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

K

Examine selections on pages 175 to 177; 179 to 181;
183 and 184; 185 to 187; 200 and 201.

Point out all words which are suggestive. Are they verbs? adjectives? Do they suggest motion? color? sound? odor? Are they action verbs? Could any words be cut out or changed for the better?

CHAPTER IX

NARRATION

NARRATION includes all writing of which the main purpose is to tell what happens, such as journals, letters, memoirs, biography, much history, and all fiction. It differs from description in that it Definition. deals with events, and not with objects; it does not portray, it recounts. Therefore, unlike description, it takes into account the element of time.

Narration and description are mutually dependent upon each other, like the two sides of an arch. Description is really only an auxiliary of narra- Relation to
Description. tion, and yet, unless the description is potent, the narration fails. It is through description that the writer presents his characters and his setting, and if these are not vividly portrayed, the narrative is fatally weakened. Not only are the two always together, but often they are inextricably combined; it is impossible to tell whether description or narration predominates. This is shown by the loose way in which the word 'description' is sometimes used. We say, "he described the events of the afternoon," meaning, "he narrated the events of the afternoon." In general, however, we can easily tell whether a paragraph is mainly descriptive or mainly narrative.

Narration may be divided into two classes, narration without plot, and narration with plot. Narration without plot is the simple recounting of a chain of events. Narration with plot is the recounting of a chain of events which are so arranged as to work towards a final outcome, arousing the reader's interest in that outcome. The difference between these two kinds of narration lies not so much in the material as in the manner of treatment. Narration without plot may contain striking incidents, but it can not be called narration with plot until all the incidents, striking or other, are so arranged and so treated that each bears towards some main incident near the end — that is, the outcome.

For example, compare the two following selections; the first is narration without plot, the second is narration with plot :—

(1) Ralph the Rover met his death on the Inchcape Rock. The Abbot had put a bell there to warn seamen of the danger. To spite the Abbot, Ralph sunk the bell. Afterwards he was driven on the rock in a storm and was drowned.

(2) THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd, as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
"For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Narration without plot is found in newspapers, in memoirs, journals, and biographies. Some novels and stories have so little plot interest that they may practically be classed as narration without Plot. For example, in *Robinson Crusoe* the interest is not particularly in his rescue from the island, but in how he contrives to live there. In Homer's *Iliad* the interest is no keener in the final outcome than in the incidents throughout the story. Narration without plot, in brief, has the interest pretty evenly distributed throughout the incidents. Very often interest in the incidents is combined with interest in character. In any case, the subject matter should be attractive.

The following account of General Grant's meeting with Lee after Appomattox is an example of narration without plot. We know at the beginning how it will come out. We are interested in the behavior of two men in one of those trying moments which throw the contours of character into high relief.

When I had left the camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats. . . .

What General Lee's feeling were, I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation ;

but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than like rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought. . . .

General Lee was dressed in full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia. . . . In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army [of Mexico]: and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give to his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war, unless duly and properly exchanged.

GRANT'S Memoirs.

Narration with plot includes the drama, the novel, and other forms of fiction in prose and verse; and the best works of history and biography. We shall concern ourselves here with fiction only, and almost entirely with short stories in prose and verse.

**Narration
with Plot.**

In long stories of fiction the plot may consist of one thread, may tell the story of one series of events, or of two, or three, or more threads. For example, the novel of *Silas Marner* consists of two threads — the story of Silas, and the story of Godfrey. *The Ancient Mariner* has one thread; *Ivanhoe*, which contains a good deal of plot interest, has three threads. In a short story in prose or verse there is rarely more than one thread.

A further word of explanation is necessary here. When we say "narration with plot" we may seem to put entire emphasis on the idea of *plot*. In every story, however, there is some characterization. Of course, stories differ; some Plot and
Characteri-
zation. have more interest in plot; some have more in characterization; some have the interest almost evenly divided. In any case, the character element is united with the plot element. The events happen to the personages; they result often from the working-out of the dispositions, temperaments, and moods of the personages. In short, there is an organic relation between characters and plot. The plot could not be without the characters. Yet the preponderance of the reader's interest, after all, lies in what *happens* to people. In talk to a friend we may say: "Tell me what you know of the old gentleman who is visiting the Browns. What is his name? Where does he come from? Is he married? Is he as prosperous as he looks?" The answer to such questions, as we readily see, entails narration.

Considering narrative with plot, we find that, whether it be a novel or a short tale, and whether it have one or

more threads, the indispensable requirement of a good story is that it have unity; that it consist of a series of

happenings which really belong together. This
Unity. need was stated centuries ago by Aristotle: "Every fable [story] should have a beginning, a middle, and an end"; it should be "whole and perfect." The young writer usually makes his first mistake here, and begins before the beginning. If he sets out to tell the story of a picnic, he usually begins by telling what happens before the picnic. (See chapter II, p. 37.) The events of life are connected, woven together, and it is the task of the storyteller to disentangle the web, to extricate the story he wishes to tell, and to give it to us whole and unencumbered. We must be absolutely sure, then, that we do not explain too much at the beginning. As we proceed, we should see that the body of the story is not burdened with irrelevant and unnecessary details. The intrusion of matters which do not concern the story is one of the common faults which we hear exemplified every day. A child wishes to explain to his teacher why he was absent from school. He says: "I could not come to school yesterday, because Uncle George, father's oldest brother, came to see us from New York." He need say only that he was detained by the visit of his uncle. The facts that the uncle lived in New York and was his father's eldest brother are quite irrelevant to the matter. Such details should be carefully weeded out. (See Chapter VII on prolixity.)

And here it should be noted that details which make the story seem real belong to the story, even if, at first glance, they seem superfluous. The purpose of all story-

telling is to make us feel that we have heard something real. Now, details which give us this sense of reality are among the necessities of the story. For example, when David and the watchman are waiting at the gate for tidings of the battle, the watchman sees two men running, and he says : "Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok." This touch of naturalness gives a more vivid picture, a nearer feeling of reality, than any other detail in the story. So in *Père-Lachaise*, where the guardian of the cemetery points out the names upon the sentry-box. So in the scene in *Julius Cæsar*, when the conspirators meet in the house of Brutus, the conversation about "where lies the east" does not advance the story ; it has its place in making the talk seem genuine, a part of real human life. When Paul Revere turns and tightens his saddle-girth, he does not advance the story, but he gives us an impression of reality, appealing even to our sense of touch. And in the famous scene in *Robinson Crusoe*, the introduction of the character Friday is made in the most realistic and suggestive of ways : Crusoe finds the footprints in the sand. Any detail, then, which helps build up the sense of reality, which is significant of reality, is proper to a unified story.

A story, moreover, is likely to be better unified if it contain only a few characters, and if the events take place in a brief space of time. If there are several, the interest of the reader becomes divided ; furthermore, he can not carry in mind, during the course of a short story, very many

Realistic
Detail.

Few Charac-
ters and
Short Time.

characters. If there are many characters in a short story they are not likely to seem real. Not only should the number of characters be few, but also the time of the action should be short. To deal with a long period of time, passing over some of it by leaps and starts, is a detriment both to unity and to coherence. A whole and unified story, then, made vivid and realistic by striking details, dealing with few characters, and covering but a short period of time, is the first requirement of a short story.

Our next task, after we have found our whole and perfect story, is to decide what is the main incident in it.

The Main Incident. In *Père-Lachaise*, the main incident is the execution; in *Enoch Arden* it is the scene where Enoch looks in through the window upon his wife and child; in *Evangeline*, it is the death of Gabriel. Although this main incident comes usually near the close, we must have it in mind from the beginning; toward that end, every step must lead; every word must point that way; every incident must be tested by its bearing on this final goal of the story.

When we have decided what is the main incident in the "whole and perfect story," our next step may be to ask when and where the story occurred, to
The Setting. find for it an appropriate setting. Any story is improved by being deftly placed amid certain scenes. Some of Mr. Kipling's stories, perhaps not in themselves strikingly distinctive, are made interesting because they are placed in India. Even a mediocre story may be made attractive if the setting is carefully selected. And here

DUNCAN: This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Act I, Scene 6.

Furthermore, a story gains in unity if the scene of action is not shifted often. Just as we should not permit long lapses of time, so we should not allow many changes of scene. If possible, the story should take place on one spot. It calls for care and effort to make the reader see the place; when the scene of action is shifted, this work has to be done over again, and the attention of the reader is by just so much diverted from the action. Again, the story may gain in unity and in vividness by being *told* upon the spot where the events took place. Thus, in *The Battle of Père-La-*

chaise, the action all occurs in the cemetery, and the story is told there. So in *La Mère Sauvage* (see Chapter V, pages 87 and 88), the story is *told* upon the scene of the ruined house, where the tragedy took place.

Often the unity of a story may be made more evident by letting a character in the story tell the events. This

Personal
Narrative,
Author's
Narrative.

device ensures a definite point of view, a definite attitude toward the events, a definite interest in them. It often gives, too, a greater sense of reality. The reader feels that the story must be credible because it is told by an actor. Then, too, the vividness is often greater. The actor must have seen the details. For example, in *Père-Lachaise*, the story gains much by being told by the guardian of the cemetery; how much, we can judge by comparing this story with a historical account of the scene told in the third person. The limitation of this method also is illustrated by this story: we can know only what the guardian saw: we know nothing about what took place from the time he went to bed until he was awakened by the knock at his door. Had the story been told in the third person, in what is called "author's narrative," this interval would have been supplied. There are often events which the character who tells the story can not take part in, and yet must put before the reader. It takes skill to manage such narration. The chief advantage of this personal method of narration is that it adds vividness to the story; the chief advantage of "author's narrative" is that the author is omniscient, is able to tell us just how everything happens.

Compare the following story of the Florentine painter, Fra Lippo Lippi, told in author's narrative, with the story as it is put in the lips of the painter by Robert Browning :—

The Carmelite monk, Fra Filippo di Tommaso Lippi (1412–1469), was born at Florence. . . . By the death of his father he was left a friendless orphan at the age of two years, his mother having also died shortly after his birth. The child was for some time under the care of a certain M^{ona} Lapaccia, his aunt, the sister of his father, who brought him up with very great difficulty till he had attained his eighth year, when, being no longer able to support the burden of his maintenance, she placed him in the . . . convent of the Carmelites. Here, in proportion as he showed himself dexterous and ingenious in all works performed by hand, did he manifest the utmost dullness and incapacity in letters, to which he would never apply himself, nor would he take any pleasure in learning of any kind. The boy continued to be called by his worldly name of Filippo, and being placed with others, who like himself were in the house of the novices, under the care of the master, to the end that the latter might see what could be done with him ; in place of studying, he never did anything but daub his own books, and those of the other boys, with caricatures, whereupon the prior determined to give him all means and every opportunity for learning to draw. The chapel of the Carmine had then been newly painted by Masaccio, and this being exceedingly beautiful, pleased Fra Filippo greatly, wherefore he frequented it daily for his recreation, and, continually practising there, in company with many other youths, who were constantly drawing in that place, he surpassed all the others by very much in dexterity and knowledge. . . .

VASARI: *Lives of the Painters*, translated by Mrs. Foster.

I was a baby when my mother died,
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two

On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
My stomach being empty as your hat,
The wind doubled me up and down I went.
Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,
(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there,
While I stood munching my first bread that month :
" So, boy, you're minded," quoth the good fat father
Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-time, —
" To quit this very miserable world ?
Will you renounce " . . . " the mouthful of bread ? " thought I ;
By no means ! Brief, they made a monk of me ;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to — all at eight years old.
Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,
'Twas not for nothing — the good bellyful,
The warm serge and the rope that goes all round,
And day-long blessed idleness besides !
" Let's see what the urchin's fit for " — that came next.
Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do ! They tried me with their books ;
Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste ! . . .
But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
And who will curse or kick him for his pains, —
Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,

Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped, —
How say I? — Nay, which dog bites, which lets drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street, —
Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition from the hunger-pinch.
I had a store of such remarks, be^sure,
Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.
I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,
Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The monks looked black.
"Nay," quoth the prior, "turn him out, d'ye say?
In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine
And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! My head being crammed, the walls a blank,
Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First, every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean: then folk at church,
From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends, —
To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of Christ

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years), . . .

BROWNING : *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

Sometimes a story is told, not by the main actor, but by his confidant, or by some minor actor in the events.

**Narration
by Minor
Character.** For example, the Sherlock Holmes stories are told, not by Holmes, but by his friend, the always admiring Dr. Watson. This gives an opportunity for heaping praise on the hero. In the *Master of Ballantrae*, the narrator is the old family steward Mackellar, one of the most vivid minor characters in fiction. In these cases, then, the story is told by one who has a deep interest in the characters, who must be on the scene, and who reports the behavior of the main characters from the outside.

So far, we have seen that the writer must choose a whole story, leading to a main incident ; he must so dis-entangle it from the web of life that, from be-
**Begin at
Interesting
Point.** ginning to end, it shall contain no irrelevant incident, but shall be perfectly unified ; he must further secure its unity by choosing few characters, appropriate time and place, and appropriate means of narration, either through the mouth of a character, or through author's narrative. He must secure good mass by carefully making every step in the story lead up to the main incident. The next question is, how to begin. As we saw in studying Chapter V on mass, a story must begin in an interesting manner ; otherwise it will lack readers, and might as well be unwritten. Often the selection of a certain person to tell the story at once de-

termines at what point it must begin. As soon as the author selected the guardian of the cemetery to tell the story of *Père-Lachaise*, the question of where to begin was settled. The story must begin when the soldiers of the Commune came to the cemetery. One of the chief ways of making a beginning interesting is to place there something important, some stirring scene, even if it be necessary afterwards to go back and explain. Often a story begins *in medias res*, and then veers back to the beginning and tells what brought the story into the midst of things. Such is the order of the story in *The Æneid*: first comes the storm, then the escape from drowning, and then at the banquet Æneas tells by what sad haps he came to Carthage. So in Mr. Kipling's story, *Gemini*, which begins: "This is your English justice, Protector of the Poor. Look at my back and loins which are beaten with sticks—heavy sticks! I am a poor man, and there is no justice in courts." Such narrative is called *retrospective*.

Another device for securing interest at the beginning is the use of conversation. Often by placing the characters before the reader and allowing them to talk, the interest is more quickly aroused than it could be by telling first the general situation.

Interest by
Conversa-
tion.

"What do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know," said Maisie.

"Beat me, and lock you up in your bed-room," Dick answered without hesitation. "Have you got the cartridges?"

This introduction is sufficient to interest us in Mr.

Kipling's story, *The Light that Failed*. The situation, the characters, and the setting are explained later on. *The Insurgent* (Chapter V) begins with conversation, and also begins with a stirring scene which is afterwards explained by retrospective narrative.

A device which piques the reader's curiosity is to hint, in some obscure way in the opening lines, at the outcome of the story. In *The Judgment of Arousing Curiosity. Dungara*, Mr. Kipling begins: "They tell the tale even now among the groves of the Berbulda hill, and, for corroboration, point to the roofless and windowless mission-house." Here we really do not understand what the main incident is, but enough is told to make us wish to know more. This device can be varied in many ways. For example, Mr. James begins *The Path of Duty* in the following manner:—

I am glad I said the other night to you at Doubleton, inquiring—too inquiring—compatriot, that I wouldn't undertake to tell you the story (about Ambrose Tester), but would write it out for you; inasmuch as, thinking it over since I came back to town, I see that it may really be made interesting. It *is* a story, with a regular development, and for telling it I have the advantage that I happened to know about it from the first and was more or less in the confidence of everyone concerned.

If the writer prefers to choose none of the preceding methods, but wishes to open his story with a statement of the place and the time, and the situation, **Introduction Brief.** he should take care not to let this statement be too long. The story must not be kept waiting. He should give as little introduction as will suffice. (See in Chapter V, *The Sabots of Little Wolff*.)

Suppose that the writer has stated the general situation (to illustrate by *The Sabots of Little Wolff*): "Many years ago, in a town the very name of which has been forgotten, an orphan child lived with his miserly aunt who sent him to a school where he was badly treated." After this general situation, the writer must come to the particular incident which is to be told at length. This transition from the general to the particular is often awkwardly made. The rule here is "the briefer, the better." In the story just cited, the transition is skillful. "The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry, *when Christmas came*." So in Mr. Kipling's story, *In Flood Time*. The situation is this: a Sahib comes to a river and wishes to be taken across, but the river is in flood and the native he addresses refuses to try to make the crossing. The story is told by the native, who speaks thus to the Sahib:—

"Look then, Sahib. Look and listen. A few half *kos* is the stream now from bank to bank—you can see it under the stars—and there are ten feet of water therein. It will not shrink because of the anger in your eyes, and it will not be quiet on account of your curses. . . . Lie down and sleep afresh, Sahib. I know the anger of the Barhwi when there has fallen rain in the foot-hills. I swam the flood once, on a night ten-fold worse than this, and by the capital Favour of God I was released from Death when I had come to the very gates thereof.

"*May I tell the tale? Very good talk. I will fill the pipe anew.* Thirty years ago, it was,"—and the story begins.

The beginning made, and the story once in motion, the sole question is how best to lead up to the main incident,

the point of the story. If we observe a good story-teller, we shall see how carefully he prepares, elaborates details, and leads up by nice steps of approach to the point of his story. Such a story-teller is applying to his material the principle of mass. He is bringing out the main incident. A very little reflection makes us aware of the need of such careful preparation. The story exists for this main fact; this happening we are to feel; through sympathy we are to take part in it. If it is only stated, blurted out baldly, we recognize it as a fact. "Yes, to be sure, Achilles killed Hector, and bound him to his chariot-wheels." In order to make us feel this incident in its true magnitude, our minds and hearts must be prepared for it. And so Homer shows us Queen Hecuba coming to dissuade her son from going to battle on that fateful day; and then he shows us Andromache with the child Astyanax, beseeching Hector to stay. As he leaves the woman and the child, we realize the weight of the decision, and are touched with a sad presentiment; and when in the fullness of time Hector is killed, we are affected as we could not have been by the bare recital of this fact.

The crux of the problem, then, is to find out how to lead up to the main incident; how to place this final stage in the story so as to make it move the reader. We may magnify the final incident by arranging the preceding incidents in order of importance, so that they lead up to the close by successive steps. This is the case in *The Battle of Père-Lachaise* or in Miss Wilkins's story, *The Revolt of Mother*, or in Stevenson's *The Merry*

Preparing for
Main Inci-
dent.

Methods of
Preparation.

Men. Further, we can introduce sufficient detail related closely to the main incident. Details connected with the characters, details of place and time, may be so presented as to show that what is to come is important. There is a hoax familiar to us all which may be instructive here. A friend tells a story to a circle of interested listeners. He gives many concrete details, describes time and place and characters with care, and then ends suddenly by recommending some patent nostrum. The humor, such as there is, lies in the disproportion of the preparation to the close. For us, the lesson of the "joke" is that mere elaboration of detail does arouse expectation and prepares the mind for an important outcome. Of course, the better selected the detail is, the more perfectly it leads up to the end. Finally, we may prepare for the close by introducing suspense, and thus directing the interest towards the end. Suspense may be of a moderate kind, as in *Père-Lachaise*, where we know the outcome will be disastrous and yet do not see what will be the exact and entire nature of it. Or the suspense may be more intense; the writer may suppress some fact that is necessary to an understanding of the situation, and disclose this fact only at the end. This is the case in Aldrich's story, *Marjorie Daw*; in Poe's story, *The Assignment*, and in many good stories of mystery or wonder.

The Battle of Père-Lachaise illustrates admirably the preceding points. As we saw in former chapters, it is a thoroughly unified story, and it begins well, arousing our interest at once. It further prepares well for the main incident, the death of the Communist soldiers, and

the National Guard. All the incidents lead up to this, prepare for it. First, we have the coming of the Communists who are opposing the government; then the orders of their old commander, our interest in whom lends an added pathos to the final death scene; then the carousing of the soldiers which prepares us for their lack of organization at the end; then the shelling from Montmartre which shows that the Marines have the advantage; then the deserting of the Communists, which reveals again their lack of real organization; then their return at pay-hour, which shows again their feebleness of character; then the entrance of the Marines, and finally, the shooting.

We have a feeling of suspense from the moment that the guardian goes home. Here, too, all the details are elaborated and presented in such a way as to prepare us for the ominous outcome. He lies down, *dressed*, leaving a light as one does on *a stormy night*. An *abrupt knock* comes, and his wife goes *trembling* to the door. Then comes the vivid account of the scene in the cemetery where the Marines shoot even at moving leaves. By this time we are prepared for the remorseless slaughter of the disorganized Communists.

Another important question is that of *movement*. How rapidly, through these incidents, shall the story move? Shall each step, each incident in the **Movement.** story, be told at the same length, or shall the writer hasten over certain steps to delay upon others? The rapidity of the narrative, the space given to each step in the story, depends on the relation of that step to

the final moment of the story, the main incident. The rule of emphasis still holds good that we shall treat important matters at length, unimportant matters briefly. Here, however, we must keep always in mind the end we are pursuing — that we are trying to make the reader *feel* the main incident. What will prepare him for this is important, and must have space. For example, the stage of the story just before the main incident is one of the most important of the story. That is why the details at this point are often elaborated. On the contrary, those portions which are mere links between the happenings of the story should be told most rapidly, as, for example, the transition from the general situation to the particular incident. (See page 237.) It is notable, also, that the main scene, though it be the cause and the end of the story, often does not occupy much space. Most of the story is taken up with preparation for this final scene, but when once the writer has brought us there, we see in a flash the end and purpose of the journey, and the story is done. The story-teller who lets his story dribble on after he has reached the point, who tells it over and explains the point, is certain of making a failure. He insults the intelligence of his readers, and they take vengeance on his maladroitness with feeble laughter or with dwindling interest. In *The Battle of Père-Lachaise*, note the subtle compliment to the reader's quickness of perception in the close of the story. The author does not narrate the outcome at length ; he says only, "The Marines made them pass to the foot of the cemetery, and the shooting began. There were a

hundred and forty-seven guards. You can imagine how long it lasted."

A young or inexperienced writer would be almost certain to go on from this point and comment on the accumulated horror of the occurrence, and would

Illustration. leave the scene only when he had wearied the reader with his efforts to compel him to appreciate events sufficiently terrible in themselves. The mental attitude of the reader is very like that of Wee Macgreegor listening to the story of "the man that was lockit in the kist till he was a-a-a-skeletin and loopit oot on the ither man." When the final tragedy was reached, Macgreegor stood "with rising hair, open mouth, and starting eyeballs, quaking with delicious terror." And hardly had the words, "a sinner's soul was lost" left the reader's lips when the boy was exclaiming, "Dae anither recite [story], Granpaw, dae anither recite!" This scene is a true parable for the story-teller.

So far, then, we have seen that narration can be divided into two classes: narration without plot, and narration with plot. In both these we are often

Summary. concerned with the interest in character. In our work here we have treated narration with plot as it is found in the short story in prose or verse. The most successful short story is one in which all the incidents lead toward, and prepare for, one main incident. There are exceptions to this rule, of course: Rossetti's *The White Ship* is an admirable one; here the main incident comes in the middle of the poem. But the best short story for the young writer to imitate is the type where all

the events, treated in the proportion which they deserve, lead up to one main incident. That is, the story must be coherent and well massed from beginning to end ; it must also be unified throughout.

Examples for Study. Answer the following questions :—

1. Is the story narrative with plot, or narrative without plot?
2. State the setting.
3. Are the beginnings good? To which class does each belong?
4. Where does retrospective narrative occur?
5. Comment on the transitions into the story proper.
6. By what method is each story presented? By means of the chief character, etc.?
7. Is the story perfectly unified?
8. What is the main incident? Is it treated briefly or at length?
9. Name the series of incidents which lead up to the main event. Which of these is treated at greatest length?
10. Cite the details which are particularly suggestive of the main event.
11. How much conversation is there?
12. Are the endings good? Why?
13. Are there any faults of coherence or mass?

A

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet mad am I not — and very surely I do not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified — have tortured — have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me they have presented little but Horror; to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the common-place: some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will preceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

The beginning of POE's *The Black Cat*.

B

If anybody cares to read a simple tale told simply, I, John Ridd, of the parish of Oare, in the county of Somerset, yeoman and church-warden, have seen and had a share in some doings of this neighborhood, which I will try to set down in order, God sparing my life and memory. And they who light upon this book should bear in mind not only that I write for the clearing of our parish from ill-fame and calumny, but also a thing which will, I trow, appear too often in it, to-wit — that I am nothing more than a plain unlettered man, not read in foreign languages, as a gentleman might be, nor gifted with long words (even in mine own tongue), save what I may have won from the Bible or Master William Shakespeare, whom, in the face of common opinion, I do value highly. In short, I am an ignoramus, but pretty well for a yeoman.

The beginning of BLACKMORE's *Lorna Doone*.

C

What is he buzzing in my ears?

“ Now that I come to die,

Do I view the world as a vale of tears?”

Ah, reverend sir, not I.

The beginning of ROBERT BROWNING'S *Confessions*.

D

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,

And a wealthy wife was she;

She had three stout and stalwart sons,

And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,

A week but barely ane,

When word cam' to the carline wife,

That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her

A week but barely three,

When word cam' to the carline wife,

That her sons she'd never see.

“ I wish the wind may never cease,

Nor fashes in the flood,

Till my three sons come hame to me,

In earthly flesh and blood!”

It fell about the Martinmas,

When nights are lang and mirk,

The carline's wife's three sons cam' hame,

And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,

Nor yet in ony sheugh,

But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire now maidens mine,
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Sin' my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's happed her mantle them about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day."

O it's they've ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hanged it on the pin;
"O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!

"Fare-ye-weel, my mother dear,
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

Ballad.

E

"We were putting up a big hotel," said the contractor. "The framework had just reached the eighth story, and the masonry and flooring of one or two of the stories were already in. I was up on the top, with the gang of housesmiths, who were hoisting a big girder. The foreman was kneeling on the edge of the frame, shouting directions down to the street, and the girder had just reached the top. As they were swinging it into place the men let go for a moment, and the end swung round upon the foreman, hitting him behind as he knelt, and sweeping him over the edge into the street, one hundred and twenty feet or so below.

"There seemed to be no possible chance for his life. Somehow, though, he fell against the slack guy-rope which was dangling from the beam. His leg and arm got tangled in it three stories below, and he stuck to the rope. More than that, the rope actually swung him into a window in the fifth story. That happened to be one of the few in which the flooring had been put in, and the rope dropped him on the floor unhurt.

"He had been working for our firm for years, and I knew and liked him as a good foreman. When he went over the edge of the framework, I felt faint. It was a minute or two before I recovered my self-possession. Then I hurried down, expecting to find his mangled body in the street.

"As I went down the ladder I met him coming up, bruised, but not seriously hurt, and all he was thinking of was what he should say to the man who let the beam slip. Although he had had as narrow an escape from death as I can conceive, he went right back to work and bossed the gang for the afternoon, after discharging the man who was responsible for the accident.

"Some folks were surprised to read of the bridgemen and housesmiths who thought only of being paid for their overtime when they went back with the firemen up the tower of the East River bridge and fought the fire standing on the burning bridge while they hacked away the timbers. I wasn't. I know the kind they are. For sheer, reckless daring they're hard to beat."

From The Baltimore Sun.

(Note that there is a good deal of crudity in the style of this selection. Point out all blunders and inelegancies in diction. Comment on the order in which the material is presented.)

F

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lockgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

G

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.”

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless’d,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

H

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
“O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,

And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might he not also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho' she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn'd away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shudder'd; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.

"O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried,
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I

My uncle Gordon saw in what direction, horrible to him, the chase was driving him. He doubled, darting to the right and left; but high as the fever ran in his veins, the black was still the swifter. Turn where he would, he was still forestalled, still driven towards the scene of his crime. Suddenly he began to shriek aloud, so that the coast reëchoed; and now both I and Rorie were calling on the black to stop. But all was vain, for it was written otherwise. The pursuer still ran, the chase still sped before him screaming; they avoided the grave, and skimmed close past the timbers of the wreck; in a breath they had cleared the sand; and still my kinsman did not pause, but dashed straight into the surf; and the black, now almost within reach, still followed swiftly behind him. Rorie and I both stopped, for the thing was now beyond the hands of men, and these were the decrees of God that came to pass before our eyes. There was never a sharper ending. On that steep beach they were beyond their depth at a bound; neither could swim; the black rose once for a moment with a throttling cry; but the current had them, racing seaward; and if they ever came up again, which God alone can tell, it would

be ten minutes after, at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea-birds hover fishing.

The end of STEVENSON'S *The Merry Men*.

J

Bewildered, I flew to the ottoman, and endeavored to arouse the sleeper to a sense of the startling intelligence. But his limbs were rigid — his lips were livid — his lately beaming eyes were riveted in *death*. I staggered back towards the table — my hand fell upon a cracked and blackened goblet — and a consciousness of the entire and terrible truth flashed suddenly over my soul.

The end of POE'S *The Assignment*.

K

Turn back to page 118, and note in the selection from *Gaston de Latour* the steps which lead up to the main incident — the falling of the roof.

L

What kinds of stories should be put in the following settings?

1. A hot afternoon in August; a small sun-beaten street in a western town; no trees; a pump at a corner which refuses to bring up water; the blinds of the houses are drawn; the paint blisters on the doors; no people are in the street; a panting dog is lying by the pump.

2. Twilight in November; a small, dark, apparently deserted house perched on the edge of a deep ravine; two withered oaks at the back of the house separate a broken fence; two men are coming up the steep path leading to the house, one very much behind the other.

Answer the preceding list of questions with regard to *The Sabots of Little Wolff*, *The Ancient Mariner*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Examine in the same way three stories you have recently read.

Exercises in Writing. — Make stories from the following outlines : —

I. Two boys out in a sail-boat are caught by a storm and driven upon an island fifteen miles from home. The time is five o'clock of an afternoon in July. They have with them fifty cents, a jackknife, and a piece of string. Try the *in medias res* method with this story.

II. A boy of fifteen goes home from military school, and finds that the money that was left him at his father's death has been lost by his executor. He has no relatives. What does he do? Place your own setting.

III. A girl (or boy) falls heir unexpectedly to a million dollars. What does she (or he) do with it?

IV. A young man, newly arrived in a great city, sits at the window of his boarding-house. A carriage passes slowly four times before the house. Then a coarse red hand beckons to him from its side window. He obeys the summons. What happens?

V. Tell part of this story in the words of Brother Sergius :

Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead !
I was born sickly, poor and mean,
A slave : no misery could screen

The holders of the pearl of price
 From Cæsar's envy ; therefore twice
 I fought with beasts, three times I saw
 My children suffer by his law.
 At last my own release was earned ;
 I was some time in being burned,
 But at the last a Hand came through
 The fire above my head, and drew
 My soul to Christ whom now I see.
 Sergius, a brother, writes for me
 This testimony on the wall —
 For me, I have forgot it all.

BROWNING.

VI. Find stories for the following settings :

1. A little fishing village on Lake Erie, the fishers coming home in their boats at sunset ; one old man sitting by his hut on the beach mending a sail ; two little children taking fish out of the box behind him ; beside them, ducks and chickens picking among fish-scales. Far to the left, a lighthouse.

2. The crowded crossing of a city street ; cars and carriages mingled together ; sounds of traffic and street-cries ; stout angry gentleman in middle of crossing dragging along two frightened newsboys.

VII. The following note and poem by Scott show that he has not made the most of his material. Rewrite the incident.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

(There is a tradition in Tweeddale that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad.

During his absence, the young lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. . . .)

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;

Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
 She knew and waved to greet him;
 And o'er the battlement did bend,
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he pass'd — a heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing;
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
 Lost in his courser's prancing —
 The castle arch, whose hollow tone
 Returns each whisper spoken,
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
 Which told her heart was broken.

It is perhaps pertinent to add here a word about the story in which the interest in character predominates. In such a case, we place the character in certain situations, and let him act. We are Character Sketch. interested in events as they illustrate and are the outcome of his character. We must remember that if we choose a character and let the story spring from it, we must make every incident relate to the character. It forms the axis of the story, just as does the main incident in the story "with plot." The arrangement of the parts is, of course, the same as in the story with plot; just as much care should be given to secure unity, coherence, and mass. The only difference is that the preponderance of the writer's energy is put upon revealing and developing character, rather than upon relating events.

Finally, there is the story in which the main interest is in a truth which is taught by the story. Story with Moral. Such are parables, fables, and allegories. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Stevenson's *Will o' the*

Mill and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and Hawthorne's *the Ambitious Guest*, are good examples of this kind.

We have already said that dialogue makes the beginning of a story interesting. A story may be told throughout in unbroken narration, either author's
The Use of Dialogue. narrative, or the narrative of a personage in the story; or it may be told by such narrative more or less interspersed with conversation. The more dialogue that appears in a story, the more nearly it approaches the form of the stage drama, which is, after all, the form most nearly representing real life. To use a large proportion of dialogue certainly adds to the vividness of a story. To use dialogue skillfully, however, is by no means easy. The young writer is liable, in the first place, to make his characters talk in stilted, unnatural fashion; and, in the second place, to make them talk unnecessarily. Two cautions are to be observed: *the dialogue must advance the plot*, and *at the same time it must express character*. Note how the beginning of *The Insurgent* tells the story, and at the same time expresses character. Read any romance of Stevenson and see how, as his people talk, the story advances. Moreover, each character talks like himself, and like no one else. The young writer is in danger of letting each person talk like his neighbor in the story, using for each the same tricks of speech and sentence-form. The skillful writer guards against such sameness. Conversation, then, lends vividness and reality to narration, but is difficult to write successfully because of the double requirement: it must express character, and at the same time unfold the story.

We shall find it, however, very helpful to practise writing dialogue. We know our story and we know our characters; but we increase our command over both if we make the story move largely through the talk of our characters. Moreover, new touches for our story will come as we let our people talk, and, perhaps insensibly, we shall gain more insight into character in general. It is well worth while, then, to practise dialogue, even though our handling at first be clumsy.

If we let our people talk, each must speak his own tongue. The clergyman will not talk like the sailor; the girl will not talk like the boy. We must choose the words and sentences that belong to Choice of Words. each. When we are writing author's narrative, we must be quite as particular in our choice of words. We may, perhaps, be excused if our characters blunder in speech; we may not be excused if we ourselves are awkward. The suggestions regarding words in the preceding chapter should be carefully considered. Although in narration we need not pare down so much as we must in description, yet we have the same need of suggestive words:—verbs and adjectives which suggest motion, action, color, and sound; words which, because they are rich in meaning, will help interest the reader in our narration.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Write down a conversation you have heard recently.

II. Take two people you know well, and represent them as talking about some subject in which you know they are interested.

Write a story in which the interest shall be in character rather than in events. Unfold the story largely through conversation.

CHAPTER X

EXPOSITION

EXPOSITION is that form of composition of which the purpose is to explain. Naturally, there is frequent occasion for such discourse. The employer explains to his new employee the nature of his work, or the housekeeper explains the process of making a salad. The cookery-book is made up of pure exposition. A child wishes to play a new game and he explains to his companions the rules of procedure. The student finds in his lesson an unfamiliar word and he goes to the dictionary, which explains the meaning. Exposition forms the bulk of essays, of treatises on science — astronomy, political economy, geology, algebra, on rhetoric, and other subjects. Even in narration and description, the writer often pauses to make a general statement, to explain a situation, and place it in its general relation. Thus, in telling about the behavior of Godfrey at the Squire's party, George Eliot says: "The prevarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie." This is a general remark;

it is exposition. Had the author said that Godfrey "wore prevarications as lightly as mere trimmings," the words would have been description.

The main difference between exposition and description or narration is that exposition deals with the general, while narration and description deal with the particular. A text-book on Roman private life explains the character of the Roman house; not a particular house, but the class, thus:—

**Exposition
Deals
with the
General.**

A rich man's house under the empire was not much like the Roman house of antiquity. It was copied from the Greek houses in the Orient, with the front of the house facing away from the street. Entering, one crossed an enclosed gallery which took the place of the old vestibule, and came to the reception hall. This was still called the atrium, though more like the Greek *aula*; it was supported by marble columns, paved with mosaic and adorned with statues. The rooms opening off the atrium . . . were the conversation room, the dining-rooms, furnished with bronze or possibly silver couches, the picture gallery (*pinacotheca*) library, and a great reception-hall. The old court behind the house was replaced by the peristyle, open galleries supported by rows of columns surrounding a little garden, with shrubs and baskets of flowers, and a fountain. Finally, beyond the garden in the lower building, were the family bed-rooms, bath-rooms, and gymnasium.

SEIGNOBOS: *History of the Roman People*

The following is a description of a particular Roman house:—

The traveller, descending from the slopes of Luna, even as he got his first view of the Port-of-Venus, would pause by the way, to read the face, as it were, of so beautiful a dwelling-place, lying away from the white road, at the point where it began to decline

somewhat steeply to the marsh-land below. The building of pale red and yellow marble, mellowed by age, which he saw beyond the gates, was indeed but the exquisite fragment of a once large and sumptuous villa. Two centuries of the play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles. Here and there the marble plates had slipped from their places, where the delicate weeds had forced their way. The graceful wildness which prevailed in garden and farm gave place to a singular nicety about the actual habitation, and a still more scrupulous sweetness and order reigned within. The old Roman architects seemed to have well understood the decorative value of the floor — the real economy there was, in the production of rich interior effect, of a somewhat lavish expenditure upon the surface they trod on. The pavement of the hall had lost something of its evenness; but, though a little rough to the foot, polished and cared for like a piece of silver, looked, as mosaic-work is apt to do, its best in old age. Most noticeable among the ancestral masks, each in its little cedarn chest below the cornice, was that of the wasteful but elegant Marcellus, with the quaint resemblance in its yellow waxen features to Marius, just then so full of animation and country color. A chamber, curved ingeniously into oval form, which he had added to the mansion, still contained his collection of works of art; above all, that head of Medusa, for which the villa was famous. . . . It was Marcellus also who had contrived the prospect-tower of two stories with the white pigeon-house above, so characteristic of the place. The little glazed windows in the uppermost chamber framed each its dainty landscape — the pallid crags of Carrara, like wildly twisted snow-drifts above the purple heath; the distant harbour with its freight of white marble going to sea; the lighthouse temple of Venus Speciosa on its dark headland, amid the long-drawn curves of white breakers. Even on summer nights the air there had always a motion in it, and drove the scent of the new-mown hay along all the passages of the house.

PATER: *Marius the Epicurean*.

Goldsmith, speaking of the decay of empire, makes the general statement —

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Gibbon tells the story of the decline and fall of the Roman empire ; the first is general, the second, particular ; the first is exposition, the second, in its main bulk, narration. The book of Proverbs makes the general statement, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Hawthorne describes the father of the custom-house as "one of the most wonderful specimens of winter-green that you would be likely to discover in a life time's search. . . . His voice and laugh, which perpetually echoed through the custom-house, . . . came strutting out of his lungs like the crow of a cock, or the blast of a clarion. Looking at him merely as an animal . . . he was a most satisfactory object, from the thorough healthfulness and wholesomeness of his system, and his capacity, at that extreme age, to enjoy all, or nearly all the delights which he had ever aimed at, or conceived of." The first quotation states a general proposition ; the second describes a character. The first is exposition ; the second is description.

To summarize : description deals with the individual object ; exposition, with the class. Narration deals with the particular process or event ; exposition, with the general process, or the general course of events.

Materials of Exposition. Dealing with the general, then, exposition may treat the following kinds of material : it may explain or interpret an idea, such as truth, justice ;

it may explain a class — chair, vertebrate; it may explain a process — erosion, multiplication, making a blue-print; it may explain a general statement —

. . . All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

These are the only materials with which exposition may deal. Now, every general idea, every class name, every general statement, is drawn, so to General and Particular. speak, from particular instances. The cave-man, or some descendant of his, got the idea, "honesty," by noticing the conduct of honest men. The child learns the abstract idea, "truth," from particular examples of truthful behavior. The idea conveyed by the class name, "chair," is drawn from many different chairs; it denotes not any actually existing chair, but the characteristics which all chairs have in common. Now, since the general is drawn from the particular, it is necessary to explain the general by means of the particular.

"Society never advances," says Emerson. "It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other." He elucidates this general statement by the following particulars: Example. "Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. . . . The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so, being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equi-

nox he knows as little ; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory ; his libraries overload his wit ; the insurance office increases the number of accidents ; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber."

Thus it is evident that while the purpose of exposition is to explain the general, it reaches its end by means of particulars.

Since the purpose of exposition is to explain, its cardinal virtue is clearness, lucidity. Whether or not it be elegant, or even interesting, it must be clear ; it must illuminate its subject. The main problem of method is *how to make clear*.

In solving this problem, the first step is to define, to tell what a thing is and the particulars in which it differs from others of its class. Thus, "A goblet," says Webster, is "a kind of cup or drinking vessel, having a foot or standard, but without a handle." So Carlyle, in explaining the class-name "dandy," states the class to which it belongs (man), and the respects in which the dandy differs from other men : "A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence is the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well : so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress." (*Sartor Resartus*.)

Further, clearness may be secured by telling what the object is not. "But what is education?" says Wendell

Phillips. "Of course it is not book-learning. Book-learning does not make five per cent of that mass of common-sense that 'runs' the world, transacts ^{What a} its business, secures its progress, trebles its ^{Thing is not.} power over Nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, wears away the world's restraints, and lifts off its burdens."

Again, clearness is often gained by stating what is the function of the object, what it does. Thus in St. Paul's famous exposition of Charity, he says: ^{What a} "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity ^{Thing does.} envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; dareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." (*First Corinthians, xiii; 4-8.*) The same device is used by Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous invocation to Death — perhaps the most effective ever penned in our language on that subject. (See Chapter VI, page 109.)

Often it is necessary to divide the class into its component sub-classes, or to tell how many kinds there are. Thus, Charles Lamb divides all mankind into ^{Classifica-} two races, those who borrow and those who ^{tion.} lend, and then, in his delicious fashion, characterizes each class. So a discussion of the moraines formed by glaciers begins naturally by saying that there are two kinds of moraines, lateral and terminal. So Huxley, in discussing the "subjects of all knowledge," gives us a clearer view by dividing subjects of knowledge into two groups,

“matters of science, and matters of art ; for all things with which the reasoning faculty alone is occupied come under the province of science ; and in the broadest sense, . . . all things feelable, all things which stir our emotions, come under the term of art, in the sense of the subject matter of art.” Akin to this, is De Quincey’s well-known division of all literature into two kinds : “the literature of knowlege, and the literature of power.”

One of the clearest means of exposition is the illustration of the general statement by the particular. This,

**Illustration
by Particu-
lars.**

as has already been said, is one of our fundamental ways of thinking. We make the general statement, “Honesty is the best policy,” and then give the particular instances which led us to this conclusion. “As we read these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*,” says Thackeray, “the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived.” This general statement he illuminates by the following particulars : “The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London: the churches are thronged with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the Drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the top-shops; the chair-men are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the carriage, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire’s and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London

and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road. Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the 'Bell,' or the 'Ram,' and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartment, whilst her carriage rumbles into the court-yard, where the 'Exeter Fly' is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles and landed its passengers for supper and sleep." (*The English Humorists.*)

See also the preceding quotation from Emerson.

Again, if we are explaining an idea or a process, we often illuminate the subject by telling what the idea or the process is like. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Comparison.

In the following passage from Macaulay, such a comparison is carried out at some length:—

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of law, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles and the genealo-

gies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a Knight of the Garter installed, has cantered along Regent Street, has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical application of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as those of the imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns, who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The Work of the Imagination in Writing History.

A comparison may be stated more briefly by what is called metaphor. Instead of saying books are like wells of living water, Richard of Bury says, addressing books, "You are wells of living water . . . You are ears filled with most palatable grain. You are golden urns in which manna is laid up; the tree of life, the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human

Metaphor.

mind is fed and the arid intellect moistened and watered.”
(*Philobiblon*.)

To summarize the methods of exposition: we may make the explanation of a subject clearer by answering the following questions about it. What is it?

What is it not? How does it differ from other objects of its class? What kinds are there? What does it include? What does it do? Or we may explain by giving particular examples, by comparing it to similar objects or processes or by contrasting it with unlike processes, or by the briefer comparison of metaphor.

Summary.

Examples for Study. — State the devices of exposition used in the following selections. Is the subject explained by defining? By telling what it is not? What it does? By giving particular instances? By comparison?

A

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. —

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, II, 2.

B

There are just two kinds of remember:
You either remember clear as glass,
The way John does in Arithmetic class,
Or else you sort-of-remember,

The way I do from my history book,
The way that dim reflections look
In the shiny black piano legs,
Or the shaky waters of the brook ;
That's how I sort-of-remember.

FLORENCE WILKINSON: *A Child's Thoughts*.

C

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*, IV, 3.

D

Science is, I believe, nothing but *trained and organized common-sense*, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit: and its methods differ from those of common-sense only so far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club. The primary power is the same in each case, and perhaps the untutored savage has the more brawny arm of the two. The *real* advantage lies in the point and polish of the swordsman's weapon; in the trained eye quick to spy out the weakness of the adversary; in the ready hand prompt to follow it on the instant. But, after all, the sword exercise is only the hewing and poking of the clubman developed and perfected!

HUXLEY: *Science and Education*.

E

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities. To read the best authors, observe the best speakers: and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider, what ought to be written; and after what manner. He must first think and excogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both matter,

and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured, and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which, beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is: ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing.

BEN JONSON: *Timber, or Discoveries upon Men and Matter.*

(NOTE:—Be sure that you understand the meaning of each word in *E*; remember that Jonson is using Elizabethan English.)

F

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

For the fable [story].

Take out of any old poem, history books, romance, or legend, for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, . . . those parts of stories

which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work, for twelve books ; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer, or to marry ; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an episode.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero ; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away ; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the moral and allegory.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the descriptions : — a tempest.

Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, the loudest you can, *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together, till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Turn back to Chapter IV, page 73, and examine selection F.

Exercises in Writing.—I. Explain any process with which you are familiar, and in which you are interested : how to make bread ; how to make a blue-print ; how to

raise silk-worms; how to raise roses; how to teach grammar; how to make a box, etc. Do not imitate the style of the recipe-book to the extent of leaving out words necessary to sense or grammar. See that the theme is made up of *sentences*, each containing a subject and predicate.

II. Explain what you mean by the abstract idea, "a good time." Illustrations and particular instances will probably be most effective here. What is it? What is it not?

III. Explain the class-name, "automobile." To what class does it belong? How many kinds are there? What does it do? etc. Illustrate by particular instances.

IV. Write an explanation of some game: golf, cricket, foot-ball, hockey.

V. Explain the class-name, "skating." What is it? What is it not? Compare it with other amusements.

VI. Explain the class-names, "wigwam," "volcano," "glacier," "American Indian," "Esquimo," or any other that may seem to you interesting.

VII. Explain the qualities necessary to success as a clergyman, a physician, a lawyer, a teacher, a merchant.

In writing your exposition, it may assist you to have in mind some particular person to whom you direct your explanation. Be sure that your explanation is clear.

In any attempt to elucidate a subject, the fundamental problem is how to arrange our ideas so as to make the explanation really clear. It is not a simple or easy matter

to think clearly even about simple matters. Witness how, in every-day life, when we try to explain some process

with which we are wholly familiar, we make

The Plan. false starts, find that we have left out some essential detail, and have to go back to the beginning again; we repeat our statements, and, in brief, zigzag about the subject instead of going forward in a straight line. The only way to think clearly is—to think clearly. But to this desirable end there are helps. First, we should make a plan, or outline. We have already seen how valuable a plan is; in exposition it is almost indispensable. We should write out briefly the gist of what we have to say. It is well to put each topic or statement on a small piece of paper or a card; then we should scrutinize these topics till we decide which are the most important. Selecting these main statements or headings, we should place them in the best order; that is, in the order in which the discussion will be clearest. Then we should place each less important heading or statement under the main heading upon which it bears. Other devices which have already been treated are especially useful in exposition. The topic sentence assists in giving clearness to the discussion; the paragraphs, and the sentences within the paragraphs, should be well bound together; and the sentences should be amply supplied with words of connection and relation. To freshen these matters in the mind, see chapters IV and V.

In one especial relation, the principle of mass is important in exposition. Keeping in mind always the

question of clearness, we must ask ourselves: "What part, what aspect of the subject will be most obscure to the reader?" That part, it is plain, we must treat at greatest length, while parts of the sub-
Mass.
ject which are obvious, simple, or easily understood, we may pass over more briefly. Many an exposition fails of clearness or is dull because the writer did not consider, before he began to write, this fundamental matter.

Two forms of expository writing are very common: the editorial and the book review. The editorial is usually rather brief, seldom exceeding a column in
The Editorial.
print. It finds its material in current happenings—in politics, in literature, in short, in any timely subject which may be of interest to the world at large, or to the particular community in which the periodical is most read. It may give a summary of the events or ideas in a book or article which forms its topic, but it must do more than this, for mere summary does not make an editorial. The essence of an editorial is *an expression of opinion* upon the subject. We go to the editorial page to see what competent observers think of current events. This editorial comment is the main end and excuse for the editorial. The requisites of a good editorial are: a good plan, clear exposition, and an unmistakable expression of opinion. In the following editorial from *The Nation*, the appearance of some articles in a magazine offers the writer a pretext for giving a sketch of the subject, and for expressing a very definite opinion on that subject.

LITERATURE AND DIPLOMACY.

Mr. Lindsay Swift has a taking subject for the series of biographical sketches which he has begun in *The Book-buyer*, under the title, *Our Literary Diplomats*. Franklin, the Adamses, and Jefferson, with whom he leads off, are but the first names in a long list of Americans who have represented both letters and their country at foreign courts. The annals of American diplomacy are, in truth, unique in this respect. No other nation has had so many men in its diplomatic service who were known as writers before they received their appointments. Our very haphazard in such matters has made this distinction of ours possible. Without a regular diplomatic service—with embassies and consulates held as prizes—we have used diplomatic office as a kind of Royal Literary Fund wherewith to reward deserving men of letters. . . .

And the success of our lettered diplomats has been undeniably great. Irving and Bancroft and Marsh and Hawthorne and Lowell—what equal number of names of the purely political class would stand for greater dignity and efficiency and correctness than theirs in the discharge of merely diplomatic duties? Motley it is true fell into seeming disgrace through an apparent indiscretion; but everybody understood at the time that it was Sumner whom Grant was whipping over Motley's shoulders; and in England as well as in his own country the historian of the Dutch Republic enjoyed a regard which, far from being diminished by his diplomatic misadventure was, if anything, increased by it. All told, therefore, the American habit, now so well established, of signaling success in literature by honors in diplomacy has been justified by its results.

This is not strange when one stops to reflect what diplomacy is in the modern world, and what advantages a cultivated intelligence has in essaying the practice of the delicate art. . . . Bagehot defines a foreign minister as a man whose business it is to be not simply an agent, but a spectacle. Some of ours have been notoriously spectacles—for gods and men! . . . By the word spectacle, Bagehot means of course those personal qualities which at

once impress and conciliate the people of the country where the diplomat resides. Their display . . . now covers a large part of the work of foreign ministers. It seldom falls to them to take the initiative in the dispatch of public business . . . ordinarily they are little more than the errand-boys of their chiefs at home, delivering their notes, transmitting the answers, and serving, in general, only as a kind of gold-laced and dignified dummy.

On the social and public side, however, the importance of ambassadors and ministers has advanced *pari passu* with the decline of their technically diplomatic activity. It is for them to be not only gracious and worthy representatives of their own nation,—but [also] fitted to mingle on civic and festive occasions with the best of the people among whom they dwell. When we say this the immense superiority of a man of letters at once appears. . . . Diplomacy means cultivating the best possible relations between two friendly nations. There is no more agreeable man than one of refined literary taste and wide reading. The inference is irresistible that literature is extraordinarily adapted to grace diplomacy, in its important role of cementing international friendship and promoting the fellowship of art and science the world over. . .

Literature and Diplomacy, The Nation, vol. 70, p. 394.

Read an editorial in *The Nation*, *The Outlook*, or in any reputable newspaper. Make an outline of it. Does it deal with one subject? What is the editorial opinion upon that subject?

Exercises in Writing. — I. Write an editorial adapted to a particular paper upon a topic of current interest. Remember that it is the business of an editorial to express an opinion. It may state certain facts, narrate events, summarize the words of some one else; but it must also add a definite opinion of its own upon the matter under discussion.

II. Write an editorial suggested by some book or article you have read; not a summary or review of the book or article, but a statement of your opinion upon that subject.

The book review is a form of exposition increasingly important in this age of reading. We wish to know what books have appeared which are worth reading, and what is their character, in order to know whether they are the kind of book that especially appeals to us. To tell us just this is the function of the book review. At the same time, it should not tell us so much of the story—if the book be a story—as to take away our interest in the plot. If it does this, to that extent it defeats its purpose.

If the book to be reviewed is fiction, the review should usually answer the following questions: What is the time of the action; that is, in what period does the story happen? What is the scene? For example, the story of *Silas Marner* takes place about 1815; the action occurs in Raveloe, middle England. We ask further, what is the chief interest—plot? character? We may ask, too, the moral lesson. A brief statement of the plot, or the main issue in the story, may be in place if care be taken to guard against telling too much of the story. Other questions we expect to have answered are these: are the characters well drawn, real, individual? and what kind of persons are they? of what class in society? Are the descriptions especially notable in any way; are they vivid, definite, long or short? Is the style of the writer interesting? Is it notable for clear-

ness, or force, or melodious sentences, or choice use of words? What is the general character of the book; is it readable, charming, instructive, dull?

It is customary in a book review to name at the head of the article, or in a foot-note, the title of the book, the author, the publisher, and the price.

The following is a fairly typical book review:—

JANICE MEREDITH by Paul Leicester Ford, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1899.

The story of Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford, opens quietly, like some staid novel of manners, disclosing the domestic life of a Tory household near Brunswick in the province of New Jersey in the year of grace 1774. But the Sons of Liberty are soon in evidence; and the protest against the tea-drinking habits of the Merediths, the midnight drilling of raw militia, particularly the rude introduction of Squire Meredith to the village stocks,—these lead naturally to the vigorous action of deep historic interest which follows.

Janice, the heroine, is a vivacious maid of fifteen at the time the story opens. Naturally unsophisticated, she is by no means artless. "What a nice time we could have," she confides to her discreet little Quaker intimate, Tibbie Drinker, "if women were only as easy to manage as men!" . . . But Janice Meredith blossoms into womanhood, and here we feel that Mr. Ford deals in some sense unfairly by his heroine. The shock of actual conflict should have been the rough awakening from the conceits and vanities of youth. Amid the exigencies of her environment, we expect to find her irrepressibly vivacious; we admire her absolute fearlessness and the filial devotion which never wavers; we are even prepared to view with interest all the sudden twists and turns, the advances and retreats, which are the undoubted prerogative of the heroine in love. But her exploits are too promiscuous. Mistress Janice passes through the period of storm and

stress, meeting the distinguished ones among the combatants of both the armies, achieving a tale of conquests that would have made the fame of any single regiment, colonial or British. Indeed, to the astonished reader it seems as if Mr. Ford's sprightly heroine must have been the veritable storm centre around which beat the heaviest gusts of the Revolutionary struggle. . . .

Mr. Ford has proven himself a clever delineator of character in other types. The testy but brave and honest Tory squire, Lambert Meredith, is exceedingly well drawn; so, too, in lesser degree, is his rival and foil, the time-serving, self-seeking, traitorous Squire Hennion. There is a deal of humor in the encounters of these two. John Brereton, the quondam "redemptioner" of Squire Meredith's household, later officer in the Continental army, and aide upon the staff of Washington, fills acceptably the rôle of romantic hero in the story. . . .

The background to Mr. Ford's romance is admirable. There seems to be no dissenting voice in the general commendation of the novelist's use of history. His acquaintance with the fact and the spirit of Revolutionary days is so well known that it hardly calls for reassertion here. Those who enjoy the appearance of historical characters in fiction will find pleasure in the sketches of Washington, Howe, Cornwallis, André, and the rest, although no close study of character has been attempted in any case. The introduction of Washington is fairly justified in the serious treatment of the great leader, although there may be, perhaps, a protest against the apparent over-softening of traditional austerity in intercourse with Janice. A fine dramatic entrance is provided in the tavern scene—one of the most happily constructed scenes in the novel, and well adapted to stage use.

The special merit of the author's work lies in the extremely probable reproduction of the troubled spirit of those trying days. In such books as *Janice Meredith*, rather than in the ordinary texts of history, will young readers, and older ones as well, realize the uncertainties and discouragements which were enough to appal even the bravest in that day. "These are times that

test loyalty to the full, and there has been many a waverer in the land," are the words which the novelist puts into the mouth of Washington. No small commendation is deserved by an author who reproduces in narrative, interesting, impartial, wholesome, the spirit and atmosphere of that historic time, and lends to sober detail the vivid impressiveness and nearer realities of human motives and passions.

W. E. SIMONDS: *The Atlantic Monthly*, LXXXV.

In this review, the writer tells us in the first paragraph the time and place, and gives us enough of an idea of the opening situations to arouse our interest. In the second paragraph he discusses the heroine Janice, showing what she is, and also pointing out the defect in the conception of her character. In the third paragraph he discusses other personages, showing, by the way, that Mr. Ford possessed power in character-discrimination. In the next paragraph he discusses the setting or background, which, of course, includes a treatment of the historical personages. Finally—a point akin to the preceding—he shows how well the author has reproduced the spirit of the time, emphasizing this with a supposed quotation from Washington. Note that the writer does not spoil the plot for us by telling us anything definite about it; he says merely enough to make the average reader want to read the book. Such skill is the test of a good reviewer.

Note, too, that the review could have been arranged in a different manner. The author might have begun by telling of the background, and ended by a treatment of the characters. Or he might have begun by speaking of the especial merit of the book—its good repro-

duction of the spirit of the time. The review, also, could be condensed. Try writing it in three paragraphs.

Read in a good magazine a review of some book in which you are interested. Does the review treat one topic in each paragraph? Does it tell clearly the general character of the book? Does it make you wish to read the book? Why?

Exercise in Writing. — Write a review of some story or book which you have recently read.

CHAPTER XI

ARGUMENTATION

ARGUMENT is that form of discourse of which the purpose is to prove a statement or proposition. As it is often used to persuade or convince, it is one of the most complex and difficult of the forms of discourse. It requires a knowledge of logic, the science and art of correct reasoning ; when it is used to convince, it requires in addition a wide knowledge of psychology, that is, of the mental habits of individuals and of crowds. If we would persuade, we must understand the subtle process which leads to belief, to conviction. Sometimes, for example, a long chain of careful reasoning does not convince us, while a simple illustration may appeal to us, and bring conviction through our feelings. In view of the complexity and difficulty of the matter, we shall attempt here only an elementary study of the subject. And we shall feel satisfied if we accomplish the following ends: if we learn first to make the issue perfectly clear; secondly, to scrutinize and weigh the validity of our arguments; thirdly, to recognize and weigh the kinds of argument used by others. As a means to these ends, we shall learn to write briefs, that is, summaries of arguments. Argument is a very com-

Scope of this
Study.

mon form of discourse. We all have our opinions, and we all argue to prove, at least to our own satisfaction, that our opinions are well-founded. True, it is not often that we convince those who do not agree with us, and, indeed, it is seldom that our arguments really do prove the truth of our propositions. Many of the matters about which we are most fond of arguing are most difficult perfectly to prove. Indeed, if things were easily evident, why should we argue about them?

The way we usually argue is to make a statement, and then give several reasons why we believe the statement to be true. These reasons do not “prove the point”; they are not complete, nor do they aim at completeness. They are simply arguments towards the point. The most that they do is to make the proposition seem rather probable. For example, Stevenson says:—

And surely of all smells in the world the smell of many trees is the sweetest and most fortifying. The sea has a rude pistolling sort of odor, that takes you in the nostrils like snuff, and carries with it a fine sentiment of open water and tall ships; but the smell of a forest, which comes nearest to this in tonic quality, surpasses it by many degrees in the quality of softness. Again, the smell of the sea has little variety, but the smell of a forest is infinitely changeful; it varies with the hour of the day, not in strength merely, but in character; and the different sorts of trees, as you go from one zone of the wood to another, seem to live among different kinds of atmosphere.

An Inland Voyage.

And again, in the same book he says:—

Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is

by far the most delightful to consider. It may spread its sails, and then you see it sailing high above the tree-tops and the wind-mill, sailing on the aqueduct, sailing through the green corn-lands; the most picturesque of things amphibious. Or the horse plods along at a foot-pace as if there were no such thing as business in the world; and the man dreaming at the tiller sees the same spire on the horizon all day long. It is a mystery how things ever get to their destination at this rate; and to see the barges waiting their turn at a lock, affords a fine lesson of how easily the world may be taken. There should be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home.

Such discourse as this is very like exposition. The difference lies here: in argument we take a proposition and try to prove that it is true; in exposition we assume that the proposition is true, and go on to explain what it means, or to trace its origin. For example, we might take the statement, "The Americans love liberty," and prove that it is true; Burke, however, assumed the truth of the proposition, and by exposition explained how that love of liberty arose. In informal argument, then, we state a proposition, and next give the reasons why we believe it to be true.

*Distinguished
from Exposi-
tion.*

Exercises in Writing.—Write an argument on one of the following topics:

I. Why I Believe that the Rules of Football should be Revised.

II. Why I Believe in Playing Football.

III. Why I Believe in Studying Latin.

IV. The Best Game in the World is Golf (etc.). (Give evidence for the statement.)

V. Why I Believe (or do not believe) in Giving Alms.

VI. It Never Pays to Become Angry. (Give evidence to prove; incidents may assist here.)

VII. Betting is Morally Wrong.

VIII. Why I am a Democrat, a Republican, a Prohibitionist, etc.

In formal argument, the object is not merely to make a statement seem probable, but to prove it beyond doubt.

Formal Argument. It is one thing to make it appear probable that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides; it is a different matter to demonstrate the proposition, to prove the statement. Such is the purpose of argument—a purpose which is fulfilled most perfectly in the exact sciences.

Of course in argument, as in all discourse, the first requisite is to know, before we begin to talk, precisely what we are arguing about. Perhaps half **Finding the Issue.** the informal argument that goes on in the world is due to neglect to find out just what each side of the argument is contending for. We often hear heated debate where the issue is quite as vague as in the celebrated discussion at the Rainbow:—

At last Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher—

“Some folks ’ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?”

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed

to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied,

"And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John." . . .

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humored, husky treble — "and a Durham 'twas."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph. "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?"

The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well; yes — she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrary."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "If I don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does — that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her — contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs — I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but I don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss — and anybody as was reasonable it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier, angrily. "And it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none — not if a man was to swear

himself black: he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No;" said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'raps you aren't pig-headed; and p'raps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'raps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow — stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you: you're both right and both wrong as I all'ays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow."

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*.

The first step in defining our position, in finding out precisely what we are contending for, is to define the terms of our proposition. Argument deals always with propositions; all propositions are made up of terms; and since we can not know whether or not a statement is true until we know just what it means, it follows that we must begin by explaining the terms. Thus we may say, "Examinations are (or are not) detrimental to the student." Before we can determine the truth of this statement, we must ask, "What examinations? How detrimental? What exactly is meant by detrimental?" Accordingly, we must define our terms. By the term 'examination,' we mean the written examinations held monthly in this school upon each course pursued here, each examination lasting one hour. By the term 'detrimental,' we mean harmful to the student's bodily health, to his advancement in learning, and to his moral sense. Having defined, then, what we mean by the terms, we are ready to argue the question. So when

Huxley defends the proposition "That for the attainment of real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effective as an exclusively literary education," he must first define "real culture." This he finds to mean "Something quite different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by comparison with a theoretic standard."

Again, in many instances the first step is to determine the facts in the case; that is, it is just such a problem as the historian has to solve. Suppose one say, *Finding the* "Barbara Frietchie was the bravest woman in *Facts.* the civil war." The first problem is one of fact: did Barbara Frietchie do what it is stated she did in Whittier's poem? The question can be answered only by credible testimony. Again, one may say, "Sir Walter Scott was not responsible for his financial failure." And here the first question is — what are the facts? There are two accounts, one by Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, which places the blame upon his partners, the Ballantynes; the other, by the Ballantynes, which puts the blame upon Scott. This is obviously a case where it is necessary to sift the evidence. And the rules in examining evidence are: believe a witness who is in a position to know the facts, who is able to observe and to report accurately, who desires to tell the truth, and who has no motive for suppressing or distorting the truth. Until the question of fact is settled, no argument can be carried on about the facts. In such cases, then, we must be careful to go to credible witnesses. In many cases, we must go

for our facts to history — we are not able to go to the sources. In all such cases we must be sure that we accept only the statements of good authorities. Who are good authorities? If we are dealing with a matter on which public documents are extant (census and other reports), these are the authorities. In history or literature or science, we must ask a specialist who knows the particular field in which the question lies. One historian, for example, may be an authority in one period, another in another, and only a competent specialist can guide us in such a case. In general, then, we must be sure that our authorities are good and our witnesses credible; for the facts are the foundation of our argument, and if the foundation be of sand, the building will fall.

Examples for Study. — Examine the following selections. How does the writer proceed to make the issue clear?

A

Mr. Webster resumed:

So, Sir, I understood the gentleman [Mr. Hayne], and am happy to find that I did not misunderstand him. What he contends for is, that it is constitutional to interrupt the administration of the Constitution itself, in the hands of those who are chosen and sworn to administer it, by the direct interference, in form of law, of the States in virtue of their sovereign capacity. The inherent right in the people to reform their government I do not deny; and they have another right, and that is, to resist unconstitutional laws, without overturning the government. It is no doctrine of mine that unconstitutional laws bind the people. The great question is, whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? On that the main

debate hinges. The proposition that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the States have a constitutional right to interfere and annul the law of Congress, is the proposition of the gentleman. I do not admit it. If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I can not conceive that there can be a middle course, between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on the one hand, and open resistance, which is revolution or rebellion, on the other. I say, the right of a State to annul a law of Congress, can not be maintained but on the ground of the inalienable right of man to resist oppression; that is to say, upon the ground of revolution. I admit that there is an ultimate violent remedy, above the constitution, and in defiance of the constitution, which may be resorted to when a revolution is to be justified. But I do not admit that, under the Constitution and in conformity with it, there is any mode in which a State government, as a member of the Union, can interfere and stop the progress of the general government, by force of her own laws, under any circumstances whatever.

WEBSTER'S *Reply to Hayne.*

B

I have, Senators, believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. Entertaining this opinion, I have, on all proper occasions, endeavored to call the attention of both the two great parties which divide the country to adopt some measure to prevent so great a disaster, but without success. The agitation has been permitted to proceed with almost no attempt to resist it, until it has reached the point when it can no longer be disguised or denied that the Union is in danger. You have thus had forced upon you the greatest and the gravest questions that can ever come under your consideration. How can the Union be preserved?

To give a satisfactory answer to this mighty question, it is in-

dispensable to have an accurate and thorough knowledge of the nature and the character of the cause by which the Union is endangered. Without such knowledge it is impossible to pronounce, with any certainty, by what measure it can be saved; just as it would be impossible for a physician to pronounce in the case of some dangerous disease, with any certainty, by what remedy the patient could be saved, without knowledge of the nature and character of the cause which produced it. The first question, then, presented for consideration in the investigation I propose to make in order to obtain such knowledge, is — What is it that has endangered the Union?

To this question there can be but one answer, — that the immediate cause is the almost universal discontent which pervades all the States composing the Southern section of the Union. This widely extended discontent is not of recent origin. It commenced with the agitation of the slavery question, and has been increasing ever since. The next question, is — What has caused this widely diffused and almost universal discontent?

It is a great mistake to suppose, . . . that it originated with demagogues, who excited the discontent with the intention of aiding their personal advancement, or with the disappointed ambition of certain politicians, who resorted to it as the means of retrieving their fortunes. On the contrary, all the great political influences of the section were arrayed against excitement, and exerted to the utmost to keep the people quiet. . . No; some cause far deeper and more powerful than the one supposed, must exist, to account for discontent so wide and deep. The question then recurs — What is the cause of this discontent? It will be found in the belief of the people of the Southern States, as prevalent as the discontent itself, that they can not remain, as things now are, consistently with honor and safety, in the Union. The next question to be considered is — What has caused this belief?

One of the causes is, undoubtedly, to be traced to the long-continued agitation of the slave question on the part of the

North, and the many aggressions which they have made on the rights of the South during the time. . .

There is another lying back of it—with which this is intimately connected—that may be regarded as the great and primary cause. This is to be found in the fact that the equilibrium between the two sections in the government as it stood when the Constitution was ratified and the government put on action, has been destroyed.

(Calhoun then shows what political measures caused the North to acquire “a preponderance in every department of the government.” Next he shows the diversity of interest in the two sections especially as to the question of slavery. Finally he shows how the many and various cords “that bind States together” had been broken. Then he continues:)

Having, now, Senators, explained what it is that endangers the Union, and traced it to its cause, and explained its nature and character, the question again arises—How can the Union be saved?

JOHN C. CALHOUN: *On the Slavery Question.*

C

What portion of Burke's Speech on Conciliation is taken up by defining the terms? By making the issue clear?

D

Turn back to page 288 ff., and determine for what proposition each person is arguing.

Exercises in Writing.—Define the terms in the following propositions:

I. “Yellow journalism” is as great a danger to society as lynching.

II. The tramp is a nuisance to society.

III. Municipal ownership of street railways would be beneficial.

IV. The prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is a method of dealing with the problem superior to local option.

V. The Australian system of balloting should be abolished.

There are two kinds of reasoning. In one process, we argue from a general truth to a particular case: "all men are mortal (general truth); John is a man; therefore, John is mortal." In the other process, we observe a large number of particular facts, and argue from them to the general rule. Thus we may note that many persons have died; that there are monuments of multitudes of the dead; that none have survived from before the preceding century. From these particular facts we may draw the general conclusion that all men are mortal. This is a process of reasoning from a very large number of cases to a generalization. Such is the method of science. Such reasoning is called inductive because from the many particulars it *leads toward* (*in-ducere*) the general truth.

In reasoning from particular cases, we may reason from cause to effect, or from effect to cause. Thus the child puts its finger in the fire and is burned. From noting that the same result invariably follows from the same cause, the child concludes that *fire burns*. Again the child would notice that the burn-

Induction and
Deduction.

Cause and
Effect.

ing caused immediate pain. This would happen so many times that he would argue from the cause to the effect and say, "burning always causes immediate pain." But suppose it happen that he was on the top floor of a hotel when a fire broke out and shut off his exit except by means of an iron fire-escape. The fire-escape became hot. The child went down the iron ladder — his hands were burned ; in his excitement, however, he did not feel any pain. In this case burning did not cause immediate pain. The cause, heat, had been hindered in its action by another cause, namely, intense excitement, so that the first cause had been counterbalanced. In arguing from a cause to an effect, we must be sure that the cause is not hindered or counterbalanced by some other cause. The argument is sound only when the cause was sufficient to produce the alleged effect, when the cause did exist, and when nothing intervened to prevent its producing the effect. To illustrate further : here are the ruins of a house ; the bricks are charred ; whence we conclude that the house was burned. Again, here is a piece of cloth with holes in it, charred about the edges. We may infer from this effect that the holes were caused by fire. But the same result may have been caused by an acid. In order to prove that fire caused the holes we must consider all possible causes, and show that none of these causes was present except fire. In arguing, then, from effect to cause, we must take into account all possible causes, or our argument will not hold. This has been well stated by Genung (*Working Principles of Rhetoric*, page 610):—

Concerning any argument involving cause and effect, three facts must be established, by way of test, before it can be regarded as conclusive. It must be shown:—

That an actual cause exists;

That it is sufficient to produce the effect contemplated;

That opposing circumstances or probabilities are not sufficient to hinder its working.

Further, we may argue from *sign*. Robinson Crusoe saw on the sand the footprints of a human foot. From

Sign. that sign he argued that a human being had been there. In the room where the murders of the Rue Morgue took place, Monsieur Dupin noticed a tuft of short yellow hair, which was not human hair. From this he concluded that some animal had been in the room—some animal of a tawny color. In most detective stories, and in many criminal trials, a large part of the reasoning is from cause and effect, and from sign.

A further mode of argument is reasoning “from example”; that is, if an individual have a certain quality, all

Example. other individuals of that class will have that quality. For example, a Filipino sees an automobile. He observes that it moves without being drawn by horses; he might conclude that all other automobiles likewise are horseless carriages. Now it is obvious that it takes observation and common sense to determine what qualities are common to the whole class. If, for example, the Filipino should see a red automobile, and should thence conclude that all automobiles are red, he would be, of course, wrong.

Again, we may argue from analogy. If a certain cause produce a certain effect upon one class of objects or creatures, it will do so upon another class.

Such is the argument used in the following:— Analogy.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Matthew vi; 28-30.

Such argument is often admirably clear. It is necessary, however, in using it, to be quite sure that the analogy really holds.

Finally we come to the second large class of reasoning, which proceeds from a general principle to a particular conclusion. It is accordingly called *deductive* (*de-ducere*). Deduction.

"All men are mortal." "The wages of sin is death." "Life is brief." These are general statements, from which we may argue. "All men are mortal; John is a man; therefore, John is mortal." This form of reasoning is called a syllogism. In such reasoning we must be sure that both premises, that is, the two statements which precede the conclusion, are true; otherwise the conclusion is sure to be incorrect. Should we say, "All rivers run uphill; the Mississippi is a river; therefore, the Mississippi runs uphill," the conclusion is untrue because the first premise is untrue. Again, we must be sure that from the premises we draw the correct conclusion. Further, we must be sure that the general principle is applicable to the case in hand, and that it is universally true for that class of objects.

It is seldom in literature that we find the whole process of reasoning from the general to the particular written out. For instance, we do not find, **Condensed Syllogism.** "All men are mortal; thou art a man; therefore, thou shalt die." We might find, "Thou shalt die, for all flesh is as grass." It is noticeable that a large amount of the reasoning in orations and sermons proceeds from principles which it is assumed are true. So in most moral teaching, and in discourse which recommends a certain course of action. "Be not proud, *for pride goeth before a fall.*" (General principle, assumed to be universally true.)

Examples for Study. — What kind of argument is used in the following selections? From cause? effect? sign? example? analogy? If the reasoning be from general principle, expand it to a syllogism.

A

Hamlet: Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet can not you make it speak. S'blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you can not play upon me.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*, III, 2.

B

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning

or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of over-flowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of a famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, . . . and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY: *A Liberal Education*.

C

In the time you lend me to-night, I attempt a quixotic effort to convince you that the negro blood, instead of standing at the bottom of the list, is entitled, if judged either by its great men or

its masses, either by its courage, its purpose, or its endurance, to a place as near ours as any other blood known in history. And, for the purpose of my argument, I take an island, Saint Domingo, about the size of South Carolina, the third spot in America upon which Columbus placed his foot.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: *Toussaint L'Ouverture*.

D

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he can not bear the light of day. He is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

MACAULAY: *Essay on Milton*.

E

Brutus: Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of

Cæsar, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*, III, 2.

F

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I, 3; *Polonius' speech*.

G

Again, Carlyle has said, "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies, — poor, ill-clad, and half-starved, — and said to them: Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can

be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there. And they went. The French Admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week the army melted back into peasants.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: *Toussaint L'Ouverture*.

'H

Has a slave the right to resist his master? I will not argue that question to a people hoarse with shouting ever since July 4, 1776, that all men are created equal, that the right to liberty is inalienable, and that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." But may he resist to blood — with rifles? What need of proving that to a people who load down Bunker Hill with granite, and crowd their public squares with images of Washington; ay, worship the sword so blindly, that, leaving their oldest statesmen idle, they go down to the bloodiest battle-field in Mexico to drag out a president? But may one help the slave resist, as Brown did? Ask Byron on his death-bed in the marshes of Missolonghi. Ask the Hudson as its waters kiss your shore, what answer they bring from the grave of Kosciusko. I hide the Connecticut Puritan behind Lafayette, bleeding at Brandywine, in behalf of a nation his rightful king forbade him to visit.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: *Harper's Ferry*.

In writing or in analyzing argument, we should begin by writing out a brief, that is, by stating in sentences, as briefly as we can, the gist of the argument.

The Brief.

We should always state the main proposition, the statement which is to be proved, and place under it the proof, beginning every proof with the conjunction "because," or "for," *not* with "therefore."

Note the following:—

I. Taxation of the American colonies is unjust, *for*

- I. Taxation without representation is unjust.
- II. Taxation is inexpedient, *for*
 - I. The colonies would retaliate, *for*
 - (a) Their commerce is large.
 - (b) The population is large and rapidly increasing.
 - (c) Their temper is liberty-loving.

In a brief, we must be sure that the subhead is always a proof of the proposition under which it is placed.

Exercises in Writing. — I. Expand into syllogism the following :—

To tax the colonies is unjust, for taxation without representation is tyranny.

Lincoln was one of the greatest men in the world's history, for he set free a race.

Football is detrimental to a school, for it diverts interest from study.

Football is beneficial to a school, for it promotes manly behavior.

Athletics are beneficial to a school, for they increase school-loyalty.

God made him, and therefore, let him pass for a man.
(*Merchant of Venice*, I, 2.)

II. Write out in the form of a brief the reasoning which is used in the following selections :—

I. At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. August Dupin, in his little back library. Presently, the prefect of police, Monsieur

G—, called to ask the assistance of my friend in unravelling the following baffling case.

"I have received personal information," he said, "that a certain document has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession. Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized. The thief is the Minister D—. The owner of the letter saw him take it. Thus you have precisely what is necessary to make his ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. As it was certain that the Minister would keep the document in his own possession, we have made a thorough search of his apartments, examining with the aid of microscopes, furniture, floors, wall-paper; in short, every possible hiding-place. We have also had the minister waylaid and searched, all without finding trace of the letter."

Monsieur Dupin agreed to take the case, and the prefect immediately went away. A few days later, Monsieur Dupin told me how he found the letter.

"The prefect made his mistake," said Monsieur Dupin, "because he took it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter in some out-of-the-way hole or corner. Such a man as the minister, however, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigation of his premises. He would despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not induced to it as a matter of choice.

"There is a game of puzzles which is played upon a map. One person playing requires another to find a given word upon the

motley surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely-lettered names ; but the adept elects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by being excessively obvious ; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident.

“ The more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D—; upon the fact that the document must have been always at hand ; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search—the more I became satisfied that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“ Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine moning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which, I cautiously surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent upon the conversation of my host.

“ I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay, confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“ At length my eyes fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design to tear it up as worthless had been altered or stayed.

No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the prefect had given me a very minute description. Here the seal was large and black with the D— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here, the address to the Minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, as I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion.

“ I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement on the rack; and also fell upon a discovery which set at rest whatever doubt I might have entertained. The edges of the paper were more chafed than seemed necessary. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned as a glove inside out, re-directed, and resealed. I bade the Minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“ The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams. D— rushed to the casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *facsimile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodging.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. It proved, however, to have been without a ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way. When he had gone, D— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell."

Abridged from EDGAR ALLEN POE's *The Purloined Letter*.

2. We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles ; not because the constitution exempts the King from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions ; not because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy"; but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage ; his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

MACAULAY: *Essay on Milton*.

III. What is the conclusion to be drawn from Emerson's argument from analogy which follows? Write a brief of this excerpt.

Let us draw a lesson from nature, which always works by short ways. When the fruit is ripe, it falls. When the fruit is dispatched, the leaf falls. The circuit of the waters is mere falling. The walking of man and all animals is a falling forward. All our manual labor and works of strength, as, prying, splitting, digging, rowing, and so forth, are done by dint of continual falling, and the globe, earth, moon, comet, sun, star fall forever and ever.

EMERSON: *Spiritual Laws*.

IV. On what general truth does Lincoln found his appeal at the close of his Gettysburg address?

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

V. Write a brief on two of the following topics. Let the introduction explain the meaning of terms, or state the main facts — in short, clear the ground so that the point at issue is quite plain. State the main proposition, and let the proofs follow, beginning each proof with “because,” or “for.”

1. Every boy should be taught a trade.
2. Every girl should be taught how to support herself.
3. The sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited.
4. Women should have the same education as men.
5. Women should have the right to vote.
6. A college education is (or is not) useful to a business man.
7. A college education is not necessary to success in life.
8. Napoleon was (or was not) a greater man than Cromwell. (Be careful to define the term “great man.”)
9. The city should own and operate its own street-railways; water-works; gas-plant.

10. The city should have more parks.

11. Public libraries, museums, and art galleries should (or should not) be open on Sunday.

12. Department stores have proved a benefit to cities.

13. State boards of arbitration, with compulsory powers, should be appointed to settle disputes between employers and employed.

14. Vivisection should be prohibited.

15. The studies pursued in the last two years of high school should be elective.

16. All colleges and universities in the United States should give to women privileges equal to those offered to men.

17. The employment of children under fourteen years of age should be prohibited by law.

An argument, however, may not be complete when it has stated clearly one side of the question. The root of argument is in the fact that from the same

Refutation.

premises different people draw different conclusions, as is well illustrated by the following incident.

Wee Macgreegor's grandfather is trying to persuade him not to "bash" (crush) the wee partins (crabs). Macgreegor wants to know why.

"Because," said the old man, searching for an argument that might appeal to the young savage—"because it's sic a wee bit thing."

"It's gey wee," admitted Macgreegor, peering into the tin while the victim slid off the rock and escaped; "ay, it's gey wee. Here's a bigger yin. I'll bash it."

In order to complete an argument, to make it con-

vincing, it is necessary not only to build up carefully our own argument, but also to tear down the arguments of those who do not agree with us. This process is called *refutation*. In attempting to refute arguments, we use the same test which we apply to our own reasoning. We begin by examining the facts: are any statements made which are not sound? Are any facts overlooked? Are any authorities cited which are not reliable, or any witnesses who are not credible? For example, Catiline has long been regarded as an incarnation of iniquity. Professor Beesly argues against this view, and begins by trying to show "that his famous plot for burning Rome never existed save in the unscrupulous Ciceronian fancy." That is, his argument begins by attacking what have long been considered as facts.

Granted that the facts are sound, have all the facts been taken into consideration? Recently, a foreign savant wrote a criticism of American life, manners, and customs, comparing them with the manners of his own country for the purpose of removing American prejudice against foreign customs, and thereby raising American ideals. The result, of course, was to evoke keen criticism. Especially severe were the critics in denouncing him for trying to remove national prejudice by telling America her faults, whereas, they said, he should have removed foreign prejudice by pointing out our virtues to those on the other side. To confute these critics was very easy, for they had neglected a fact: the savant had already done precisely what they

Are Facts
Sound?

Facts Neg-
lected?

had criticized him for not doing — he had written in his own tongue in praise of America.

If the facts are sound, are the general principles sound, if the argument rests on general principles? Are the terms fairly and clearly defined? And next, are the arguments, drawn from these ^{Further Tests.} conclusions, sound? For example, Huxley is arguing about the education of women. For the purposes of argument he grants "all the alleged defects of women," which are urged by some as reasons for not giving women an education, and proceeds to show that from these premises a wrong conclusion has been drawn. "Granting the alleged defects of women, is it not somewhat absurd to sanction and maintain a system of education which would seem to have been contrived especially to exaggerate all these defects?" To show that the conclusions of "the other side" are absurd is one of the most convincing forms of refutation. If the argument be from cause or from effect, from example, or from analogy, we should apply the same tests which we have used in regard to our own arguments.

As to the order in which we should proceed, we may begin by refuting other opinions than the one we hold. Then, having cleared the field, having overcome all possible objections, we have only to ^{Order.} state our own position and the arguments which support it. Or we may state our own proposition, supported with arguments, and follow this with a refutation of the arguments which support opposing opinion.

Examine Mark Antony's speech. What kinds of ar-

gument are used, and what part of it is refutation? (*Julius Cæsar*, III, 2, 71, ff.)

Exercises in Writing. — Write a brief for the other side of the following propositions.

I. The spelling of English should be made phonetic, *for*

1. The present spelling is wasteful of time, *for*

(a) We must write unnecessary letters.

(b) We must learn to spell difficult words.

2. The fact that phonetic spelling would in a few generations make unreadable all literature written in the old spelling does not outweigh the advantages stated, *for*

(a) Few people read old literature.

(b) Those who cared to could learn to read the old literature as they now learn foreign tongues.

(c) The old literature could be translated.

II. An eight-hour day should not be adopted by law within the United States, *for*

1. An eight-hour day would be harmful to industry, *for*

(a) It would decrease production.

(b) It would lower wages.

(c) It would lessen trade.

2. The government should act only when necessary to preserve law and order, *for*

(a) Further action by the government would be interference with private rights.

3. An eight-hour law would not be just, *for*

(a) In some occupations a man can work longer, without harm, than in others.

(b) In some occupations, the working season is much shorter than in others.

4. The social and educational advantages that it is alleged would come from increased leisure of the working class would not be sufficient to offset the industrial loss to society.

(For further practise in argument, abundant material will be found in BROOKINGS AND RINGWALT: *Briefs for Debate*. Longmans, Green & Co.)

APPENDIX A



PUNCTUATION

I. Examine the following passages :

There was nothing here when he rose in the deep morning quiet and looked out on the dewy brambles and rank tufted grass that seemed to have any relation with that life centering in Lantern Yard which had once been to him the altar-place of high dispensations the white-washed walls the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling and where first one well-known voice and then another pitched in a peculiar key of petition uttered phrases at once occult and familiar like the amulet worn on the heart the pulpit where the minister delivered unquestioned doctrine and swayed to and fro and handled the book in a long accustomed manner the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn as it was given out and the recurrent swell of voices in song these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner they were the fostering home of his religious emotions they were christianity and God's kingdom upon earth a weaver who finds hard words in his hymn-book knows nothing of abstractions as the little child knows nothing of paternal love but only knows one face and one lap towards which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture.

And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty the large church in the wide church yard which men gazed at lounging at their own doors in service time the purple faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow homesteads

where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come there were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain in the early ages of the world we know it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth and poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men when they fled thus in fear or in sullenness from the face of an unpropitious deity.

(1) There was nothing here, when he rose in the deep morning quiet and looked out on the dewy brambles and tufted grass, that seemed to have any relation with that life centering in Lantern Yard, which had once been to him the altar-place of high dispensations. (2) The white-washed walls; the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling, and where first one well-known voice and then another, pitched in a peculiar key of petition, uttered phrases at once occult and familiar, like the amulet worn on the heart; the pulpit where the minister delivered unquestioned doctrine, and swayed to and fro, and handled the book in a long-accustomed manner; the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn, as it was given out, and the recurrent swell of voices in song: these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner — they were the fostering home of his religious emotions — they were christianity and God's kingdom upon earth. (3) A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn-book knows nothing of abstractions; as the little child knows nothing of parental love, but only knows one face and one lap towards which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture.

(4) And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe? — orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide church-yard, which men gazed at lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-

faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. (5) There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. (6) In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. (7) And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men, when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*.

Note how much easier it is to get the meaning in the second passage than in the first. For example, take sentence (6), and leave out the commas about "we know." The result is an ambiguous sentence. Does it mean "in the early ages of the world (which) we know," or does it mean "in the early ages of the world (as) we know"?

The purpose of punctuation, then, is to make your meaning clear and accurate.

Examine the second selection. Where are periods used? Where semicolons? Where commas?

II. Note that the most important marks of punctuation are the period, the semicolon, and the comma. Their general uses are the following: the period marks the close of a full sentence; the semicolon separates the larger parts of the sentence — unconnected statements,

or statements not closely related in thought ; and the comma separates smaller elements in the sentence — words, phrases, and short statements, or those which are closely related in thought.

III. At the close of every sentence should be placed a period, if the sentence make a statement ; an interrogation point, if the sentence be a question ; an exclamation point, if the sentence be exclamatory. The question mark and the exclamation point, however, do not always mark a full stop ; they may be used within a sentence.

IV. The semicolon is used between the parts of a compound sentence (sentence 3) ; and between long parts of a sentence which depend on one statement (sentence 2).

V. Note that the colon is a mark of specification : it always directs the attention forward like a pointing hand : thus :  Accordingly it is used before a statement which serves to represent what has gone before. (See sentence 2.) For example :

There are two laws which rule in the hive : No bee shall turn its sting against a queen, and a queen shall not unsheath her long curved sting, except against a sister queen.

VI. Note that the comma may be used between parts of a compound sentence which are short or closely connected.

What he says may be well enough as school exercise, but it is not composition.

VII. We have, then, considered the full stops, the use of the colon, and the punctuation of compound sentences.

Let us consider next the complex sentence.

1. The comma is used to separate a conditional clause from the rest of the sentence.

If anybody talking to us visibly studies his words, we turn away.

2. The comma is used to separate a relative clause which does not restrict the meaning of its antecedent. For example, in "This is the house that Jack built," the relative clause "that Jack built" restricts the meaning of 'house' to a certain house; namely, the one built by Jack. If, however, we say, "The house, which, by the way, was built by Jack, is a good example of colonial architecture," the relative clause merely adds a fact about the house; it does not restrict the meaning of the word. In the first sentence no comma should be used; in the second the relative clause should be set off by a comma.

3. The comma is used to set off a time clause beginning with 'when' or 'while,' if the clause precede the main clause of the sentence:—

When I was at Rome, I saw the King.

I saw the King when I was at Rome.

VIII. Let us consider next the smaller parts of the sentence.

1. The comma is used between the parts of a compound predicate when the parts are long:—

The bees will therefore entirely surround the intruding queen with their interlaced bodies, and thus form a sort of living prison.

2. The comma is used to separate the subject of a sentence from the predicate where the subject is very long:—

The fact that every man is a complex being, unique, different from every other, is too often forgotten by those who lack charity.

3. The comma is used between words or phrases in a series : —

He risked everything, and spared nothing, neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor general, nor himself.

4. The comma is used between elements of the sentence which are in apposition : —

Of Patrick Henry, the orator who more than any other could craze our Revolutionary fathers, it was said that he was accustomed to throw himself headlong into the middle of a sentence, trusting to God Almighty to get him out.

5. The comma is used between independent elements of the sentence : —

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again.

No, let him go.

6. The comma is used to set off elements of the sentence that are parenthetical : —

This, while amusing and even interesting, could hardly be edifying to a serious mind.

7. The comma is used where words have been omitted : —

This is the true; that, the false.

IX. The dash is used before words which the writer wishes to make emphatic : —

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they ;

But the head and the hoof of the Law — and the haunch and the hump is — Obey !

The dash is used to precede a sudden change in the thought : —

This great King, ruler of empires, bearer of crowns, scepters, ermine, jewels, symbols and insignia is become — a clod.

X. Double quotation marks are used around a regular quotation; single marks around a quotation within a quotation.

John began his story: "I was down at the meeting-house and I met the deacon, and he asked me, 'Are you going past Squire Burt's place?' and I said I was."

Titles should be italicized or quoted: —

The Rise of the Dutch Republic, or
"The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

XI. Note the following special uses: —

1. The period is used after all abbreviations: Dr. Jones, M.D., e.g., hdwt., etc.

2. The semicolon is used before *viz.*, *i.e.*, *namely*, and *as* in the sense of 'namely.'

APPENDIX B

EXAMPLES OF FAULTY SENTENCES

I. IT is not easy to write a perfect sentence. We may make one which is too loose or too periodic ; or one which fails in unity, mass, or coherence. The purpose of this appendix is to give specimens of faulty sentences for the student to rewrite. The first list contains sentences, some of which are unduly loose, and some unduly periodic. For example, the following sentence is too loose :—

The fearful scourge ran through the cornfields and the vineyards, across the mountain and over the valley, into the homes of the rich and the homes of the poor, carrying blight and misery in its train, blasting the crops in many a fair field, striking happiness out of many a cheerful face.

These many loose clauses offend the ear and fail to impress the mind as thoroughly as they might. Let us rewrite the sentence and note the improvement :—

Through the cornfields and the vineyards, across the mountains and over the valley, into the homes of the rich and the homes of the poor, the fearful scourge ran, carrying blight and misery in its train, blasting the crops in many a fair field, and striking happiness from many a cheerful face.

The second sentence, according to our definition, is

still loose, but it has what is called *periodicity of effect*. That is, certain parts of it are periodic, though, as a whole, it is loose. The relation between mass in a sentence and periodicity of effect is noticeable. As it stands, the sentence is well emphasized. The sentence would have been faulty, again, had it been thoroughly periodic :—

Through the cornfields and the vineyards, across the mountain and over the valley, into the homes of the rich and the homes of the poor, carrying blight and misery in its train, blasting the crops in many a fair field, and striking happiness from many a cheerful face, the fearful scourge ran.

In the following list, which sentences are loose, and which periodic? Improve all of them.

1. He heard a voice, suddenly, just as he had put the melon under his arm, and he ran, wasting no time, feeling that the whole farmyard was aroused.

2. In the oppressive August weather, by many a drooping cornfield, and many a parched meadow, always laughing and happy, always suggesting thoughts of the open sea, the little stream passed.

3. The consequence was that as soon as he had a chance to exert a little authority, he lost his head, as he had never been in any responsible position till that time.

4. He rose at dawn, and found his own breakfast, making as little noise as he could, and went out in the yard and whistled softly for the dog to follow him, and opened the gate, and went towards the river. (In this case change some of the verbs to participles.)

5. Going back to his old country home, buying back the old corner house in which he, and four generations of his family before him, had been born, spending generously his money, Fielding was well-content.

6. He soon rose to a responsible position, though he began on a

petty clerkship, winning the confidence of all about him, because he never was so foolish as to suppose that he was incapable of making mistakes as he advanced.

7. If you will, some day when you have nothing better to do and are not too tired to go for a long tramp, accompany me to this queer little Inn, I promise you, though I do not wish to arouse your expectations unduly, a pleasant evening.

8. In an unsuspected corner of the woods, within sound of the sea, the Inn is situated.

9. You are suddenly faced with the front of the Inn, after you pass up a twisting path, and you see all sorts of unexpected windows and doors, here and there, peeping at you, with very probably the heads of the landlord and his family behind them, but they ask you in with perfect innocence when you knock.

10. He passed among his guests, shaking hands with those whom he had not already greeted, looking about to be sure that he had neglected no one, and yet doing it all unobtrusively, as if he regarded all those about him as members of his own family, whom it was easy to single out for especial notice, and to whom such notice was due, and yet due naturally and as a matter of course.

11. Judging from John's attitude towards the printer, especially when the previous relations of the two were to be considered, and the circumstances of the time and the place, it seemed that a quarrel was inevitable.

12. Six feet high and proportionally broad, looking at his interlocutor with a twinkle in his eye and a bit of a smile, Henry stood, and his companion thought that there were few men of better build, in that neighborhood or for miles around, all things considered.

13. He said that it was slow work and indeed, it seemed to be, he seemed to have made no progress as far as I could tell since the day before, and he was utterly discouraged; but I could not wonder at that for I should have been even more discouraged in his place.

14. The fire licked up the little shanty, rushing across the road,

and then it made for the barn, almost seeming to jump forward like a man in a hurry, and it was a sad sight to see the burning buildings and to realize that so much property was being destroyed in so short a time, the result, too, of so much hard work.

15. He, rising to his feet, and pointing a long forefinger at the culprit, spoke, and even the sleeping men on the back bench woke up, so forcible were his words, and so evidently emanating from a stern determination to, no matter what the cost should be to any particular individual, maintain justice, even should that individual be a person dear to him.

16. If, when these things are going on, the peace of the town menaced, the crops of the country ruthlessly ruined, the old frightened, the young made sad, the sick dying, a preserver should, from a direction where he is least expected, and at a time when he is not expected, come, is it not to be supposed that, if there is any sense of gratitude in people, any spark of nobility, even those who, at this time, are caring but little for the woes of their homes and land, should rise up and call from the bottom of their hearts such a preserver blessed, and enshrine his memory forevermore in their souls?

17. We went first to see Susy Gray, as we thought that a girl with some stability of character ought to give us some advice at this juncture, but she was out, and we went to see if we could find her at her Aunt Lucy's for her mother thought that she had gone there, and we were going to find her at all cost to ourselves of time and trouble.

18. She always made me feel more cheerful when I was in her company. I have always said it of her, and even a hot-tempered person could not but feel gentle in her presence, such was her tranquilizing effect, for she insisted that it was a duty to be happy no matter what happened and her face was always serene or else gay under all circumstances.

19. It certainly was the queerest weather I ever saw for the summer, although I have seen several kinds, travelling all over the globe as I have, and really rather looking out for great con-

trasts of all kinds, and I am sure that, although it may seem a boast to say so, and although all sorts of chances are against me when I make such a boast, I shall never see such another.

20. You ask me to state frankly what I think of this examination and so I am going to tell you the truth, which is that I think it is too hard considering how few hours of recitation we have had on the subject, and how much time we had to put on our other studies, and also considering that the subject itself is so hard that no one could begin to master it even with twice the time we have had for it unless he was a genius.

21. But you must not think I have not enjoyed my English because I am writing as frankly as this about it at your request, for I did enjoy it, and I am sure that I should learn to know something about it really if I could have more time to put upon it, and this I could easily manage if I were to take one less study, dropping something which does not interest me as English does for instance.

22. Dropping from the trees, falling softly on the grass as if they did not want it to know they were coming so soon, huddling as close to each other as they could as if seeking for warmth and company, and for the companions who had been dear to them in the spring when they first came to life, the leaves fell, leaving above in the chilling air so different from the fragrant breath of summer, gaunt boughs, that, as if they realized their desolation, and yet knew that lamenting could not avail, creaked dismally.

23. On the one hand I want to see him, for he has been a kind friend to me, helping me with advice and with money, even, and above all that, giving me the sympathy that a young person wants and often exacts at the expense of boring his friends; but he will be sure not to approve of this new scheme of mine, for he is very conservative, and has often shown extreme caution in his own affairs, and has been no less solicitous that I should show caution in mine, and so I shall be a little unwilling to see him, on the other hand.

24. His acquaintances called him hard because he had been

heard to say that he did not believe in whining, and yet they remembered that he never whined himself when they came to think of him afterwards, but that he never seemed harsh, and that the very most that could be said of him was that he was business-like in his distribution of sympathy and gave it where it was needed, and not in words so much as in deeds.

25. White-washed a disconsolate bluish-white as to its walls, denuded of any ornament, comfortless as a cell, his room was; but as he sat there, the saintly old man, his mild blue eyes turned on me, and asked me questions and listened to my replies, and seemed to take an interest in all I said, I forgot the discomfort which, up to the time he had come I had suffered while waiting for him with nothing to do but look about me.

II. Many sentences are faulty because of errors in grammar. Of these errors, one of the commonest is the misuse of 'shall' and 'will.' Yet the rule is simple. We shall easily keep it in mind if we remember that our usage is determined by our meaning.

When we wish to express in the first person simple futurity, we say *shall*. "I shall go." "We shall be there as usual." We are making an ordinary prophecy for the future. When, in the first person, we wish to express determination or willingness, we say, "I *will*." But when we use the second and third persons, we must reverse matters. We say, when speaking of a future fact, "I shall"; but "you will," "he will." We say, when we are expressing determination or authority, "I will"; but "you shall," "he shall." That is, to express simple futurity, we use *shall* in the first person, and *will* in the second and third. To express determination or authority, we say *will* in the first person and *shall* in the

second and third. Or, to put the matter in another way, we use *shall* when we speak of our future, over which we have control, and also of the future actions of others over which we have control. We say *will* to express our own determination or willingness, and *will*, courteously, when we speak of the future actions of others over which we have not control.

The use of *shall* and *will* in questions is a little more difficult. The rule for the first person is easy to remember ; we must always say *shall*, not *will*. "Will I go to dinner?" is absurd ; we are practically asking some one else what our inclination is. In the second and third persons, we use *shall* or *will* according as we expect an answer. To a friend who goes with us to New York once a month we should say : "Shall you go to New York with me to-day?" He should reply : "I shall," meaning, "It is my custom ; I ordinarily go." But if we are inviting a friend for the first time to go with us to New York, we should say : "Will you go?" We should expect the reply : "I will" (I wish to go). In other words, when we expect the answer *shall* we use *shall* in asking the question. When we expect the answer *will* we use *will* in asking the question.

We have seen, then, that the difference in the use of *shall* and *will* is a difference in meaning. This is true not only of principal clauses but also of subordinate clauses. The rule is that a dependent clause in the third person, the subject of which is the same as the subject of the principal clause, takes the auxiliary it would have if it were principal and in the first person.

If the question of usage in indirect discourse (where the subordinate clauses occur) gives us any trouble, we should turn the sentence into direct discourse, and then choose the word. "My sister says she will dine with you." Here *will* implies willingness. "She said, 'I will dine with you.'" "He says he will have his rights." Here *will* implies determination. "He says, 'I will have my rights.'" "He says he shall come down town as usual." Here *shall* expresses future fact. "He says, 'I shall come down town.'" The following sentence is incorrect: "He fears that he will not be well enough to attend the banquet to which he has looked forward for so long." In direct discourse this reads: "His fear is: 'I will miss the banquet.'" But in accordance with the rule above it would be correct to say: "He fears that *you* will miss the banquet."

In general, we must make the same distinction between *should* and *would* as we make between *shall* and *will*. "I *should* go if you *would* wait for me." "He *should* go if I had my way." Translated into ordinary future, these read: "I shall go if you will wait for me; he shall go if I have my way." *Should* often carries the sense of obligation, reminding us that *shall* once meant "to owe." For example: "I *should* call if I did my duty." "I *would* call if I could," implies added willingness, desire. "You *should* call if you could," implies that, in the speaker's opinion, you ought to call; he assumes the authority as to deciding about your duty. The rule, then, is, that we are to use *shall* and *should* in the first person to express our actions in the future, and our

obligations; *shall* and *should* in the second and third person when we assume control or authority. We must use *will* and *would* in the first person to express determination and willingness, and *will* and *would* in the second and third person to express the future actions of others.

In the case of questions in the first person, we must not say, "would we?" but "should we?" In the second and third persons, we use *should* or *would* according to the answer we expect.

In indirect discourse, we are again concerned with meaning. We write: "He said that he should not be able to call because his brother would not be at home that day." In indirect discourse this reads: "He said: 'I should (shall) not be able to call because my brother would (will) not be at home.'" That is, the speaker may say *shall* or *should* for himself, but *would* or *will* for his brother. If the sentence read: "He said that he should call and that his brother should, too," the implication would be that the speaker had control of his brother's actions.

In conditional or "if" clauses, the distinction between *should* and *would* is again one of meaning. Here, unlike the other cases, we use *would* in all three persons to denote inclination; while *should* denotes a vague futurity.

There are two special uses of *would* which deserve notice. With all three persons we may use *would* to express a wish (the original meaning of *will*). "Would that my dear father could see me now!" Again, with

the third person we may use *would* (and *will*) to denote, without regard to future time, that an action is customary. "He would often rise up in his seat to see that the parishioners were praying."

In the following sentences, supply the right form of the verb *shall* or *should*, *will* or *would*. State the exact meaning of each :

1. — I go to your room?
2. He — be punished for this; I — not abate one jot of my determination.
3. He — have justice, as, indeed, in his case, I —. Do you think most men in their right senses — submit to such wrongs?
4. What — they say if they could hear you? I — tell them, for that is plainly my duty.
5. Father says I — go to work on Monday. — you keep your promise about sending John with me?
6. If you — come, we — try to make your visit pleasant.
7. He asked them if they thought his sister — give them a holiday; they replied that, considering their excellent work, they thought she —.
8. He often talks of old times, particularly mentioning his sister, who used to say that she feared he — come to harm through his bad temper, but that she — help him to conquer the infirmity.
9. I — be lost; — nobody help me?
10. He said he — not be able to come, for he — write his exercises, work which — take two hours.
11. He — repent of his wickedness when it is too late; then who — help him?
12. We — be pleased to have him call, if he — forgive our haphazard way of receiving.
13. We — entertain him, if we felt that he deserved it; but when he used to come, he — be very inattentive to grandmother, who — certainly be respected.

14. I have decided that my party — be small, and so you — not have to talk to many people, some of whom — certainly bore you; yet they certainly — be invited if my gathering were to be at all large.

15. — we have time to buy the tickets? You —.

16. I — be obliged to you if you — see him; do you think he — be willing to give us the time? 

17. Tom thinks he — have the toothache to-morrow.

18. Tom says that James — probably have the toothache to-morrow.

19. He says he — be forty years old soon.

20. Tom thinks he — probably never have heart-trouble; all his grandparents had sound hearts.

21. Tom thinks his brother — probably never have heart-trouble.

22. I — be glad to meet him.

23. He — be sorry if he did not meet her; yet I think he — not give up very many of his plans on her account.

24. Though I — hang for it, yet — I do it!

25. I — think he — realize what it all means.

26. We said we — go to New London, and that our servants — take care of the house during the summer, — that is, if the plan — suit our mother.

27. She fears that if she — leave me now, I — miss her too much.

28. If only you — come, how glad I — be! I think, in the end, you —, too.

29. — you dine with your niece as usual? Or — you come to me? .

Distinguish in meaning between the following sentences: —

1. I will (shall) see you this evening.

2. I will (shall) win my way.

3. Will he call? Shall he call? .

4. She shall (will) be respected.
5. He shall (will) be sorry for this.
6. He shall (will) not be disturbed.
7. You will (shall) bring the boat to the shore.
8. They (will) shall be blinded with excess of light.
9. You shall (will) see to that.
10. She would (should) be loyal.
11. They should (would) not be strangers.
12. He would (should) go no matter what the obstacles are.
13. She said she would (should) not call.
14. He said that he would (should) meet the first payment on the morrow.
15. He thought there would (should) be a letter at night.
16. She feared I should (would) go, despite the storm.
17. They thought I should (would) come.
18. He says she shall (will) not try the examination.
19. Do you think she would (should) try it?
20. If she refused she should (would) pay the penalty.
21. Now that they are absent, do you think I would (should) go?
22. If they would (should) come, would (should) she be ready to meet them?
23. John says he shall (will) miss the train.
24. Since he is my kinsman, I would (should) call.
25. What shall (will) he reply?

III. In Chapter VI we learned that a sentence must have unity, that is, must contain one thought and only one. The following sentences lack unity: (1) Pope wrote a good deal of poetry, and he was of such an odd disposition that he could not even drink tea without a stratagem. (2) That little person is our washwoman and a Swede. Each of these sentences has two distinct thoughts. Note, however, that while it is necessary

to make two sentences of (1), we can, by subordinating part of (2), keep it as one sentence. (1) Pope wrote a good deal of poetry. He was of such an odd disposition that he could not even drink tea without a stratagem. (2) That little person, who is our washwoman, is a Swede.

Test the following sentences for unity. Rewrite each :—

1. Mrs. Malaprop is a very interesting character in Sheridan's play, "The Rivals," and he lived in the eighteenth century.

2. He said he thought he should buy his grandfather an ear-trumpet; he gets two dollars a month pocket-money, out of which he buys his school-books.

3. It is forty years since my grandparents left their old home in England, and they are now worth two hundred thousand dollars.

4. The king was determined to shower honors on Piers Gaveston, and his own end was miserable.

5. Macbeth teaches the dangers of ambition, and was written not before 1603.

6. Sentimental Tommy is a very interesting book, and you learn a great deal about Scotch dialect, although some people are not attracted by Scotch dialect or anything else Scotch, and perhaps no one can blame them for that, but still the style is attractive.

7. There is a line from Mr. Kipling that keeps running through my head—"the night that we stormed Valhalla, a million of years ago"—and I have tried for a long time to find it, but it is not everyone who would have the courage to search through so many volumes, although Mr. Kipling has many admirers of which I am an ardent one.

8. Though his younger brother was tall for his age, he was a very tiny child, and when he saw me coming, he would run into

his house, which is on Vance Street, and Vance Street is near the square where the band plays in the summer—that is, during July.

9. Although his brothers and sisters, knowing his tendencies, warned him not to read any fiction between Monday morning and Friday night, on Tuesday he fell upon a detective story, written by an author who is also a doctor, and who has just been knighted for writing a book on the Boer war, and as he read till four in the morning, you can imagine how he looked when he appeared at school next day.

10. In my opinion, and I have studied history a good deal, Elizabeth was the cleverest monarch England has ever had, and not so faulty as people ordinarily seem to think; if you remind me of the fact that she gave uneatable food to the sailors who were defeating the Spanish Armada for her, I answer that at least they had better food than the Spaniards, and besides that is a detail that weighs little against her merits, for nobody is perfect, unless it was George Washington.

11. It was such a beautiful bay that, on seeing it again, we found it hard to believe it could be so dangerous, especially when we gazed down into the deep calm water which John Davis, the best diver on the coast, whose brother was also a champion diver, used to like to go to the bottom of, and then, when we were beginning to be frightened, he would rise to the top red-faced and self-satisfied.

12. When Sarah saw scallops mentioned on the bill-of-fare, she at once felt a romantic interest in them, for it made her think of the pilgrims and their scallop shells that she read of in those old musty books in her father's library, that she would insist on getting almost by heart, although our doctor, who took a fatherly interest in her, was always telling her that her eyes were none too strong; and so she ordered one scallop, which the grinning black waiter that was a cousin of their cook at home, brought to her, and it was about the size of a quarter.

13. When John writes his themes, his room looks as if a whirlwind had swept through it, and he likes to use violet ink.

14. He says that when automobiles cost three hundred dollars he is going to have one, but if he does, he'll have to be earning more than Von Hartz Brothers give him now, although he is very proud of the firm which Prince Henry visited when he was here.

15. "Silas Marner" is the story of a gentle old man who was cheated and robbed and otherwise despitely used, and he found a little girl who proved the joy of his life; the moral of the story is that simple natural human relations are the best restorers of a sick soul; but George Eliot always teaches some lesson in her stories, even in "The Mill on the Floss," which is not so perfect in workmanship as "Silas Marner."

16. Mr. Brown gets his garden sprinkled in an ingenious way, for he has two children and they are twins, ten years old, and he tells them that he wishes that he could trust them to do the sprinkling, but that they are too little yet, and of course that makes them wild to do it, just like Tom Sawyer and the white-washing, and that is how Mr. Brown can sit back and smoke all evening.

17. Probably the newspapers are not to blame for putting in so much gossip, for the people demand it, and sometimes the circulation reaches two hundred thousand, although this is not true of small towns, of course.

18. The fire limits of Chicago extend to Sixty-third Street now, and that means that you can not build a frame house north of that street, and a good brick one costs at least eight thousand dollars.

19. He took the lead-pencil and calculated that if she wanted four rooms downstairs and five up, she could find out by assuming that each cubic foot would cost twenty-five cents, what the whole house would come to, but she has always been poor in arithmetic, and not only in that, but in geography, too.

20. She wanted to go to Buffalo, and her situation was unfortunate, because she always became extremely sick in a sleeper, and yet, she had never sat up all night, as it is not agreeable to endure the bad ventilation, and to watch the people huddled asleep on the seats, some of them worn out with two or three days of such travel.

21. There were seven boys in the family, and they used to say to strangers that they had a sister apiece, and old farmer Johnson did not know that it was a joke and that they had only one sister among them, so one day he sent out a tremendous carryall to bring the fourteen of them to his cherry-farm, which is the largest in the country, and was deeded to his great-grandfather a hundred years ago, and you can imagine how he laughed when the joke was explained.

22. There is no writing more beautiful and simple than the Scriptures and they were put in their present form in 1611, although I do not mean to intimate that other translations of the Bible had not appeared before that time.

23. I like to read stories of men that had to fight hard with nature; there is a German man that has written one, and I can't think of his name, for I never can remember either German or Russian names, although most people think that German names are easy to say, in comparison with Russian; however, this story I am trying to think of — I can't remember the name of the book, either, is all about a boy that had to struggle with the hard unyielding soil of a farm.

24. The children in our block were going to have a circus, and you can imagine that all of them wanted to be either the clown or the elephant, so to stop the quarreling, Mr. Carlisle, who is just home from India, interfered, and assigned each child his part, and then did some conjuring tricks for them, a kindness which their mothers appreciated, especially as Mr. Carlisle is still in mourning for his wife, who lost all her money just before she died.

25. He clapped his hand into his pocket to be sure that the letter was there, and five minutes afterwards was handing it to the General, while I stood by, and if ever I have been disappointed in the appearance of anybody, it was in that of the General.

IV. We learned also, in studying Chapter VI, that a sentence must have good mass; that the arrangement of words, phrases, and clauses should be such that im-

portant ideas should stand in important places : that is, at the beginning or at the end. We saw that any word which is removed from its normal position to the beginning or the end is made doubly emphatic. "Go I would not," is more emphatic than "I would not go." Note the lack of good mass in the two following sentences. (1) A few portraits hung on the wall, and a long oval mirror. (2) From one end to the other of the rocks did I pass thrice, but of the wreck no sign could I see. In (1), the important idea is the place, the walls ; and therefore it should be mentioned first. (1) On the walls hung a few portraits and a long oval mirror. In (2) the important parts are the object for which the speaker was looking, the wreck, and the effort he made to find it, which shows in the number of times he walked along the rocks. (2) Thrice did I pass from one end to the other of the rocks, but no sign did I see of the wreck.

The relation between periodicity in a sentence and mass has been shown above. With this in mind, test for mass and correct the following sentences :—

1. He bought a pair of shoes which suited him, but which no one else would have tolerated, as his mother was not by to manage the purchase.

2. The old lady wiped her eyes at this point.

3. A box of candy stood on the table, and a pitcher of lemonade.

4. It was borne in upon me that he was a man of resources wherever our circumstances were.

5. He screwed his way through the crowd, picking up information wherever he could, his red head shining.

6. I rather deplored the situation in which I found myself after I regained consciousness.

7. He went forward, grim and silent, his eyes fixed on that crouching figure, his feet steady.

8. A great deal depends on mere juxtaposition in an almost uninflected language like English.

9. He looked at us, leaning on his spear, and I could not meet his frowning face, discouraged and ill as I was.

10. There should be no robbery in the land if I were king, no injustice of any sort ; my land should be a land of peace and prosperity towering above all other countries.

11. I drew the table nearer to the bed, and began to prepare for rest, after I had supped, when I was attracted by a picture on the wall, in the new position of the light.

12. Being in a strange place and surrounded by strange people, I was naturally curious ; but lowering and dangerous at the shadow of a question, he shrank back.

13. His eye embraced a large space of poplared plain upon the one hand from his station on the slope, and the waving hill-tops of the forest on the other.

14. Like so many statues, the athletic bearing of the trees pleased the mind, each carrying its leafy mountain.

15. When it is honestly uncomfortable, discomfort is a vastly amusing business, and people are in a good vein of laughter, if they are well-steeped in the open air.

16. Some ten minutes walk from where we were, there were beds to be had at a place called Pont.

17. One after another, lay long lines of barges beside the canal, many of them looking, in their coats of green and white paint, very handsome.

18. At a dance-measure went by all the objects of sight ; with the racing river, the eye-sight raced ; as if circulation were but a holiday, our blood trotted through our veins and arteries.

19. While I was leading by a long way, shortly after our embarkation, and still, in honor of the sun and of the church-bells, full of a noble exulting spirit, the river made, round a corner, one of its leonine pounces, and I saw a fallen tree a stone-throw in front of me.

20. There were many pastoral pieces, not without a touch of poetry, side by side with the flippant nonsense of music-halls.

21. He regretting that he had let us off so cheaply, finding us easy in our ways, told me a long story, taking me on one side, which caused me to deliver up another dollar, as he expected.

22. Only one man remained in three minutes, gaping, in what appeared to be fascinated fear, on his surroundings as he stood.

23. With a two-days stubble his chin was blue, while his eyes looked as if he had lost much sleep, fixed and glassy, and his hands were trembling, knotted together.

24. As I have, I hope you some day may stand, watching by the side of the green Arno, the Italian women washing clothes.

25. Right into her heart he made his way when she asked him why he had come, and he said he had chosen her for his mother, although she could not afford to adopt him.

V. Throughout this book we have talked frequently of the necessity of making sentences coherent. It is more difficult to secure coherence in a sentence than it is in a paragraph and a whole composition. Our rules are: (1) to use accurate words of reference and connection, since, whenever a word or phrase depends in form and sense upon another word or phrase, we should make the relation between them clearly evident, showing unmistakably, for example, to which nouns personal, demonstrative, and relative pronouns refer; (2) to repeat, when necessary, words within the sentence; (3) to put side by side those words which belong together; (4) and to use uniform constructions. If these rules are not followed, our work is not only incoherent, but also prone to be ambiguous. The following five sentences violate these rules:—

(1) "He felt the dawn, he knew that light was com-

ing." This is an example of the comma fault ; we need a word of connection. (1) "He felt the dawn, and therefore he knew that light was coming."

(2) "The Indian certainly has merit, but though he makes a good many promises and protestations, and at times really thrilling speeches about the rights of the inferior race, the white man is slow to take up his duty to his red brother." This sentence, also, violates the first rule. The words of reference are ambiguous ; it is not till we get to the end of the sentence that we realize that the "he's" refer to the white man and not to the Indian. In other words, the pronoun is too far removed from its antecedent, which happens in this case to follow it. Revised, the sentence runs: "The Indian certainly has merit, but though the white man makes," etc.

(3) "He was a man whom I, at least, have always found painstaking, loyal and brave in the face of danger ; whom I believe any one could trust without the fear of regret." Note how this sentence is improved when a phrase of repetition is inserted. "He was a man whom I, at least, have always found painstaking, loyal and brave in the face of danger — *a man* whom I believe any one could trust without fear of regret."

(4) "The child was put to bed because he fired a pistol for three days." Here the third rule is violated ; the phrases which belong together are not put side by side, with the result that the sentence is ambiguous. "The child was put to bed for three days because he fired a pistol."

(5) "He jumped into his row-boat, and it was pushed

off with vigor and quickly." Here the fourth rule, that we must use uniform constructions, is violated. We should keep the same subject throughout ; we should not shift from the active voice to the passive ; and we should use either two adverbs, or else two adverbial phrases. "He jumped into his boat, and pushed it off vigorously and quickly."

The following list includes most of the faults to which the student is liable : —

1. The use of "don't" for "does not."

2. Errors in agreement as to number between noun and verb, or noun and pronoun. The following cautions are pertinent : Do not forget the number of your subject because words intervene between it and the verb. Remember that when the verb precedes the subject, there is danger of false concord. "There was wine, and honey and sweet fruits," is incorrect. Remember that indefinite pronouns, *one, everybody, anybody, a person*, must be treated as singulars throughout. Remember that the distributives, *each, every, either, neither*, require a singular verb.

3. The use of the objective case where we should use the nominative, or the nominative where we should use the objective. Remember that the subject of a sentence is in the nominative case, and the object in the objective case. Remember that the object of the verb "to be" is always in the nominative case. Remember that the case of an antecedent pronoun is not affected by the relative clause. "Let *him* (not *he*) who has heard the

Word, rejoice." Remember that the subject of an infinitive must be put in the objective case. "*Whom* do you wish to see?"

4. The use of "different than" for "different from."

5. The false correlation of "either" and "or" or "neither" and "nor." We should say: "He *spoke neither* to the one *nor* to the other," not "He *neither spoke* to the one *or* to the other."

6. False singulars and plurals. We say: "It was an odd *phenomenon*," not "It was an odd *phenomena*."

7. The misuse of co-ordinating and subordinating conjunctions. Remember that the co-ordinating conjunctions *and, or, not, but*, and the like, should be used to connect only parts of sentences which are co-ordinate in value; the subordinating conjunctions *because, since, if, although, that, lest, as*, and the like, and all relative pronouns and adverbs, are used only to introduce dependent clauses.

8. The confounding of "shall" and "will," "lie" and "lay," "sit" and "set."

9. The omission of the article when the sense requires its repetition. We say: "*The* secretary and *the* treasurer," when the offices are held by two different persons.

10. The omission of words which are necessary to the sense. "The donkey was overloaded, and then whipped for not drawing *it*." For *it*, we should put "the load." "I never have seen him, and never shall," is wrong. We should say: "I have never seen him, and never shall see him."

11. The omission of words necessary to the complete-

ness of the sentence. We must not say: "Received your letter," for "I received your letter." "He sent his parents money every week — a good young man," is wrong. The sentence should read: "He sent his parents money every week; he was a good young man."

12. The use of "but what," when we should say "but that."

13. The use of "but" when we should say "that." It is wrong to write: "I have no doubt *but* he will come."

14. The use of the adverb instead of the adjective. We must not say: "The *now* king."

15. The use of the adjective instead of the adverb. We must not say: "He felt bad," for "He felt badly."

16. The careless use of "so" and "such." We must not use these words in a sentence unless we have a "that" clause to complete the meaning. We should not say: "He is *such* a trying boy," or, "He is *so* good," unless we add to the sentence. We may say: "He is such a trying boy that he wears out his mother's patience."

17. The use of the superfluous "and," especially when it is joined to "which." "Which" introduces a relative clause, and a relative clause can be co-ordinated only with another relative clause. Therefore "and" (or "but") should be used before "which" only when another "which" has preceded. We may not say: "I have painted a picture *and which* I am going to send you"; but we may say: "I have painted a picture *which* I think is the best one I have done, *and which* I am going to send to you."

18. The use of "I don't know *as* " for "I don't know *that*."

19. The failure to use "so" after a negative. We must say: "He is not *so* considerate as his brother," not, "He is not as considerate as his brother."

20. The wrong position of "only." We must not say, "I only want to see him for five minutes," but, "I want to see him for five minutes only," or "only for five minutes." "Only" must stand nearest the word or words to which it belongs.

21. The use of the false possessive, such as "the city's streets." As a rule, no inanimate thing may possess, although idiom allows a few set phrases, such as "the world's work," "a day's wages," etc.

22. The use of the adverb of degree, "very," as a modifier before a perfect participle. We must not say: "I was very disappointed."

23. Errors in the sequence of tense. We must not say: "If he *were* able to come to-morrow, we *will* give him a picnic."

24. The use of "without" for "unless." We must not say: "I shall not call *without* you go with me."

25. The use of the indicative, where we should use the subjunctive mood. We must not say: "If I *was* you, I should go."

26. The use of "these kind" or "those kind" for "this kind." We must not say: "If these apples are Northern Spies, then I do not like these kind."

27. These use of "kind of a," "sort of a," when we mean "kind of" or "sort of." We say: "My history is a unique sort of book."

28. The use of the cleft infinitive, such as "to completely surpass." Such usage is admitted by some authorities ; in general, however, we should avoid it, as it tends to make our sentence awkward.

29. The use of "either" for "any."

30. The use of "previous" instead of "previously." To describe whatever goes before in time, we use the adjective *previous*. "Previous to the storm, the tree was standing." To express the time of an occurrence we use the adverb *previously*. "A route, previously determined on . . ."

31. The use of the "dangling" or "misrelated participle." We must not say: "Meeting at the boat-house, it was decided that some of them should take canoes," but "Meeting at the boat-house, *they* decided that some of them should take canoes." We must provide a noun or pronoun to which our participle belongs.

32. The use of "which" for "a fact (or circumstance, etc.) which." We must not say: "He swung his stick in the air, making it come close to her head, which showed his rudeness." Since "which" really refers in thought to all that goes before it, it is better to sum up what goes before in the phrase, "a fact." "Which fact" would be incorrect, for "which" is properly a relative pronoun, and should not be used as a demonstrative.

33. The misuse of the present and the present-perfect infinitives. We must not say: "I should have liked to have gone," but "I should have liked *to go*." The rule is as follows: When the act or condition expressed by an infinitive is subsequent in time to that expressed by

the principal verb, the infinitive must be in the present tense. Thus, verbs expressing hope, fear, expectation, intention, obligation, etc., should be followed by the present infinitive. (I intended to go; I should have liked to call; I meant to come.) Also, when the dependent infinitive expresses an act or condition prior to that of the principal verb, it must be in the present-perfect tense: "He is said to have called on her three times"; "He is reported to have built the town"; "I am known to have used every effort."

34. The use of "I would prefer, I would like," for "I should prefer, I should like."

Correct the following sentences, stating what particular form the incoherence takes. Note that if a sentence lacks coherence, it usually lacks mass too, and frequently unity.

1. Henry the Fifth said to his soldiers that everyone should do their duty.

2. The spider was spinning his web silently and with ease, and we only stopped watching him when it was time to go to lunch.

3. I read the works of Homer and Virgil and an account of their lives, but putting most of my time on Virgil.

4. While walking in my garden this morning, a caller came.

5. I recall speaking to him when he left, and that even then he did not seem willing to relent.

6. He gave money to the cook and some kind of a coat to the coachman, which I never would have expected him to have done.

7. He not only gave a great deal of furniture to his sister, but also money.

8. Charles Jamieson made a great speech before the city council and, as you may guess, municipal ownership was advocated by him.

9. Once having taken the management of his money under his own care, the use that was made of it depended entirely on the judgment or caprice of the boy.

10. Neither his sister or he were willing to do different than they always had done.

11. Driving across the new park it occurred to us to stop and ask him to join us.

12. The children had been seen on the water some time between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon in a row-boat.

13. If he don't come pretty soon, Mabel, who only has this holiday, shall have to work in his place.

14. The snow came down mercilessly till about noon, clearing off then, and remaining fine till evening.

15. The man told him that he was dangerous, and that if ever he did such a thing again he would be put in jail.

16. Just as the West is characterized by vigor, so there have been many cultivated and refined men in the East.

17. I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who has been very low of late.

18. Wanted a stove by an old man with rubber attachment.

19. Finding that he could not get his way by being amiable, frowns were resorted to.

20. He can run as far if not farther than any boy I know.

21. Coming from the barn with a pail of milk in his hand, he met her first.

22. He was determined to be silent, and even that he should not feel irritated.

23. One of the worst, if not the worst day was last week.

24. I wouldn't stand his abuse without I was getting good pay, and good board, which I am.

25. Will we go to see him now, or should we wait till the others come?

26. Furnished with a good pick, it was not hard to get through the two stratums.

27. He laid down in fear and trembling, and neither she nor me spoke three words.

28. He said that if he was I he should insist on my rights, for that should be my duty.

29. It was a finer specimen than either of the three others, and I would be obliged if you should ask him to return it to me.

30. He shall go as well as me, or else this house's peace shall be disturbed for the rest of the day.

31. I saw him doing a very pretty little piece of burnt-wood work in the shape of a plaque, and which he afterwards sold to my aunt.

32. I never go down street but what I see that man, and how will I avoid him to-day?

33. If that workman votes differently than that tyrant of an employer tells him to, he will be a brave man.

34. That hero is the kind of a man I would have chosen to have been had my lot been cast otherwise, for he is so brave and good.

35. If you could have seen the colors of his face—red and blue and otherwise.

36. He never doubted but you would speak to him.

37. The cashier and teller have heavy work in a bank, and which often breaks them down.

38. If she don't know who I mean, I will have to speak out plainer than I had intended to have spoken.

39. He only said he would like to have either of the three come along too.

40. If he should lie the book down on the place where he had lain, they would see that he had been there.

41. So excellent a sister might have been expected to have spurred him to renewed efforts.

42. The temperament of the children and of their parents are now to be considered.

43. Stepping softly to the sofa, he was found to be asleep, which fact made us anxious not to disturb him.

44. He had his peculiarities, he was very stern and grim in manner and never smiled but what it seemed to cost him an effort.

45. That word is not used alone by the ignorant.

46. He appeared to have more faith in us than his friends.

47. Ten years ago he came to this town with one suit of clothes, and now he is worth hundreds, which he well deserves, for he is kind-hearted — a man who never lets a neighbor want.

48. Any person who wants to get either of these articles, by writing me, and saying the kind of watch or locket or seal he wants, if I can not get it for them at a reduction, I will let them know.

49. Feeling the necessity of a little fresh air and outing for people occasionally, we have provided these picnic grounds; to come here and spend the day is to bless our names.

50. The house and contents of Mr. Brown was burned to-day. Such a misfortune!

51. Mr. Weller wishes to tell his son Samivel that I am very well, my dear son, and would like to see you, if his son Samivel will come down by the next coach.

52. Among the many eager eyes gazing out of the train was a family of three, the third a little girl.

53. I trust the explanation will have as wide or wider circulation than the original error has seemed to have had.

54. I am sure he did not act right and if the town's opinion means anything, he don't seem likely to go free.

55. She had lain the book down for a minute, and when she come back, it was gone.

56. Everybody would use their influence for this purpose if they would read my prospectus.

57. I will pay the above sum to any one who will prove that my remedy does anything but what I say it will.

58. This remedy will and has saved the life of hundreds who had the consumption when it was taken in season.

59. He was responsible for the cruel deed and for which he is said to have lost his position.

60. They were written by his clever sister, who, to say all that can be said in her favor, is that she is worthy to be his sister.

61. Can I read in the library? Or will I run up to your den?

62. Have you ever eaten an Albemarle pippin? Those are the kind that Queen Victoria was so fond of.

63. We are very particular who we let her see, for she is a nervous child.

64. I am very grieved that this should have occurred. Having given away to temptation, it is now to be hoped that reform will set in.

65. Much as I had wished to take lessons from him, he don't seem to in the least regret not teaching me last autumn.

66. The then monarchies are strongly in contrast with the now governments, democratic or other.

67. He was treated illy by his friends, and feeling quite bad, he goes to the camp of his enemies.

68. She treated her servants kind, which shows the lady she was.

69. Neither John nor Thomas were in their seats at school to-day.

70. We will see when we read more, that previously to his accident he acted with sanity, and gently.

71. To expect him to act reasonably is a somewhat similar absurdity as to expect a blind man to see. He don't know how, nor ever will.

72. The rein that we gave him was plenty loose, and it is all in his own hands now, and his success or otherwise will prove whether we are right to have trusted him.

73. There was no attempt to ask him to resign, as it was supposed he would do so of his own accord, and finding that he did not, a determined feeling rose up to unseat him.

74. I neither attempted to silence him nor his brother, for I knew I would fail if I did, and no one likes failure.

75. Nobody means better than me, if I do say so, and nobody fails oftener than me, having tried hard or not.

APPENDIX C



WORDS

I. THE following list contains those barbarisms which are most frequently used by students :

ad (for advertise- ment)	finnicky	phiz
to bag	firstly	phone
bogus	flustrated	photo
booklet	folks	to probate
to burglarize	gents	proven
busted	to gesture	to restitute
casuality	highfalutin	a scoop
to clerk	humans	secondhanded
co-ed	illy	sewist
complected	in our midst	snide
cute	inside of (within)	snoop
to defalcate	an invite	speciality
to disremember	to jail	a steal
to donate	to jug	to suicide
educationalist	manageress	suspicioned
to enthuse	managerial	to swipe
exam	muchly	to tote
an exposé	offhanded	a toff or tough
faddist	onto	a try
a fake	pants	underhanded
to finance	pard (partner)	walkist
	a permit	

II. The following list of authorized words are often used by students in unauthorized senses — that is, as Improproprieties : —

ability . . . capacity : ability means the power of doing ; capacity, the power of acquiring, of containing, of understanding.

abundance . . . plenty : abundance means more than enough ; plenty means enough.

accept . . . except : accept means to take something offered ; except, to make an exception of.

acceptance . . . acceptation : acceptance means the act of accepting, and also favorable reception of something ; acceptation means the *sense* in which an expression is usually understood or accepted.

access . . . accession : access has three meanings — admission, outburst, way of entrance ; accession has two meanings — the coming into possession of a right, an addition.

accredit . . . credit : Accredit means to invest with credit or authority, or to send with letters credential ; to credit, means to put to the credit of, or to believe. (A. S. HILL : *Principles of Rhetoric*.)

acts . . . actions : *Acts* in the sense of things done is preferable to *actions*, since *actions* also means processes of doing. (*Century Dictionary*.)

admit . . . confess : *Admit* in cases where the idea of confession does not enter is preferable to *confess*. On grounds of idiom, however, "I must confess" and the parenthetical "I confess" are exempt from the operation of this rule. (A. S. HILL, *Principles of Rhetoric*.)

advise . . . persuade : to advise is to give counsel or information ; to persuade is to induce or to convince.

affirm . . . allege . . . assert . . . claim . . . declare . . . maintain . . . state : To *claim* means properly "to demand as one's own or one's due." It is often loosely used, especially in the United States, for "assert," "allege," "maintain," "declare,"

or "affirm." To *assert* is "to say or declare in the face of implied denial or doubt." To *allege* is "to assert without proof." To *maintain* is "to uphold by argument." To *declare* is "to say publicly, clearly, or emphatically." To *affirm* is "to assert on one's reputation for knowledge or truthfulness." To *state*, which is also often misused in the sense of "say," "assert," "allege," "declare," or "affirm," means properly "to express formally and in detail"; it always implies detail. (BUEHLER: *Practical Exercise in English*.)

aggravate . . . irritate: aggravate means to make weightier, graver, worse; to irritate is to annoy, etc.

alleviate . . . relieve: to alleviate is to reduce, to lighten; to relieve is to remove, largely or entirely.

allow . . . admit . . . think: allow is sometimes confused with admit or think; allow means to permit.

allude . . . mention . . . refer: to allude is to hint, to speak of in a slight way; to mention, is to speak of directly; to refer, is to speak of more or less indirectly, but so as to be clearly understood.

allusion . . . delusion . . . illusion: an allusion is an indirect reference to something not explicitly mentioned; a delusion is an error of judgment; an illusion is an error of vision—an unreal appearance.

almost . . . most: almost means nearly; most means the greatest degree or number, or quantity.

alone . . . only: alone is an adjective and means solitary; only may be either adjective or adverb. The fault consists in using the adjective "alone" in place of the adverb "only." "I am not alone anxious for this" means that others also are anxious.

among . . . between: among refers to more than two; between, to two.

amount . . . number . . . quantity: amount means the sum total, and is used with reference to numbers and quantities; number is used where counting is implied; quantity, where measuring is implied.

anticipate . . . expect . . . suspect: we expect that which we have good reason to believe will happen; when we anticipate, we expect with pleasure or confidence, or we *take before* in fact or in thought; to suspect is to mistrust or surmise.

apparent . . . evident: apparent is that which seems but may not be real; evident is that which seems and is real.

appear . . . materialize: to appear is to be manifest to the senses; to materialize is to become or to make *physically* perceptible.

apt . . . likely . . . liable: apt implies an innate tendency towards (apt to take cold), a habitual tendency; likely implies probability; liable, unpleasant probability.

argue . . . augur: to argue is to bring forward reasons; to augur is to forebode or to foretell.

argument . . . plea: Plea (in the legal sense) is properly used of the pleadings or the arraignment before a trial, not of the *argument* at a trial. A *plea* is always addressed to the court; an *argument* may be addressed either to the court or to the jury. A similar remark applies to the verbs *plead* and *argue*. (A. S. HILL: *Principles of Rhetoric*.)

ask . . . demand: we ask when we feel that we may reasonably expect to receive what we want; we demand when we ask insistently, or as one having the right.

at . . . in . . . into: Before names of places to denote "where," *at* is used when the place is so small as to be treated as a mere point, or when, although large, it is viewed as a mere point; *in* is used when it is desired to make prominent the idea "within the bounds of": as, "He arrived *at* Liverpool in the morning and remained *in* that city two days." Before the name of the place in which the speaker dwells, if the place is of any size, *in* is generally preferred to *at*, unless the place is so remote that it dwindles in the mental vision to a point. . . . *In* implies presence within; *into* implies movement to the inside. . . . Before a man can move *in* a room, he must already have moved *into* it. (HILL: *Principles*, quoted in BUEHLER: *Practical Exercises in English*.)

avocation . . . vocation : avocation means a by-work, or an interest which is aside from one's regular calling or profession ; vocation means calling or profession.

balance . . . rest . . . remainder : balance means an equality between the two sides of an account, or the excess on either side ; rest and remainder each mean that which is left over, but remainder is used only of things ; rest of persons and things.

beside . . . besides : beside means at or by the side of : besides, other than, and in addition to.

bound . . . determined : the adjective bound means obliged ; the adjective determined means resolute.

carry . . . bring . . . fetch : if an object is to be moved *from* the place we occupy, we say carry ; if *to* the place we occupy, we say bring ; to fetch means to go for and get and bring.

captivate . . . capture : to captivate is to fascinate ; to capture is to take prisoner.

character . . . reputation : character is what one is ; reputation is what one is thought to be.

begin . . . commence . . . start : begin is preferable to commence, because it is less formal ; both mean, to take rise. To start means to set out or to set going.

common . . . mutual : common means belonging to more than one ; mutual means reciprocal.

completeness . . . completion : completeness is the state of being complete ; completion is the act of completing.

condign . . . severe : condign means deserved, suitable to the fault or crime ; it must not be confused with severe.

condone . . . atone for : condone means to forgive ; atone for, to make reparation.

construe . . . construct : to construe means to interpret ; to construct means to build.

continual . . . continuous : continual describes that which often intermits, but as regularly begins again ; continuous, that which is absolutely without pause or break.

compare to (with) . . . contrast : to compare to is to place to-

gether in order to show likeness; to compare with is to place together in order to show likeness or difference; to contrast is to set in opposition in order to show unlikeness.

convince . . . convict: to convince is to satisfy the understanding; to convict is to pronounce guilty.

council . . . counsel: council is a body of persons brought together for consultation; counsel is advice, or one who is engaged to give advice.

custom . . . habit: custom denotes the frequent repetition of the same act, and may be used of a number of persons taken together. Habit is the effect of custom in a person. *Custom* is voluntary; *habit* is involuntary, often uncontrollable, sometimes unconscious. (BUEHLER: *Practical Exercises in English*.)

decimate . . . destroy: decimate, which means to take out every tenth part or person, must not be confused with destroy.

deprecate . . . depreciate: to deprecate means to express regret for or to argue earnestly against; to depreciate means to disparage, or to lower in value.

disclose . . . discover . . . invent: to disclose is to uncover or reveal; to discover is to find; to invent is to put forward or contrive something new.

dominate . . . domineer: to dominate is to rule; to domineer is to rule in an overbearing manner.

drive . . . ride: we drive in a carriage; we ride on a horse.

effect . . . affect: to effect is to achieve, to bring about; to affect is to influence, to act upon.

elicit . . . eliminate: to elicit is to draw out; to eliminate is to get rid of.

emigrate . . . immigrate: to emigrate is to move out from a country; to immigrate is to move into a country.

eminent . . . prominent: eminent means distinguished as to rank or character; prominent means conspicuous.

esteem . . . estimate: to esteem is to value highly; to estimate is to judge the value of.

few . . . less . . . small: few refers to number; less to quantity, small to size.

locate . . . find : Locate properly means "to place in a particular position," or "to designate the site of," as of a new building or purchased lands; it does not mean *to find*. (BUEHLER: *Practical Exercises in English*.)

fix . . . repair ; to fix means to establish; to repair means to mend.

funny . . . odd ; funny means comical; odd means strange.

happen . . . transpire : to happen is to occur; to transpire is to ooze out, to escape from secrecy.

healthy . . . healthful : healthy means in good health; healthful means health-producing.

hire . . . let . . . lease : to hire means to obtain the use of; to let is to give the use of; to lease is to give the use of by lease.

house . . . home . . . residence : a house is a building; when a house has been lived in for some time and associations have grown about it, it becomes a home, the term home including, too, the surroundings of the house; but a home may be not in a house. Residence means legal domicile.

import . . . importance : import denotes meaning; importance, the quality of being important.

impugn . . . impute : to impugn is to call in question; to impute means to ascribe to.

inquire . . . investigate : to inquire is to ask for information; to investigate is to make searching examination.

insure . . . secure : to insure means to guarantee indemnity for future loss; to secure is to make safe.

last . . . latest ; last means that which comes after all others in space or in a series; the end. Latest means that which so far has come after all others. It has reference to time.

leave . . . let : to leave is to depart from or to let remain; to let, is to allow or permit.

likely . . . probably . . . like : Likely is now used as an adjective only, except in the phrase "as likely as not"; the corresponding adverb is *probably*. We say, "He is likely to come"; "He will probably come." Like as an adjective means "similar," as

"Men of *like* excellence"; "He looks like his grandfather" . . . In the sense of "in the same manner as" like is followed by a noun or pronoun in the objective case, and is called by some an adverb, by others a preposition; as, "He talks *like* her." (BUEHLER: *Practical Exercises in English*.)

new . . . novel: new is that which has lately come into existence; novel is that which is new and strange.

famous . . . notorious: famous means celebrated in public report, and is generally used in a favorable sense; notorious nearly always carries the idea of evil repute.

observance . . . observation: observance means a celebration: observation means looking at.

party . . . person: a party is a company of persons, or, if the term is used legally, a person who is concerned in an agreement or a contention; a person is an individual.

pitiable . . . pitiful: pitiable means deserving of pity; pitiful means having compassion.

pleasant . . . nice: pleasant means agreeable; nice means fine, in the sense of delicate or discriminating. (You made a nice point in your speech. He has a nice palate.)

part . . . portion . . . lot: part means, in general, less than the whole; portion carries with it the idea of allotment; lot means a distinct part or parcel, as "He divided his land into ten lots. He sold the cloth in five lots." Lot must not be used to mean a large number.

predicate . . . predict: to predicate is to affirm as an attribute or quality: to predict is to foretell.

prescribe . . . proscribe: to prescribe is to lay down authoritatively as a rule or a remedy; to proscribe is to outlaw, to deprive of rights, or to condemn to death.

proposal . . . proposition: a proposal is something offered for consideration which may be accepted or rejected; a proposition is something offered for discussion with a view to determine its truth or wisdom.

propose . . . purpose: propose means to offer for consideration; purpose is to intend.

quite . . . rather . . . very: quite means entirely, and must not be used in the sense of rather or somewhat, nor in the sense of very or to a considerable degree.

relative . . . relation: Relative in the sense of "member of a family" is preferable to *relation*, since *relation* is also used in an abstract sense. (A. S. HILL: *Principles of Rhetoric*.)

rendition . . . rendering: rendition is the act of rendering, particularly the act of surrender; a rendering means a presentation.

series . . . succession: a series is a succession of similar things or events mutually connected; a succession is a number of things or events or ideas following each other in the order of time or place, but not mutually connected.

solicitation . . . solicitude: solicitation is the act of urgently asking; solicitude denotes anxiety.

stay . . . stop: to stay means to remain; to stop means to cause a cessation of action.

APPENDIX D

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMPLES AND EXERCISES

THE theory which the student absorbs through the illustrations in each chapter should be supplemented by material drawn from his work in literature. The following lists of masterpieces and suggestions for exercises may be helpful.

I. (*a*) Use the questions asked in Chapters I and II in connection with the following literature :—

1. Lowell : "The Vision of Sir Launfal."
2. Longfellow : "Tales of a Wayside Inn" ; "King Robert of Sicily" ; "Lady Wentworth."
3. Carlyle : "Essay on Burns."
4. Whittier : "Snow-bound."
5. Hale : "The Man Without a Country."
6. Holmes : "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."
7. Irving : "Rip Van Winkle" ; "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."
8. Scott : "Ivanhoe."
9. Hawthorne : "The Great Stone Face" ; "Old Esther Dudley" ; "The Great Carbuncle" ; "David Swan" ; "Endicott and the Red Cross."

10. Webster : "Bunker Hill Oration."

11. Burroughs : "Birds and Bees."

12. George Eliot : "Silas Marner."

(b) *Exercises in Writing*. — Apply here the directions for writing given in Chapters I and II.

1. Rewrite *Lady Wentworth* so that it shall have perfect unity. Tell the story from the point of view of Mistress Stavers.

2. Tell the story of some person who was snow-bound on a train.

3. Tell the story of *The Man Without a Country* from the point of view of the man. Account for his softened character, and for the love he bore his country at the end.

4. Tell the adventures of Ichabod Crane after he left Sleepy Hollow.

5. Tell what became of William Dane.

6. Rewrite some incident from *Ivanhoe*.

7. Tell a story of one of your ancestors whom you imagine as a follower of King Richard.

8. Imagine David Swan in some one of the situations which he escaped, as he slept, and tell what he does.

II. (a) Use the questions asked in Chapters III and IV in connection with the following literature : —

1. T. B. Aldrich : "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book."

2. Kenneth Grahame : "The Golden Age."

3. Emerson : Essays on "History" and "Friendship."

4. Warner : "Being a Boy" ; "Back-log Studies."

5. Six of the Sir Roger de Converley papers.

6. Lamb : "The Essays of Elia."

7. Scott : "Marmion."
8. Scott : "The Lady of the Lake."
9. Arnold : "Sohrab and Rustum."
10. Coleridge : "The Ancient Mariner."
11. Tennyson : "The Revenge."
12. Tennyson : "The Princess."
13. Homer : "The Iliad."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* — Apply here the directions given for writing in Chapters III and IV.

1. Let the small hero of *The Golden Age* have a new adventure.

2. Tell, from the child's point of view, some adventure of a child whom you know.

3. Tell some story you have heard of a Western pioneer.

4. Suppose Sir Roger were alive now in a great city, what would he think of his experiences?

5. Write an essay or sketch, humorous if possible, on some of the following topics : —

Standing on a Crowded Street-car.

Riding Home from a Party in the Country.

Getting back to Work after Vacation.

Studying with a Talkative Friend in the Room.

6. Write an account of what you see from the window of your room.

7. Tell the story of some nobleman of Sir Thomas Howard's company who carried the tale of the battle at Flores to Queen Elizabeth.

8. Describe some adventure of a modern sailor.

III. (a) Use the questions asked in Chapter V in connection with the following literature:—

1. Homer: "The Odyssey."
2. Dickens: "A Tale of Two Cities."
3. Ruskin: "Sesame and Lilies."
4. Carlyle: "Essay on Burns."
5. Hawthorne: "The Great Stone Face"; "Endicott and the Red Cross"; "Rappaccini's Daughter"; "The Gentle Boy"; "Peter Goldthwait's Treasure."
6. Fiske: "The War of Independence."
7. Parkman: "Montcalm and Wolfe"; volumes I and II.
8. Poe: "The Gold Bug"; "The Fall of the House of Usher"; "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains."
9. Emerson: Essays on "Self-reliance"; "Manners."
10. Thackeray: "Henry Esmond."
11. Six of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers.
12. Macaulay: "Essay on Goldsmith."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* Apply here the directions for writing given in Chapter V.

1. Write a tale of two houses.
2. Write a theme stating Ruskin's opinion of what a good library is.
3. Summarize the first chapter of Fiske's *The War of Independence*.
4. Write the story of Fort William Henry. (Parkman, volume I.)
5. Write the story of the Fall of Quebec. (Parkman, volume II.)

6. Tell some incident in the life of Goldsmith.

7. Tell the story of a search for treasure by land or sea.

IV. (a) Use the questions asked in Chapter VI in connection with the following literature:—

1. Webster: "Bunker Hill Oration"; "Reply to Hayne."

2. Macaulay: "Essay on Johnson."

3. Lamb: "Essays of Elia."

4. Six of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers.

5. Goldsmith: "The Vicar of Wakefield."

6. Hawthorne: "The May-pole of Merry Mount"; "Howe's Masquerade"; "Edward Randolph's Portrait"; "Wakefield."

7. George Eliot: "Silas Marner."

8. Stevenson: "The Ebb-Tide."

9. Stevenson: "An Inland Voyage."

10. Lowell: "My Study Windows."

11. Charles Dudley Warner: "In the Wilderness."

12. William Dean Howells: "Venetian Life."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* Apply here the directions given for writing in Chapter VI.

1. Write a description of Samuel Johnson.

2. Tell a story from the life of Samuel Johnson.

3. Write your opinion of the character of Charles Lamb, judging him from the "Essays of Elia."

4. Write a criticism of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

5. Tell the story of a tramp.

6. Tell a story of camping-life.

V. (*a*) Use the questions of Chapter VII in connection with the following literature:—

1. Shelley: "The Cloud"; "The Skylark."
2. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."
3. Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar."
4. Shakespeare: "Macbeth."
5. Wordsworth: "Lucy Gray"; "We Are Seven"; "The Skylark"; "To the Cuckoo"; "Stepping Westward"; "The Highland Girl"; "The Solitary Reaper"; "Laodamia."
6. Browning: "Hervé Riel"; "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"; "Cavalier Lyrics"; "Home Thoughts from Abroad"; "Incident of the French Camp."
7. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes"; "Ode to a Nightingale"; "Ode on a Grecian Urn."
8. Tennyson: "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; "Enoch Arden"; "The Gardener's Daughter"; "In the Children's Hospital"; "The Lady of Shalott"; "Locksley Hall"; "Merlin and the Gleam"; "The Talking Oak"; "Ulysses"; "Tithonus."
9. Ballads: "Sir Patrick Spens"; "The Battle of Otterburne"; "Edom O' Gordon"; "Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons"; "Robin Hood and Allan A Dale"; "The Twa Sisters of Binnorie"; "Bonny Barbara Allen"; "Helen of Kirconnell."
10. George Eliot: "Silas Marner."
11. Thackeray: "Henry Esmond."
12. Stevenson: "The Ebb-Tide."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* Apply in your themes the directions for writing given in Chapter VII.

1. Write your opinion of the character of Macbeth.
2. Write your opinion of the character of Lady Macbeth.
3. Write your opinion of the character of Brutus.
4. Tell the story of a person who came to his downfall through too much ambition.
5. Tell what you know of the persecution of witches in New England.
6. Tell some story of ancient Rome.
7. Tell a story of early colonial days.

VI. (a) Use the questions in Chapter VIII in connection with the following literature :—

1. Browning : "A Face"; "The Flight of the Duchess"; "Fra Lippo Lippi"; "My Last Duchess"; "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; "The Boy and the Angel."
2. Tennyson : "The Idyls of the King."
3. Shelley : "The Cloud"; "The Sky-lark"; "The Sensitive Plant"; "Ode to the West Wind"; "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills."
4. Coleridge : "The Ancient Mariner"; "Christabel"; "Kubla Khan."
5. Wordsworth : "Tintern Abbey"; "An Ode on the Intimations of Immortality"; "Michael"; four poems to "The Daisy"; three poems on "Yarrow."
6. Arnold : "Sohrab and Rustum."
7. Spenser : "The Faery Queen" (books 1 and 2).

8. Chaucer : " Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

9. Dryden : " Alexander's Feast."

10. Keats : " Ode on a Grecian Urn "; " Ode to a Nightingale "; " Lamia "; " Isabella, or the Pot of Basil."

11. Milton : " Comus "; " L'Allegro "; " Il Penseroso "; " Lycidas."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* — Apply in your writing the directions given in Chapter VIII.

1. Describe the court of King Arthur.

2. Describe a tournament.

3. Describe the wedding feast from which the Ancient Mariner detained the wedding-guest.

4. Describe a mediæval castle.

5. Describe, as you picture it, the forest of Arden.

6. Describe, as you picture it, the face of Vivien.

7. Describe, as you imagine it, the appearance of Sir Gawain.

8. Describe Sigurd the Volsung.

VII. (a) Use the questions of Chapter IX in connection with the following literature : —

1. Shakespeare : " The Merchant of Venice."

2. Shakespeare : " As You Like It."

3. Spenser : " The Faery Queen " (the first two books).

4. Tennyson : " The Princess."

5. Chaucer : " Prologue to the Canterbury Tales "; " The Knight's Tale "; " The Nun's Priest's Tale."

6. Ballads : " Tam Lane "; " The Elfin Knight "; " Lady Isobel and the Elf-knight "; " The Demon

Lover"; "The Hunting of the Cheviot"; "The Death and Burial of Robin Hood"; "The Twa Corbies"; "Mary Ambree"; "The Gay Goshawk."

7. William Morris: "Sigurd the Volsung."

8. Howells: "The Kentons"; "A Modern Instance."

9. Kipling: "The Jungle Books"; "Plain Tales from the Hills."

10. Mary Wilkins: "A New England Nun."

11. Stevenson: "The Master of Ballantrae."

(b) *Exercises for Writing*. — Apply in your themes the directions for writing given in Chapter IX.

1. Tell the casket story from the *Merchant of Venice*.

2. Tell the story of Hervé Riel.

3. Write a story in which an animal is the hero.

4. Write a story of an obscure but worthy person.

5. Write a story about a mysterious house.

6. Write a story of a deserted park.

7. Write a story about a submerged island.

8. Tell of an adventure which happened at sea.

VIII. (a) Use the questions in Chapter X in connection with the following literature:—

1. Addison: "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers."

2. Macaulay: "Essay on Milton."

3. Macaulay: "Essay on Johnson."

4. Macaulay: "Essay on Addison."

5. Macaulay: "Essay on Goldsmith."

6. Burke: "Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies."

7. Lamb : "The Essays of Elia."
8. Carlyle : "Essay on Burns."
9. Bacon : "Essays."
10. Lowell : "My Study Windows."
11. Fiske : "The War of Independence."
12. Parkman : "Montcalm and Wolfe."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* Apply in your writing the directions given in Chapter X.

1. Explain what was the idea for which the Americans fought with the English.
2. Explain the conduct of Milton during the civil war.
3. Expound the policy of Charles I.
4. State what Addison contributes to the criticism of his time.
5. Write an exposition of Bacon's essay : "Of Studies."
6. Write an exposition of Bacon's essay : "Of Death."
7. Write an exposition of Bacon's essay : "Of Travel."
8. Write an exposition of Burke's chief reasons for wishing to conciliate America.

IX. (a) Use the questions in Chapter XI in connection with the following literature.

1. Burke : "Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies."
2. Webster : "Bunker Hill Oration"; "Reply to Hayne."
3. Macaulay : Essays on "Goldsmith"; "Johnson"; "Milton"; "Addison."
4. Bacon : "Essays."

5. Lincoln : "Gettysburg Address."

6. Calhoun : "On the Slavery Question."

(b) *Exercises in Writing.* Apply in your writing the directions given in Chapter XI.

1. Write an argument in favor of a four-cent street-car fare.

2. Write an argument in favor of severer factory legislation.

3. Write an argument for (or against) free trade.

4. Write an argument in favor of smoke-consumers for large cities.

5. Write an argument for (or against) the use of free text-books.

6. Write an argument in favor of the municipal ownership of theaters.

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Further, each book is treated as a type, a representative of a class, so that the study of a few books may open the way to the appreciation of many; that through the medium of a few volumes the student may gain an outlook upon the world of literature.

Often is it the case that the beginner feels the beauty or power of a masterpiece as fully as an older reader, but, lacking words to express himself, he falls back upon a general term like "fine," which may mean any of twenty things. Yet if the terms were at hand, he could select the one he wants. But they are not a part of his working vocabulary. To supply this lack, carefully selected lists of the commoner critical terms have been provided.

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